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THE ROMANCE OF THE RANKS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

THE

ROMANCE OF THE RANKS:

OR,

Anecdotes, Episodes, and Social Incidents

OF

76383

MILITARY LIFE.

BY

T. W. J. CONNOLLY,

QUARTERMASTER OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SAPPERS AND MINERS."

"Well—well; the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die.——
—— So our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name."—BYRON.

"Quidquid agunt homines votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli."—JUV. I. 87.

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THE

ROMANCE OF THE RANKS.

A POOR PEER, WITH A LONG PEDIGREE.

SINGULAR events in life sometimes occur that make contrasts appear almost fabulous. "The soldier turned peer" has hitherto been the player's jest, but it has at last become a reality; for in September, 1848, James Gordon, late a private of the corps, succeeded, as heir of his grandfather, to the titles of Viscount Kenmure and Lord of Lochinvar.[1]

We must go back more than seven centuries to show how this remarkable succession is arrived at.

Of the origin of the Gordons various conjectures exist, of which the most probable is, that some of the family came to England with the Conqueror, and into Scotland with King Malcolm Canmore. Tradition has it, "that the first of the name who crossed the Tweed was a valiant knight," an Anglo-Norman settler, "who, having killed a wild boar which greatly infested the Borders, obtained," from King Canmore, or David I., "a grant of lands in Berwickshire, which he called Gordon, after his own surname; and settling there, assumed," to commemorate the exploit, "the boar's head for his armorial bearing."[2]

The first name of this noble house on record is Richard de Gordon, who, in A. D. 1150, granted some land at Gordon, near the cemetery, to the monks at Kelso, and a right also of pasturage in Huntley-Strather.

Thomas de Gordon, his son and successor, confirmed these liberties to the Kelso monks.

[1] 'History of Royal Sappers and Miners.' 2nd Ed., vol. i., p. 250.

[2] Burke's 'Peerage and Baronetage,' 1832. (See Gordon, Duke of.) Lodge, in his 'Genealogy of the existing British Peerage,' 1832, states that he assumed the name of Gordon from the estates, which were granted to him by David I.

Sir Thomas de Gordon, knight, his son, was next in possession; and dying in September, 1258, left by his wife, Marjory, an only daughter—

Alicia de Gordon, who espoused her cousin, Adam de Gordon, and thus re-united the family estates.[1] This Adam accompanied the Earls of Atholl and Carrick to Palestine in 1268, under the banner of the ninth Louis of France, and died on the expedition.

Adam de Gordon, his son, succeeded. In 1296 he died, fighting for the independence of his country, and his lands were confiscated by King Edward I.; but his widow, swearing fealty to the English monarch, regained the estates, 3rd September, the same year.

Sir Adam de Gordon, knight, their son, entered into possession. A follower of Sir William Wallace, he shared in the stern struggles undertaken by that renowned patriot against the English legions in 1297. In that year, Sir Adam acquired, from John de Maxwell, the lands of Glenkens in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, comprehending the picturesque localities of Lochinvar, Kenmure, &c.[2] In 1300, he was one of the wardens of the marches; and five years later, was elected, at the general council of the Scottish nation at Perth, one of the ten commissioners for the settlement of Scotland, under King Edward I. That same year, for his former opposition to Edward, he was condemned to pay three years' rent of his estates. By Edward II. he was deputed, in January, 1311, with the Earl of Atholl and others, to make a truce with the Scots. Whatever services he may have rendered to the English kings, he was still a patriot, and soon afterwards joined the standard of the Bruce. In 1315, he became possessed of Stitchill, a Border barony in the county of Roxburgh, by charter from Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, for himself and William de Gordon, his second son, and his heirs, which was confirmed, as a reward for his good services, by Robert the Bruce.[3] In 1320, the Bruce I. sent him as one of the ambassadors to Rome, to procure a repeal of the sentence of excommunication against him; and his faithful offices on this mission, led to the king presenting him with the barony of Strathbogie,

[1] Lodge's 'Genealogy, British Peerage,' 1832.
[2] Douglas's 'Peerage of Scotland,' by Wood. Vol. ii., 1813.
[3] Ibid. Crawfurd's 'Peerage of Scotland,' 1716.

in Aberdeenshire, forfeited by David, Earl of Atholl. Supporting the cause of King David II., Sir Adam was slain at the battle of Halidon Hill, 19th July, 1333, leaving two sons—

1. Sir Alexander;[1]
2. William, ancestor of the Viscounts of Kenmure.[2]

William de Gordon, second son of Sir Adam, succeeded to the estates of Stitchill, Glenkens, &c. History at this period is not very luminous, and the heroic deeds of many a chieftain have failed of record, or been lost amid the wrecks and changes of centuries. In those days there were rival claimants for the throne of Scotland, each marshalling his own forces to assert his right, and win it. William de Gordon was then a powerful feudal leader, had an army of vassals, and made conquests in Scotland. Apparently he was a partisan of Edward Baliol, and in arms against David II. However, to him and his followers in Galloway, a remission was granted on the 9th May, 1354, by Lord William Douglas, receiving them into the peace of the king, restoring them to all their heritages and conquests within Scotland, and releasing them from the consequences of all transgressions committed by them since the battle of Durham, 17th October, 1346, where David was taken prisoner. In captivity the king remained eleven years, so that these acts of royal clemency were accorded to the rebellious William and his retainers, while his sovereign was still in the Tower, at the mercy of England. Galloway in those unsettled years was the seat of many a fierce contest for the crown of Scotland, and there can be no doubt that, whatever course the lord of Stitchill espoused, was benefited by his personal valour, and the prowess of his contingents. On the 8th April, 1358, he was established in the heritable possession of the new forest of Glenkens, by

[1] The male line of this branch failed in 1402, when the lands of Gordon were carried by Elizabeth, the surviving heiress, into the family of Seton, by her marriage with Alexander, second son of Sir William Seton, of Seton. From this alliance the dukes of Gordon descended.—Lodge. Burke.

[2] The pedigree so far, in chief, is taken from Burke's 'Peerage and Baronetage,' 1859. (See Gordon, Sir Orford of Embo.) The continuation, in great part, is derived from Douglas's '*Peerage of Scotland*,' by Wood. In that work the authorities quoted are numerous. Without wa through those authorities, this genealogy is fully served by dependin the general accuracy of the two compilers, although their work con several errors, particularly in dates, which are obviously typographica

Robert, Earl of Strathern; and by a grant from David II., who must have well approved the loyalty of the once insurgent chieftain, the lands of Balmouth, in Fife, were added to his estates. He died about 1370, leaving four sons.

Roger de Gordon, of Stitchill, the eldest son, succeeded to the lands belonging to the heirdom—the estate of Balmouth having passed, under the charter of his father, to two of his younger brothers. With Sir William Borthwick, Roger concluded the settlement of the marches with England, at Clockmabanestane, 6th November, 1398. Under the leadership of the Earl of Douglas, he fought at Homildon, against the forces of Hotspur, 14th September, 1402, and was there slain.

Sir Alexander Gordon, of Stitchill, his son, entered into possession. A knight of fair honor and repute, he was accepted as one of the hostages for Archibald, Earl of Douglas. To undertake this responsibility, he proceeded to England, in 1408, protected by royal letters. In consideration of his devoted service, and the payment of fifty-five gold nobles, the Earl of Douglas, on the 28th May of that year, gave him a ratification of all his lands in Galloway, and a grant of some territory at Balmaclellan. Sir Alexander was also constituted bailie of the barony of Earlstoun. At his death, he was succeeded by his eldest son—

Roger de Gordon, of Stitchill, who piously confirmed to St. Mary and the monks of Jedburgh, 1st June, 1431, a grant of land which had been made to them by his great-grandfather, William de Gordon. Dying about 1442, his son—

William de Gordon, of Stitchill and Lochinvar, took possession of the estates, and was the first of the family who settled in Galloway. The period of his decease is obscure; but it took place some time after 1450, when he left four sons and a daughter, Margaret, who wedded Sir Thomas Maclellan, of Bombie.

Sir John Gordon, knight, of Lochinvar, the eldest son, was now the chief of the house of Stitchill. By this time, new estates had been added to the family, and partitioned to its younger branches, which, by distinguished intermarriages, became the heads of other noble lines, whose shoots are seen even at the present day. Sir John Gordon married Annabella, daughter of Robert Lord Boyd, by whom he had a son; and ultimately

Elizabeth Lindsay, the fruit of which union were three sons and two daughters. Towards the end of 1512, Sir John died, when his eldest son—

Sir Alexander Gordon, of Lochinvar, took possession. In the lifetime of his father he assassinated John Dunbar, of Mochrum, steward of Kirkcudbright, and decamped. The tragedy occurred in 1503, and gave rise to deadly feuds between the families. To such a pitch had their mutual fury and reprisals been carried, that the king interposed his royal authority to suppress them. Assuming, in all likelihood, that the father and adherents of Sir Alexander were innocent of participation in this deed of blood, a writ of privy seal, dated 4th September, 1508, was issued, shielding them from the jurisdiction of the steward of that county. At what time Sir Alexander found it safe to return, does not appear. That he was eventually relieved from penalty is certain, for he followed James IV. to the field of Flodden, where, like the king, his master, he was killed on the 9th September, 1513. He married, first, Jonet, daughter of Sir William Douglas, of Drumlanrig, relict of William, master of Somerville, for which alliance, in consequence of their relationship, a papal dispensation was obtained; she died without issue. Secondly, he wedded Elizabeth Stewart, by whom he had a daughter, Janet, who, on the death of her father, claimed the estates. However, after a protracted process before the lords of the Council, the heiress, who pertinaciously defended her right, was compelled, in 1516, to renounce her title to Kenmure, &c., in favour of the nearest collateral male heir, Sir Robert Gordon, her uncle. She married in 1520, Lachlan Macintosh, of Macintosh, and had issue.

Sir Robert Gordon, the uncle, brother of the preceding, and second son of Sir John Gordon, took possession. He died about 1520, leaving six sons and three daughters by Marion, daughter and sole heiress of John Accarsan, of Glenshireburn.[1]

Sir James Gordon, knight, of Lochinvar, his eldest son, succeeded. By writ, dated 16th March, 1528, he held the

[1] According to Douglas by Wood; followed by Burke in his 'P[illegible] and Baronetage,' 1832. Crawfurd in his 'Peerage of Scotland,' states that Marion was the daughter of John Carsen of Glen. T[illegible] the names differ, the identity is scarcely questionable.

office of king's chamberlain for the lordship of Galloway for five years; and on the 1st April, 1537, was made governor of the town and castle of Dumbarton. With Sir James Douglas, of Drumlanrig, and thirty-seven others, Sir James Gordon had a remission for the murder of Sir Thomas Maclellan, of Bombie, committed by Sir John Campbell, at the door of St. Giles's Church, in the High Street of Edinburgh, July 11th, 1526.[1] The victim was the husband of Helen, Sir James Gordon's fourth daughter. Selected with others of noble blood and estate to accompany James V. on his matrimonial visit to France, in 1536, to obtain the hand of Magdalen, daughter of Francis I., Sir James received, on that occasion, a writ from the king, placing his friends and retainers under the care of the government, and exempting them from appearing before the courts, to answer any accusation touching the murder. Grave offences in this age were glozed over with the graces of pardon and oblivion. Wealth, power, and position worked influentially on the royal mind. How far Sir James was implicated in the slaughter of his son-in-law, is not now very clear. Perhaps his share was simply that arising from suspicion. However this may be, he was in arms for the king at the battle of Pinkie, 10th September, 1547, against the English, under Somerset, then regent of England; and in that struggle, so fatal to the Scotch, lost his life. He married Margaret, daughter and sole heiress of Robert Crichton, of Kilpatrick, by whom he had five sons and five daughters.[2]

[1] Debrett's 'Peerage,' vol. ii., p. 882. 14th Edit., 1822. Sir Patrick Maclellan of Bombie, ancestor of the lords of Kirkcudbright, was, long anterior to this, also murdered. He was a firm adherent of the king; and defying the threats of the Earl of Douglas, refused to join with him in arms against the throne. The earl, incensed at his opposition, suddenly stormed his castle, took him prisoner to the island fortress of Threave, in Galloway, and caused him to be beheaded in the courtyard. This occurred in 1452. Sir Walter Scott's 'History of Scotland.' Debrett. That the victim and perpetrator in each case, should be of the same names is curious. Were it not that the dates and places of the two assassinations materially differ, it would not be difficult to believe that history and genealogy have made one horror do double duty.

[2] Douglas by Wood, details the family. By those authorities it appears that Janet, one of Sir James Gordon's daughters, married Patrick Agnew, sheriff of Wigton, who with the consent of his curators, granted a charter to her of the lands of Salquharry in that sheriffdom, 17th August, 1550, wherein she is designated sister of John Gordon, of Lochinvar. Crawfurd ('Peerage of Scotland,' 1716) has it, that she married William, earl of Glencairn; and Burke in his 'Extinct Peerages,' 1846 (see Cunningham,

Sir John Gordon, knight, his eldest son, came in for the estates. In 1555 he was appointed justiciary of the lordship of Galloway. Loyal to his king, he entered with others into a compact (1561, and again in 1567) to support the cause of James VI., and obtained from that monarch, and others, several charters to divide his lands in favor of the spreading branches of his house. No less zealous in Queen Mary's interest when she ascended the throne, he suffered both in person and fortune.[1] He married Juliana Home, daughter of Home, of Wedderburn, and had by her a daughter, Margaret, who married, in 1572, Hugh, the first Lord Loudoun.[2] Sir John married, secondly, in 1563, Elizabeth, daughter of Lord John Herries, and had issue five sons and three daughters; the youngest of whom, Grizel, wedded 15th October, 1600, Alexander, first Earl of Galloway. Dying on the 23rd August, 1604, he was succeeded by—

Sir Robert Gordon, of Lochinvar, his eldest son. He was one of the strongest and most active men of his day, displaying constant valour in defence of the Gallovidians against the people of Annandale, who when their cattle was carried away by the incursions of the English, were in the habit to make good their losses, of plundering the pastures of their neighbours. In one of the encounters, his sturdy friend and follower, John Gordon, of Lochinkitt, demolished by fire the houses of Gratney, Wamphray, Lockerby, and others, killed Richard Irvine, of Gratney, and took several marauders prisoners. To quell these forays, the interference of the king was indispensable. James VI. accordingly despatched

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p. 726), partly corroborates it. Margaret, the second daughter, married Sir William Douglas of Hawick, eldest son of Sir James Douglas of Drumlanrig, who was concerned in the murder of Maclellan of Bombie.

[1] Crawfurd's 'Peerage of Scotland,' 1716.

[2] This is according to Douglas by Wood, and Debrett, 1822, vol. ii., p. 751; but not corroborated by Burke. The last authority states, that Lady Isabel Ruthven, the divorced wife of Sir Robert Gordon, married George, the first Lord Loudoun; (Burke's 'Extinct Peerages,' 1846, p. 775) but he would seem to have committed an error, if not in this statement, in styling George, instead of Hugh, the *first* lord. George was son of Hugh, and predeceased his father. It would be very odd indeed, to find proof that Hugh, Lord Loudoun, married, successively, both the daughter and the divorced wife of Sir John Gordon. This would imply a passion for the Gordons scarcely natural. If this be rejected as an untenable inference, the jumble of alliances, at least is a genealogical antithesis.

a body of troops to apprehend the daring chieftain; but so stoutly did he resist the officers, and so little regard the royal commands, that he audaciously forced the leader of the escort to eat his majesty's warrant. To withstand the authority of a king at any time is an offence for which death barely atones; but the times were those of tumult and reprisal, when men of conspicuous command and gallantry obtained ready pardon for their crimes. The intercession of his father and friends was met by ample favor, and on presenting himself at court, the lawless chief of Lochinkitt was nominated one of the gentlemen of the king's bedchamber.[1] When Sir Robert lived, "the age of chivalry" had not ceased. In stature, bearing, and spirit, he was a cavalier in the highest sense of the word. At a tournament proclaimed by his majesty, Sir Robert entered the lists in the full panoply of a knight, mailed and helmed, with spear, buckler, and battle-axe; and in the contest of that day, was one of the three successful champions, to whom prizes were awarded by the "queen of beauty," the Princess Elizabeth. The estates of which he was lord, were at this time very considerable. Much he had acquired himself by various charters, including the barony of Galloway, in Nova Scotia, 8th November, 1621; and the barony and lordship of Charles's Island (Insuli Caroli), 1st May, 1626. When he died, in 1628, his possessions in Kirkcudbright alone had swelled into a vast domain. By Lady Isabel Ruthven, his wife, daughter of William, first Earl of Gowrie,[2] he had two sons and two

[1] Crawfurd, has it, "one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to Henry Prince of Wales."

[2] Was a confederate in the murder of Rizzio, 9th March, 1566. "Though exhausted by illness," writes Sir Walter Scott in his 'History of Scotland,' "he buckled on his armour for the enterprise—and after all was over, fatigued with his exertions, sate down in the queen's presence, and, begging her pardon for the liberty, called for a drink to refresh him, as if he had done the most harmless thing in the world." Human credulity, subject as it is to be imposed upon, hesitates in accepting as a fact, this stroke of insolent coolness. Strange as it may seem, Ruthven eventually gained the queen's pardon, and among other favours conferred on him, was created Earl of Gowrie. By nature he was a conspirator. To be concerned in one bloody deed was not enough. If the extremity needed it, he was ready for other terrible work; but he calculated, too surely, on results, which ended in his own ignominious expiation. In 1584, he was concerned in another treasonable plot, known in history as the "Raid of Ruthven," for seizing the person of James VI. with a view to changing the administration of the kingdom. By artful pretexts he inveigled the king into his castle, and there secured him,

daughters; the eldest of the latter, Elizabeth, was married to John, third Earl of Nithsdale.[1]

Sir John Gordon, the eldest son, was served heir to his father, 20th March, 1628. Than his ancestors he was, perhaps, not more ambitious, but more restless to acquire, in his own person, the title of nobility. He had lands stretching before him in proud, wide acres, but nothing to proclaim him as their lord—nothing to show that his descent was illustrious. To procure it, he was prepared to make great sacrifices. The barony of Stitchill, the ancient inheritance of the family, he disposed of in the year of his succession. The price of his birthright, it is said, he presented to the Duke of Buckingham, in the hope that he would second his claim, in right of his mother, to the Earldom of Gowrie.[2] It was not a deed to commend, nor was it propitious. The night that the purse changed hands, that the bribe had been accepted, his grace was murdered by Felton; and consequently both purse and peerage were lost. Though he failed to obtain the title of the powerful Ruthvens, whose name stands in history almost as a synonym for high daring, he was, some years later, created Viscount Kenmure and Lord of Lochinvar. The patent was dated 8th May, 1633,

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while he and his accomplices charged themselves with the government of the country. Their rule, however, was short, for the king escaping, Gowrie was captured and executed at Stirling, 28th May, 1584. There was still a third event, called the "Gowrie conspiracy," in which John, third earl, and Alexander, two sons of the first earl, and brothers of Lady Isabel, made an attempt, 5th August, 1600, on the life of James VI., to avenge the death of their father. The scheme for securing the monarch's person was not unlike that adopted by the first earl. They enticed him to Gowrie-house at Perth; and were about to execute their purpose, when the king, seeing his danger, called lustily from the turret windows for his attendants, who came to his rescue, and in the combat that followed, both the Ruthvens were slain by Sir John Ramsay. Sir Walter Scott's 'History of Scotland.' Burke's 'Extinct Peerages,' 1846, p. 775.

[1] Grandfather of the fifth earl, who, through the heroism of his wife, effected his escape from the tower of London, 23rd February, 1716, the night before his intended execution. The countess's narrative of this celebrated escape, is given in Burke's 'Romance of the Aristocracy.'

[2] This does not tend to confirm the statement of Burke in his 'Extinct Peerages,' 1846, p. 775, that Lady Isabel was divorced from her husband. Had such taken place, surely Sir John Gordon would not have coveted honours in right of his mother, whose legal removal from the family must have been occasioned, if not through connubial unfaithfulness, by some other grave indiscretion. Leaving this point in its confusion, Sir John must have had a morbid desire for the honours of nobility, when his aim was to obtain a title, only associated with treasons and blood.

and extended the honors to his heirs-male whatever, bearing the names and arms of Gordon. At the Parliament, in June of that year, he attended Charles I., staying, through indisposition, only a few days; and died, 12th September, 1634, aged thirty-five. He married, in 1628, Lady Jean Campbell, third daughter of Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyll, by whom—who afterwards married (21st September, 1640) the Hon. Sir Harry Montgomery, of Giffen, second son of Alexander, sixth Earl of Eglintoun—he had a son—

John, second Viscount of Kenmure. On the 17th March, 1635, he was served heir to his father in great estates in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Among the baronies which he owned, were those of Kenmure, Gordonstown, Greenlaw, Gelston, Crossmichael, Meikle Dryburgh, Lochinvar, Wester Barcaple, Kirkconnel, Blackmark, Kirkandres, Galloway in Nova Scotia, and the lordship of King Charles's Island. He also had many other estates.[1] Being a minor, his *tutors testamentar* were Archibald, Marquis of Argyll, and William, Earl of Morton. Under age and unmarried, he died in August, 1639, and was succeeded by his cousin—

John, third Viscount of Kenmure. His father, James Gordon, of Barncrosh and Buitle, fourth son of Sir John Gordon, of Lochinvar, who died 23rd August, 1604, was married to Margaret, daughter of Sir John Vans, relict of John Glendowyn, of Drumrash, and died in May, 1633. John, third Viscount, their eldest son, came of age in 1641; and dying in October, 1643, aged 23, was succeeded by his brother—

Robert, fourth Viscount of Kenmure, who was born in November, 1622. On the 1st May, 1645, he was served heir male and of entail of John, the preceding viscount. Many hardships he endured on account of his loyalty to the national monarch, and was excluded from the act of grace and pardon proclaimed by Cromwell in 1654. At the restoration of Charles he went to court, and in 1661 married a lady there, returning the same year to his castle. In January, 1662, he acquired the estate of Drumrash and other lands, and died at Greenlaw, in 1663, without issue, when the titles and inheritance devolved on a remote relative, Alexander, second son of William Gordon of Pen-

[1] Genealogical tree of the family of Lochinvar and Kenmure. A fly-sheet.

nygame (deceased in 1660), who was great-greatgrandson of Sir James Gordon of Lochinvar, the same who fell at the battle of Pinkie in 1547.

Alexander Gordon of Pennygame, cousin of the above, fifth viscount, was declared heir male by progress to the passive titles, 6th July, 1663; but he did not obtain a charter of the lands of Kenmure till 1676. His grandfather, Alexander, was a staunch loyalist, and died about 1645, leaving considerable liabilities, which were met by adjudications against the estates. The fifth viscount, after the abdication of James VII., went to St. Germains to tender an assurance of loyalty to his sovereign, but was treated discourteously.[1] In April, 1698, he died. By marriage with the daughter and heiress of Gordon of Auchlain he had one daughter, the Hon. Agnes Gordon, married, 1st, to William Maxwell of Kelton; 2ndly, to John Lindsay of Wauchope. His lordship espoused, 2ndly, Marian, daughter of Macculloch of Ardwell, by whom he had a son, William, and three daughters; 3rdly, Lady Grizel Stewart, only daughter of James, second Earl of Galloway, the fruit of which union was two sons and three daughters. The sons were John and James; the latter died in 1760, leaving one daughter, who died issueless.

> During the lifetime of Alexander, a crown charter and confirmation were granted in favor of the male heirs in tailzie of his marriage with Lady Grizel Stewart to the whole of the lands of Kenmure, &c., failing whom, to William Gordon, son of second marriage with Marian Macculloch.[2]

William, sixth viscount, took up the titles on the death of his father. He was married to Mary Dalzell, only sister of Robert, sixth Earl of Carnwath. His lordship's political creed was Jacobinical. Like his ancestors, who suffered for their loyalty, he was a firm adherent to the cause of the dethroned House of Stuart, and took up arms to defend it. While an insurrection was astir in the north of England, he was at the head of a revolutionary movement in the south-west of Scotland. Tradition remarks of him, "That however favourably affected to the House of Stuart, he would

[1] Wood's 'Douglas,' 1813. Lodge's 'Genealogy.'

[2] Genealogical Tree of the family of Lochinvar and Kenmure. A fly-sheet.

not have taken up arms but for the urgency of his wife, who was a daughter of the deeply-dyed Jacobite family of the Dalzells of Carnwath, and a woman of uncommon spirit."[1] Proclaiming the Chevalier St. George at Moffat, on the 12th October, 1715, as James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England, he lost no time in menacing Dumfries; but a few sturdy adherents of the royal cause, under the Marquis of Annandale, threw themselves into the town and averted its fall. A series of profitless marches and operations took his lordship and his small force at last to Preston, where he joined the insurgents under Forster. In the battle that followed, 12th November, the rebels were beaten, and Viscount Kenmure, with other Scottish lords, having surrendered, were impeached for high treason and condemned to death. Through the entreaties of noble relatives connected with the misguided peers, the king extended his clemency to five of the leaders; and when the Earl of Nithsdale, his relative, escaped, the noble victims were reduced to two—Viscount Kenmure and the Earl of Derwentwater. They were beheaded on Tower-hill, 24th February, 1716, and their blood, in genealogical phraseology, was attainted. All history is uniform in its estimate of the viscount's moral worth. Though an incompetent commander, he was a virtuous nobleman, calm, sensible, resolute, and resigned.[2] He left three sons, Robert, who died unmarried, 10th August, 1741, aged twenty-eight; John; and James, who died unmarried: also a daughter Henriet, married to her mother's cousin-german, John Dalzell, son of Captain James Dalzell, uncle of Robert Earl of Carnwath, and had issue.

The estates being diverted from the direct line, under the authority of a royal charter, the Hon. John Gordon, of Kenmure and Greenlaw, elder son of the fifth viscount by his third wife, was served heir of provision to the patrimonial lands on the 20th September, 1698, and "duly infeft therein," when his half-brother William took up the honors. John married Nicholas, daughter of Stewart of Castlestewart, by whom he had a son William; and afterwards, Christian McBurney, who bore him a son James.[3]

[1] 'Land of Burns,' by Professor Wilson and Robert Chambers, vol. ii., p. 32.

[2] Smollett, Lord Mahon, Sir Walter Scott, Douglas, and others.

[3] Douglas and Wood make no allusion to the second marriage. They

Robert, eldest son of the sixth viscount, was only three years old when his father was beheaded. Left to the guardianship of a romantic mother, daring in intrigue, there can be no doubt that her strongest solicitude was exerted to recover the estates from the chartered occupant for the benefit of her young son, to whom legitimately they belonged. Yet, while her purpose was fixed on the beautiful and far-stretching lands of Kenmure, &c., she was not indisposed to fritter away a pet interval, in courting the social attentions of one of her domestics. This led, shortly after her husband's decapitation, to a union with her servant, James Lumsden, to whom she bore a family.[1] Urging claims against the estate, arising from the liabilities of Viscount Alexander (it is thought they were fictitious), she employed persevering arts "to oust Lady Grizel Stewart and her family" from the castle; and so far succeeding, John Gordon was compelled to quit the country for a foreign land, where, mercilessly tracked by strange misfortune he was thrown into a French prison. Report furnishes a reason for his incarceration. A woman's revenge is implacable—a restless purpose that hounds its victim till the stroke prostrates him. That violent lady, so it is said, hired two assassins to follow the renegade to France, and there despatch him. They went, found their object, and fell on him; but, with the ancient courage of his house, John Gordon rushed on the assassins, killed one and wounded the other. At length, obtaining his release, he returned to his seat at Greenlaw; but, three days after his arrival, expired at Fuffolk, in 1752, under the strongest suspicions of having been poisoned.[2] There were dark deeds done in those yet unquiet days, and this was one of them.

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put forward a statement that the family of this John Gordon is extinct, which is an error. See Genealogical tree. Neither Lodge nor Burke have given any particulars of the family.

It is somewhat curious, that the Hon. John Gordon, should have married, successively, two wives with the masculine christian names of Nicholas and Christian. Men, from some family peculiarity, have often received in baptism, feminine christian names, such as Anne, Mary, &c.; but the instances are very rare, in which females bear the prenomen of males. Of its kind, the instance here recorded is, perhaps, unparalleled—that is, of one man marrying two women with virile names.

[1] Genealogical tree. Notice to the tenants on the estate of Kenmure—both printed fly-sheets.

[2] Ibid. Manuscript memoranda.

The sudden demise of the Hon. John Gordon of Kenmure, who was then legally "infeft in the lands and possession of his titles," and the absence of his eldest son William in America, where he died, threw the property into disarrangement, offering considerable vantage-ground to the wily Mary Dalzell, who, with "her second husband and family hung about the estate,"[1] ready to squeeze through any loophole into the castle. She was opposed by James, the next heir, son of the Hon. John Gordon by Christian McBurney; but want of tact and energy in the one, and sleepless perseverance and shrewdness in the other, transferred the castle and its lands from its rightful owners to the Jacobite Mary and her descendants. This is one version of the affair, and very probably the correct one. Another is, that after Viscount William's execution, his widow "posted down to Scotland by herself, and reached Kenmure castle in time to secure the principal papers. When the estate was put up to sale, she, with the assistance of some friends, was enabled to purchase it; and being an excellent manager, by the time her son came of age, she delivered it over to him free of debt, reserving only a small annuity to herself."[2] This is manifestly a fiction. The recovery was an usurpation. Had the estates been held by William, sixth viscount, the revolutionary chieftain, they would, in that case, have been forfeited, with the titles, to the Crown, and so open to purchase by the widow or any other person; but having been previously conveyed to his son, the Hon. John Gordon, of Kenmure and Greenlaw (20th September, 1698),[3] who was in no respect implicated in the rebellion, the government could not and did not interfere with them.[4]

It will be convenient now first to trace the descent which, by royal charter, should have taken the inheritance, and then complete the collateral lineage of usurpers.

William, son of the Hon. John Gordon, went to America. He was a lieutenant in the 52nd Foot, obtaining his commission as ensign[5] in 1768. In 1777 he was drowned,

[1] Genealogical tree.

[2] Douglas by Wood. Burke, in his 'Peerage,' 1832, says the same, only in fewer words; Professor Wilson and Robert Chambers accept it by transcribing the statement into the 'Land of Burns;' and Mrs. Thomson, in her 'Memoirs of the Jacobites,' also adopts it.

[3] Douglas, by Wood.

[4] 'Glasgow Chronicle,' Sept. 13. 1848.

crossing a lake in a canoe.[1] Being unmarried, he was succeeded by his half-brother—

James, younger son of the Hon. John Gordon, by Christian McBurney, who died in 1811, without "making up titles." He married, 1st, Margaret Sloss, by whom he had a son John; and, 2ndly, Janet Taylor, by whom he had a son James.[2]

John, his elder son, having no patrimony or friends, entered the army as a trooper, to seek, in military adventure and enterprise, the chance of improving his fortune. He enlisted first in the Ayrshire cavalry, and was afterwards transferred as a volunteer to the 21st light dragoons. He was at the Cape of Good Hope when it was captured. Entering the army was a laudable but hopeless speculation, for he died in India in 1820 without receiving the promotion it was his ambition to gain, although he attained the rank of sergeant-major.[3]

James, his brother, the present viscount, followed. With the same hopeful intention, but with far less success, he enlisted into the royal sappers and miners at Ayr, 5th March, 1812. In May, 1818, he embarked for Corfu, where he was employed as a miner. In clearing away the foundation for the palace of St. Michael and St. George, he was blown to a distance by the accidental explosion of a charge of gunpowder he had prepared to blast the rock. Having thus lost an eye, he was discharged at Woolwich in 1820, and pensioned at ninepence a day, which at present is his only settled means of living. Throughout his service of nine years, though he never was advanced above the rank of private, he was a zealous and exemplary soldier, and bore about him the stamp and evidences of a loftier origin than his humble station of a common soldier gave reason to expect.[4]

It will now be necessary to take up the thread of the story from the time that the dowager viscountess and her young son Robert had, on the sudden death of the Hon. John Gordon, of Kenmure and Greenlaw, possessed themselves of the estates.

[1] Manuscript memoranda. Interlocutor of the sheriff in Chancery, 1848.
[2] Genealogical tree.
[3] Manuscript memoranda. Genealogical tree.
[4] 'History of the Royal Sappers and Miners.'

Robert, legitimate heir to the forfeited titles, died 10th August, 1741, without issue, having survived his father twenty-five years.[1] He assisted his mother in her efforts to regain the property from his uncle, but death removed him from the strife before she had accomplished the task.

John, brother of Robert, eldest surviving son of Mary Dalzell,[2] was an officer in the army, and retained the lands till his death at Liverpool, 16th June, 1769. He married, 11th March, 1744, Lady Frances Mackenzie, only daughter of William, fifth Earl of Seaforth, and by her, who died at Edinburgh, 7th January, 1796, had issue five sons and a daughter.

William Gordon, their eldest son, succeeded. He was a captain in the 1st, or Royal Scots Regiment of Foot, and died unmarried at Minorca, 7th February, 1772.

John Gordon, his next brother, then entered into possession. He was a captain in the 17th Foot, and was thrice returned M.P. for the stewartry of Kirkcudbright; the last time being in 1784, and vacated his seat in 1786. With his mother, Lady Frances McKenzie, and Mr. Veitch, of Ellioch, "he pretended to buy up the estate and make a sham entail."[3] On the 17th June, 1824, John succeeded in obtaining, by Act of Parliament, the abrogation of the attainder; whereupon, as was his right, he assumed the honors of his house as (seventh) Viscount Kenmure and Lord of Lochinvar.[4] He married, in 1791, Miss Morgan, an

[1] Wood's Douglas.

[2] This *spirited* lady died at Terregles, the seat of the Nithsdales, 16th August, 1776, having survived her unhappy husband sixty-one years, but not before she had seen her family established in the castle of Kenmure; and the collateral line of the Gordons, ousted "root and branch" from the lands of Glenkens.

[3] Genealogical tree. If the estate had been purchased, as it is said, by the dowager Viscountess Kenmure in 1716, why necessary to do so again? It is difficult on any principle to account for these proceedings, unless to cover some flaw in the original purchase, if it ever took place, which may be honestly questioned. How, indeed, could the lands be alienated from the legal possessor, when no penalty affected his right to them, unless by force and fraud?

[4] On learning the restoration of the forfeited honours, the Duke of Gordon wrote a congratulatory letter to the viscount, in which he acknowledged him to be a cadet of the family. Whilst thanking his grace, his lordship reminded him, that the Dukes of Gordon were Setons; and added, priding himself on the ancientry of his descent, "that he thought he was himself the representative in the male line of the old stock of Gordon." Notes and queries, 2nd s., vol. i., p. 344. See also ante, p. 3.

English lady, and died, without issue, September 21, 1840, aged upwards of ninety, when he was succeeded by his nephew—

Adam, eighth viscount. He was the second, but eldest surviving son of the Hon. Adam Gordon (brother of the preceding), who had been an officer in the army, and afterwards collector of the customs at Portpatrick. This Hon. Adam Gordon married Miss Davies, by whom he had issue five sons and a daughter, and died 17th December, 1806. The eighth viscount was born 9th January, 1792, and married, November, 1843, to Mary Anne, daughter of James Wildey, Esq. In September, 1847, his lordship died, without issue, leaving an only sister, Louisa, advanced to the precedency of a viscount's daughter in 1843. She married, 19th August, 1815, Charles Bellamy, Esq., now deceased, and his widow has resumed the family name of Gordon, in consequence of succeeding to the estates of Kenmure.[1]

James, ninth Viscount of Kenmure and Lord of Lochinvar, formerly in the royal sappers and miners, was served heir, in 1848, to his grandfather, the Hon. John Gordon, of Kenmure and Greenlaw (who succeeded to the estates in September, 1698). The fifth viscount was his great-grandfather. James married, 14th June, 1814, Mary Anderson, of Mauchline, Ayrshire, and has issue—

James, born in 1815, and died in 1853, in the West Indies, while chief engineer of a Spanish frigate. He has left a widow, and two sons and four daughters, who reside in London.

Sarah, born 13th July, 1823, at present in America, is married, and has a family.

Mary, born 20th July, 1829, is married, and has a family residing at Summerlee, Coatbridge.

It may be permitted to show distinctly how James, ninth viscount, succeeded to the dignity. "After a thorough and

[1] Had the succession gone on uninterruptedly, without forfeiture of titles, it would have run thus—

William . .	sixth viscount, attainted.
Robert . .	seventh viscount.
John . . .	eighth viscount.
William . .	ninth viscount.
John . . .	tenth viscount.
Adam . .	eleventh viscount.
James . .	twelfth viscount.

searching investigation," says the 'Glasgow Chronicle,'[1] "the petitioner has proved himself to be the nearest lawful heir; and the sheriff of chancery accordingly pronounced the following interlocutor, in conformity with which he is served as heir to his grandfather:—

'"*Edinburgh, September 4th*, 1848.

'"The sheriff finds it proved—1st, That the petitioner is the lawful son of the deceased James Gordon, sometime residing at Keirshill, in Ayrshire, by his second wife, Janet Taylor, a witness examined *in causa*. 2nd, That the said James Gordon was the only lawful son of John Gordon, who also sometime resided at Keirshill, by his second wife, Christian McBurney; that the said John Gordon passed under the designation of John Gordon of Kenmure, and of Greenlaw, and died about the time set forth in the petition. 3rd, That the said John Gordon had, by his first marriage, an only son, William; but that he died in America, unmarried; and that the said James Gordon had also an only son by his first marriage, but that he died in the East Indies, unmarried; and 4th, That the petitioner is now the eldest surviving grandson, and nearest lawful heir in general, to the said John Gordon, his grandfather. Therefore, serves and discerns in terms of the prayer of the petition.

(Signed) '"PATRICK SHAW."'[2]

James early bestirred himself to give effect to this decision. Not only was he heir to the titles, but heir legally to the estates, being the nearest *male* representative of the House of Gordon. Thereupon he issued a circular to his tenants, in the following terms:—

"*Coalbridge, 8th November*, 1848.

"SIR,—As heir served and retoured to my grandfather, the honourable John Gordon of Kenmure and Greenlaw, and as such heritable proprietor of the estates of Kenmure, &c., under royal charter and infeftments following thereon, I now intimate to you, that the rent due by you at the ensuing term of Martinmas, must be paid to David Gordon, Esq., procurator-fiscal of Kirkcudbright, or consigned in the hands of the clerk of the stewartry of Kircudbright.

"As you were interpelled from paying last half-year's rent, payment thereof will be looked for at the same time.

"I am, &c.,

(Signed) "JAMES GORDON of Kenmure."

This, however, had not the desired effect. In Scotland,

[1] September 13th, 1848.

[2] This settles a point made questionable by Burke in his "Peerage," 1832, wherein he states, by belief, that the titles were revived "with remaindership to the heirs male of the body of the restored lord." It also negatives the hopes of Sir William Gordon of Earlstoun, co. Kirkcudbright, who, says Burke in his "Peerage," 1859, probably unaware of the sheriff's interlocutor of September, 1848, "has been looked upon as the nearest heir male, now alive," of the first Viscount Kenmure. This Sir William is descended from Alexander, second son of William de Gordon, sixth lord of Lochinvar, who died about the year 1450.

as elsewhere, people have an aversion to be scared from their holdings by a sheriff. Right has a powerful opponent in interest, the more stubborn if it possess independent wealth. It is wonderful how an illegal occupation even dares ownership and the law. To James Gordon's pretensions, though strengthened by judicial serving and discernment, a counter-statement was immediately circulated through the district by his antagonist—none the less forcible and bitter for emanating from a lady. If not expected, it was natural she should struggle stubbornly against ejectment, for the estate is no common property.

"Here," says Mr. Syme, in his memoranda of a visit paid by the poet Burns to Glenkens, "is a genuine baron's seat. The castle, an old building, stands on a large natural moat. In front, the river Ken winds for several miles through the most fertile and beautiful *holm*, till it expands into a lake twelve miles long, the banks of which, on the south, present a fine and soft landscape of green knolls, natural wood, and here and there a gray rock. On the north, the aspect is wild, and, I may say, tremendous. In short, I can scarcely conceive a scene more terribly romantic than the castle of Kenmure."[1]

To retain possession of such a residence and of such lands, was worth a feud—was worth thwarting the law to the utmost stretch of its authority. James was not appalled by opposition, though he feared the expense it would entail. So far he had battled for his rights with no common energy. Though an old man, he was not inactive; though moneyless, he was not without friends. Some liberal gentlemen, as far as proving himself the heir was concerned, assisted him through the litigation, expending, in his behalf, a sum not much less than two thousand pounds. The sapper-viscount replied to the "malicious and false statements got up by interested parties," not "with bated breath," but with the boldness of a man, strong in his right, contending against powerful adversaries, in the triple phalanx of pre-occupancy, wealth, and intrigue.

In the concluding paragraphs of the "notice," the soldier-viscount vindicated his claims in these unmincing terms:—

[1] Quoted in the "Land of Burns," by Professor Wilson and Robert Chambers, vol. ii., p. 31, and adapted by Mrs. Thomson in her "Memoirs of the Jacobites."

"When Adam Gordon, a descendant of the widow of William, died in September, 1827, his sister, Mrs. Bellamy, attempted to make up a title *to enable the creditors of her brother* to recover their debts, when the present claimant stopped her proceeding. As to the pretended entail, under which she claims, it is founded on falsehood, *in gremio* and null, and the present claimant *is ready to meet her if she dares to come forward.*

"The claimant's service, *as heir in special,* to his said grandfather, is going on before Chancery, and he hurls with contempt the falsehood alleged, that he has not so claimed, in the teeth of the coadjutors of his opponent, who knows too well the facts of the case. The parties who have thus interfered, pretend to know that the date of the claimant's grandfather's death is wrong. In this they are mistaken, for though the parish records, *in the possession of certain interested parties, were purposely destroyed,* to prevent discovery of the births, marriages, and deaths, of the proper Kenmure line, proof full and ample exists, and has led, without *these records,* to establish the claimant's rights."

But of what avail are decisions and vindicatory fly-sheets? To what end has he menaced—what end thrown the gantlet? His challenge has been accepted, and the family strife continues. His chief friend, whose munificence had helped him through much opposition and difficulty, is now no more, and his lawyers, hankering after gilded inducements, which they cannot get, have grown apathetic in his cause. If, by anticipation of success, he would sell a portion of the inheritance, there would be no want of assistance; but he has hitherto refused to nibble the tempting bait. So far, then, James Gordon has not been able to recover the ancestral patrimony of his family, for Louisa, sister of Adam, the eighth viscount, the only other existent shoot (and a very old one) of the true line of descent, opposes his entrance. Possession being nine points of the law, it appears to require a fortune to transfer these points to the credit side of the poor nobleman's account. "Dread God," is the motto of the Gordons of Kenmure. How far the pious injunction has actuated the life of *some* members of that great house, is exemplified by the incidents in this chapter.

The decadence of lordly families is not infrequent. Burke, in his "Romance of the Aristocracy," records many

examples. Time, in its revolutions and changes, plays ruthlessly with mortal greatness, bowing it even to the dust. Seldom, however, has it fallen as heavily as on the head of the ninth viscount of Kenmure. To find the living male representative of that house, tracing his pedigree back to the age of the Anglo-Normans, through a succession of knights and nobles, connected by marriage with the highest families of the state, whose chiefs were renowned for valiant military achievements and power—himself a viscount and a baron—toiling for existence, now as a humble mineral contractor, now as a gate-porter, is a calamity not less bitter than melancholy. No more signal instance of an illustrious family, sinking from its ancient and lofty elevation into obscurity and ruin, can, perhaps, be adduced, for human reflection and sympathy.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS IMPOSTOR.—When Lord —— was appointed to the command of the ———, he left Corfu to join his regiment in Canada, the provinces of which, through Papineau, the demagogue, were in a disturbed state. On his lordship's arrival at a place where an advanced picquet was stationed, he was arrested as a suspicious person, but claimed his release on the ground of being the colonel of the — regiment. In proof of this, however, he could produce no papers. There happened at the time to be a detachment of his lordship's regiment on duty not a long way off. Thinking it likely that one of the party would be able to recognize his commanding officer, the subaltern of the picquet, sent for the sergeant in charge, who quickly appeared.

"Do you know your commanding officer, sergeant?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir. He's the Duke of ——'s son. My Lord Charless."

"Would you know him if you saw him?"

"I should think so, sir," returned the sergeant.

"Is that gentleman your commanding officer?"

"No, sir, no. That's not Lord Charless."

"Indeed! who then do you think he is?"

The sergeant scanned the supposed Brummagem from nose to instep, and with some warmth replied,

"He's a d——d impostor, sir—you may depend on it."

STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

An eminent writer has said, that a sapper is not only represented at one and the same time in a hundred different capacities, and takes as many shapes as Proteus, but that, without occasioning surprise, he is found performing services that no one else could or would undertake.[1] This, to a certain extent, may also be said of his wife, who, as the following instances will show, acquits herself in a manner equally remarkable. Lola Montes asserts, that "genius has no sex." With her this means, that courage is not the prerogative of man. The two incidents now to be given will go far to prove this. Both instances are masculine and singular of their kind, intensified by the spirit and resolution of the feminine actors. A man, soldier though he be, would scarcely have dared the extraordinary venture, such as the sergeant's wife, in her melancholy and despair, suicidally attempted.

In December, 1851, a ruffian, named Edwin James Harris, vacillating between love and revenge, attempted, in the open street, at Southampton, to assassinate his wife, to whom he had been wedded over a quarter of a century. Differences long had separated them, but they frequently met on friendly terms, and parted again. Again they met on the 27th December. In all likelihood, a permanent reconciliation would have been effected but for Harris's meddling landlord, who made an unkind observation that angered the estranged couple. Harris had been drinking, an altercation ensued, and, in his passion, he drew a pruning-knife from his pocket and endeavoured to cut his wife's throat. In the scuffle she fell. Being now completely in his power, and, renewing the horrid work, he cut through her shawl and bonnet, inflicting on her face and neck five terrible wounds. Hearing screams, Mrs. Rittman, wife of corporal Rittman, of the sappers, rushed to the rescue. "It was a scene that would have made a

[1] Fullom. 'United Service Magazine,' 1855.

man falter. Undeterred by danger, she at once seized the madman's hand, and, pulling his head backwards, so as to interfere with his breathing, continued to hold him, till, in his struggles, he released himself. A third time the knife was at its deadly work, the coward aiming perpetually at his wife's throat, but as frequently baulked by the hand of the heroine.

Delay was perilous. Against the power of a savage, infuriated with drink and blood, she felt her weakness to be no match. Her voice, however, was strong, and her feet swift. A short distance she ran, calling for help, when two policemen hearing her, hastened to her aid. Before, however, they came up, she again clutched the murderer by the collar and dragged him from his victim. He now struggled with the intrepid woman, but her hold was like a death-grip. She had set herself to a brave purpose, and would conquer. Amid his writhings, every one strong enough to crush her, she held him with unflinching determination—her strength seeming to redouble with her will. The snivelling wretch, who had no mercy for a defenceless woman, now craved a respite for himself.

"Release me, good woman," gasped he, catching his breath, interrupted by the pressure of a hand always gentle till necessity nerved it.

She was too intent on the business of saving the bleeding woman at his feet to listen to entreaty.

"Believe me, I'm not going to run away."

"I'll take care you don't," she indignantly replied. So, taking a firmer twist of his collar, would have garroted him, probably, had not the policeman arrived, to whom she delivered him in custody.

For some time the mutilated woman was confined to her bed. Eventually she recovered, though her wounds took weeks to heal, and as many to overcome the prostration to which she had been reduced. In March, 1852, the trial came on before Mr. Justice Talfourd, at Winchester, when the miscreant, having been found guilty of stabbing his wife, "with intent to do grievous bodily harm," was sentenced to a life-long transportation.

At the conclusion of the case, the learned judge, with chivalric admiration of the heroic conduct of the sapper's wife, told her, "that he could not let her go without saying

how much they were all indebted to her for the great courage she had displayed. He had never heard of one acting so well. He had the power of awarding a small sum to a person for apprehending a felon (he never contemplated that a woman would be that person), and he should, therefore, award her five pounds, and he hoped she would purchase some trifle that might be kept by her and her family, in remembrance of her courageous act." [1]

A silver watch was bought with the money, on which was engraved a record of the exploit which had gained her the memento.

History adduces many examples of women aiding, with startling valour, helpless victims in times of extreme hazard, traceable, however, in most cases, to purely personal feeling, akin to selfishness, such as arises from shielding a husband or a lover. Sibilla, wife of Robert, Duke of Normandy, comes nearest in sacrifice to the character of the sapper-heroine. He had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, and death was inevitable, if the venom were not removed. Sibilla insisted on performing the fatal service, and died, saving her husband. But what did Frances Rittman do? She threw herself into a mad scene, when revenge was at its crisis, unprotected against the knife of a murderer, and jeopardized her life to save a stranger!

DRINK has its votaries, and Amme Neaby was one of them. She had gone on from little to more, overstepping the golden medium of temperance, till, imperceptibly, no doubt, she established a resistless fondness for fiery absorption, to assuage a thirst far too exacting to be appeased by any relief less than the hottest and most virulent of old Gib's compounds.

In one so entangled in the habit, it was hardly to be expected that she would escape its penalties. Warnings failed to check her; the inward monitor, too frequently crushed by consuming desire, raised but a feeble voice to arrest the propensity; and so, keeping pace with her will and her appetite, she drank on deeply and constantly, in spite of tremors, terrors, miseries, and horrible thoughts. There were times, however, when she had no means to obtain the burning liquids. Then it was that her hankering for *aquadente* was fiercer, her passion for it more fatal. At such

[1] 'The Observer,' March 7th, 1852.

a time, the want of it brought on a dreaded collapse, reducing her to a state of intolerable wretchedness and melancholy. How often she thought of putting an end to her existence has never been revealed. Once the feeling was too active to be endured. Death was welcomed as a sweet panacea for her troubles; and though a brood of infant children looked up to her for protection and comfort, and clasped her knees to coax her smile, she had made up her mind to snap the chain which bound her to those prattling endearments.

Her husband was a sergeant in the corps, a harmless man, far too indulgent for such a woman. Had he held her by a tight rein, and tickled her throat with a spiked-bit instead of allowing the craving for goblets of brandy to steal on her, he might have saved her from depraved excess. This, it ought to be added, was scarcely possible, for duty took him from home the greater part of the week, and left her without restraint to follow her bent.

One October day, her husband, having returned, as usual, to work, she seized the opportunity, when despair was at its highest, to make an attempt on her life. Poison, shooting, stabbing, hanging, or any of the other awful methods commonly resorted to in self-destruction, she rejected as the puerile contrivances of irresolute minds. She would try a plan of her own—not less incredible than frightful. She would show herself more than woman, and stagger man with her boldness. If she must die, what need she care about the agency employed to do the work? With her it was simply a question of success; and, as violent means were more likely to produce this end than the mild expedients of timid suicides, she would use them.

Her husband being a miner, it was his habit, when she was in a fit state to hear him recount his adventures, to tell her of his escapes; also of blasts, lines of least resistance, tamping, and all the scientific adjuncts of loading and firing mines. Thus she knew something of the process, and would see what effect a fougade would have in her own person. She would treat herself as a cumbering rock, or an old, useless wall, that required removing. In short, she would rend herself to pieces by gunpowder. From her husband's pouch she took his ten rounds of ball-ammunition, with percussion caps attached, and placed them between her corset and her bosom. The busk, she calculated, would resist the shock in that direction, driving it with shattering force into her frame.

With a purpose too settled to be altered, she lifted the fusee without a quiver, and, setting fire to the charge, the whole ten rounds exploded.[1]

What was the result? Was her head blown away—was she scattered in fragments, past the possibility of identification? Was the spectacle one to horrify humanity? No. There stood the wretched woman, stunned less with the shock than amazed that she lived. It was a miracle, that mercy, in a moment of outrageous peril, stepped in to save her. She was barely disfigured. Her right breast was shaken and scorched, and her chest was scarred in several places by the explosion of the percussion caps, but beyond these surface-injuries she felt no material harm. The worst that she experienced from her rashness was the weight at her chest; and who can wonder, when ten hot minié balls pressed against it, unable to disengage themselves? After a few months' treatment, she recovered from her wounds, and, better still, though the attempt was as wicked as unparalleled, it brought her to her senses.

WARNING FOR GUARD.—A captain of the 51st regiment, who had been put in orders for guard, was next morning absent from the duty. On being asked the reason, he intimated that he had not seen the orders. Corporal Brook, the orderly, was immediately confronted with the captain.

"Did you show captain Tittletit the orders?" inquired the commanding officer.

"I did, zur."

Captain T. denied it; and being believed, the corporal was reprimanded for negligence, and awarded extra duty.

Not long after, it happened that captain Tittletit was for guard again, and Brook was orderly corporal. Recollecting the recent mishap, he determined to be wider awake, and leave no loophole through which the captain should escape.

Presenting the book to the captain, the latter good-humouredly asked—

"Anything particular in orders to-day, Brook?"

"Thou's for guard, to-morrow, zur," replied Brook, placing his finger on the order to draw the captain's special attention to it; "so don't go an' zay I didn't warn 'ee as 'ee did afore."

[1] The incident was first mentioned in the 'United Service Gazette,' for October, 1858.

MEN OF STRAW.

With a party of sappers encamped on Bardon Hill, in 1842, was one private M'Lay, a wildish youth, who, getting into trouble, was doomed for several days to wander, by way of punishment, between the camp-kitchen and the trig observatory. In the absence of more absolute restraint, this weak species of discipline was the only available remedy to lower the crest of that irregular spirit. To alleviate the tedium of confinement, he took to sharp study, delighting in works, suitable to his exalted taste, which treated of "remarkable characters," and gave the fullest insight into the dark exploits of midnight adventure. In his solitude, therefore, he was chiefly solaced by that interesting work called "The Lives of Notorious Highwaymen."

How far he benefited by the lessons picked out of that instructive registry—how far he treasured up the "acts and deeds" of Turpin, Galloping Dick, Paul Clifford, Sheppard, and Co.—those pet exemplars of a base profession—may be clearly gathered from the fact, that some great judge, backed by the verdict of a jury, was pleased, one assize-day, to order Jemmy to change the color of his coat from royal red to felon brown. In other words, the government undertook to provide him with ample employment for seven years, as a reward (this may be questioned) for his luckless endeavour to transfer a chronometer, of about sixty pounds value, from her majesty's service to some sly bearded Shylock about Petticoat Lane.

While M'Lay was studying "The Lives," some of his comrades arranged to have a nice little drama of their own, in which Jemmy was to act "dummy." The sergeant and corporal in charge had walked themselves off to comfort "flesh and blood" with swizzle and 'bacca at a prim house in Shaw Lane. The opportunity was favourable for the divertissement, and it must be enacted at once. From his known character, it was assumed that M'Lay, of all the party, might be considered as most likely to come to an

untimely end. He was therefore pressed, not unwillingly, to personate "the suicide"—at least, to allow his clothes to deck the object they intended should represent him.

Accordingly, the rogues prepared a stuffed figure, of proper length, habited in M'Lay's costume, and suspended it from a tree, a few stones' throw from the sergeant's cosy hut. Their purpose in this trick was to see what effect the swinging effigy would have on the excited nerves of the two chiefs. Hour after hour the party waited patiently to witness the dénouement, till drowsiness, almost obliterating hope, was fast sealing their heavy eyes in sleep.

Twelve o'clock arrived, but no sergeant or corporal. What can have detained them? Keep dark! This was against all rule and all law. Whisper it not in official ears, for the convivial couple were no drones, and deserved the liberty they had ventured unknown to their superiors. The attractions of Shaw Lane had exercised a resistless influence on their sociality, only releasing them when they had reached a state of wild joy, affecting both their equipoise and their character. At the "wee short hour ayont the twal" they stalked into the wood, stumbling, by accident, on the goat-path leading to the encampment. The modest moon was somewhere near "the full," hiding her bashful face at intervals behind stretches of storm-cloud, as if disinclined to witness the staggering hilarity of two of her habitual admirers; then appearing again, would throw a light on the narrow path, and a gleam on the trees, to help the incapables to their huts. On plunged the jovial pair in tortuous zigzags, pitching occasionally among tangled brambles—now in light, now shade, now in darkness. Ahead of them, some twenty yards, was the figure, swinging unconvulsed from the salient branch of the foremost tree. Out came the moon again, shimmering on the rustling leaves, and turning night into day. The corporal first saw "the suicide," and starting back aghast, his senses, lost for two hours, suddenly returned.

"My God!" cried he; "what's that?"

"Which? where?" shouted the sergeant, whose sight had failed as yet to observe the dangling effigy.

"That! There!" exclaimed the terrified corporal.

"Christ A'mighty!" rejoined the sergeant, clasping his hands in sadness and horror. "What a spectacle! I

thought it would come to this. M'Lay, you perceive, has destroyed himself!"

The alarm was instantly given, and all hands turned out to see what was the matter. A long black cloud was sliding over the moon at the time, darkening the path and the figure. Shown the direction where it was suspended, some of the fellows ran to the spot, and quickly cutting down the sham, bore it away.

On entering the hut soon after, the sergeant and his affrighted junior found, to their amazement, that poor M'Lay was not only resuscitated, but the merriest of the party. The former was about to compliment his men for achieving a revivification so electrical, when their smiles, ill concealed, revealed to him the joke, and he enjoyed it heartily.

An anecdote is told of Jack Weir, who took up with him, one early morning, a dumb assistant to the top of a cathedral spire, on which was to be perched an observers' crow's-nest, supported by slim scaffolding. As usual, Jack began some of those daring freaks for which he was distinguished, striding naked beams, climbing poles, and standing on narrow projecting timbers, some hundreds of feet above ground. People, of course, congregated to watch the perilous movements of this human chamois, expecting every moment to see him fall headlong from the height. He would not disappoint them. They should have something to appease a curiosity aching to witness an accident. When a goodly number, with upturned faces, had assembled, he dragged out his helpless assistant from an aperture in the spire, and after pommelling him with unforgiving earnestness, tumbled him, as if in ungovernable anger, from the giddy elevation to the earth! The women screamed and fainted, and the men, in terror, ran to help the motionless being, huddled up on the pavement. All were agreed that life was extinct, and every rib of the victim broken. Still, hoping that a fragment of the "vital spark" remained, they commenced, with melting tenderness, to handle the "murdered man," while the unfeeling fellow aloft was filling the air with gusts of ringing laughter. A touch and a turn were enough for the sympathisers; for, to their happy disappointment, they found that the assistant was a sham, with straw bowels, in sapper's clothes!

SCRAPS ABOUT CORPORAL CRAY.

TIT-FOR-TAT.—A few months prior to the declaration of war with Russia, Cray was one of six sappers sent to Turkey to attend some officers of the corps making preliminary surveys. Though simple and uneducated, he was very sharp in picking up phrases used in ordinary traffic. Appointed to purchase provisions for the officers and his comrades, he found it, at the outset, very puzzling to strike a bargain; in fact, he was rascally overreached, paying, as he declared, in every transaction at least "tuppence for a pen'orth." When, however, his vocabulary had become sufficiently enlarged, and he knew to a fraction the value of Turkish money, he insisted, as long as he held the post of purveyor, of driving his bargains so hard that, to be quits with the grasping Greeks, he reversed the order of dealing, only paying them a "penny for ev'ry two-pen'orth."

CATERING.—As a campaigner, Cray was invaluable. At the end of a journey, he was the man for the occasion. In a trice he would pitch a tent, kindle a fire with a few sticks and a blow of his breath, and have meats grilling, rashers frying, birds stewing, eggs boiling, and coffee steaming, as if there were magic in his means. In the most difficult country, without a hovel near to plunder, he was never short of a meal for the distinguished travellers on whom he had the honor of waiting. Look as he descends from his horse if there are any signs of the coming spread. None. Even his havresack is loose and empty; and yet Cray was as available in provision-stores as a Thames-street warehouse. Where in the world did he get the things? Never mind. Eat, and ask no questions. Pillage in an enemy's country is a pastime internationally legalized. Without fear of censure, he might have submitted this as the secret of his success; but he left it to be implied that the fullness of his invisible larder was due, not to marauding, but to following the motto of "honesty is the best policy." Tell that to the Japanese; the Crimeans won't believe it.

THE NEW SADDLE.—An anecdote is told of what he termed his presence of mind in a delicate situation. In January, 1854, he attended Sir John Burgoyne as his orderly, riding from Varna to Shumla. Two or three officers were of the party, and also a lady, who, if the chances were hers, would act a part in history equal to that of Constantia de Cecelli. Cray was mounted on a Turkish saddle, which had more knots and angles in it than was pleasant to one unaccustomed to equestrian hardships. Still, he bore the misery with valiant self-sacrifice; and when the journey was over, bounded from the hack with as light a heart as if the make-shift saddle had been as easy and costly as the Grand Vizier's.

"Well, Cray," said one, "how did you like your *new* saddle?"

This Cray thought was a dangerous question, particularly as a lady was present, and ought therefore to have been asked in private. Straining his wits to manufacture an answer that would not grate on the tenderest sensibility, replied—

"Comfortable enough, sir; only the *arrises* hurt me."

Less acquainted with the refinements of Johnson than the technicalities of his craft, every one must admire the application of a term which not only adequately expressed the inconveniences to which he had been subjected, but promised to leave the lady in utter ignorance of its meaning. Little, however, did he dream that his mistress, from an occasional look into Nicholson and Tredgold, was as cognizant of its signification as a master carpenter. A peep at her cheerful countenance proved his strategy to be at fault, and he was disconcerted; but a friendly smile, and a few rallying words of sympathy from the lady, removed his embarrassment.

Since the lady's return from the Danube she has more than once alluded to Cray's adventures, remarking, with amiable humour, that everything would have been exceedingly pleasant with the corporal in the long ride to Shumla, "only the *arrises* hurt him."

GREAT ODDS.—Cray went to Rustchuk, on the Danube, with lieutenant Burke, who was killed at Giurgevo, major Dickson, and young Wellesley, now Lord Dangan, to see an operation which Omer Pacha intended to execute, but which

never came off. While there, as hostilities had not yet been proclaimed, Cray dared to have a little war on his own account and responsibility. Going to one extremity of the town, he took his stand among a regiment of Albanian Arnauts, opposite some Russian outposts, strongly guarded, on the opposite margin of the river. Wondering to see so much resolution in a single foreigner, whose object was to chalk up to his own fame, the slaughter, in fair fight, of as many picquets as would return his fire, the Albanian troops bent eagerly to his purpose, and loading their muskets, handed them to him as fast as he required to use them. At every successful shot he was loudly cheered; and as the fusillade was rapid, it caught the ear of lieutenant Burke, who ran to ascertain the cause. Judge of his surprise, when he saw his orderly, surrounded by hundreds of excited Arnauts, coolly discharging piece after piece with deadly effect, in contravention of the law of nations. Of course, lieutenant Burke stopped Cray's enthusiasm, convincing him of the grave impropriety of his proceedings, by telling him that, as war had not yet been declared, he was liable, if the Russians demanded his life, to be hanged for murder! Cray was concerned to know that his conduct bore this horrid complexion; but he took consolation from the reflection, that when the tug of war should come, there would be less of the enemy to contend with. He may have fired at the outposts between twenty and thirty rounds. He was at the time in his scarlet uniform, a conspicuous object to the Russians, who, it is believed, thought the whole English army was on the Danube. Cray was thus the first English soldier under fire during the war of 1854-5.

In the Flames.—Varna was set on fire by some Greek incendiaries, instigated by Russian agents, and was only extinguished after much of the city had been laid waste. Brigadier-general Tylden, royal engineers, directed the operations for saving the town. The sappers were not present, being encamped at the south side of the bay; but lance-corporal Cray, who acted as the brigadier's orderly, lent material aid in arresting the conflagration. He was at home in peril, driving among the flames and falling buildings, unscorched and uncharred, like a mass of indestructible asbestos. "When the danger was greatest," wrote the brigadier, "and the spreading flames threatened to reach

the large Turkish powder-magazine, corporal Cray laboured voluntarily and incessantly, by mounting scaling-ladders and closing the openings with blankets, thus not only largely contributing to the safety of the magazine, but setting an example to the sailors and others assisting which was of the greatest service." For his conduct on this occasion, he was promoted to the rank of second corporal.—*History Sappers, ii.*, 193, *Second Edition.*

INTRODUCTION TO THE TRENCHES.—When Cray arrived at the front, Jenkins, by order, took him round the trenches, so that, when it should become his turn for duty, he might know the several works and the points where danger most existed. They had gone into the fifth parallel by the left approach, and were leaving it by the right one, which had a parapet so low it would scarcely cover a crow. "You must look alive here," said Jenkins, "or we shall get a knock." Off Jenkins started, rushing down an enfiladed piece of the trench, and creeping on all-fours where the cover was insufficient. His movements were seen by the Russian riflemen, and a few unavailing shots told of their vigilance. It was now Cray's turn to move; but declining to follow the crafty progress of his experienced cicerone, he preferred to make a rush into the completed boyau; but he had scarcely taken a step beyond the parallel, when a tempest of bullets overtook him. With alarming nearness they whistled about his head; and feeling the hot wind of a minié brushing his nose, as if an iron feather were rasping it, he fancied that that prominent feature of his countenance had been shot off. The delusion was but momentary, for another mishap occurred to drive away the unpleasant sensation which the first had created. As he was bounding into deeper cover, his foot tripped, and down he fell with a crash, which quite upset the gravity of the guide and the blasters in the parallel.

"I thought you were done for," said Jenkins, as Cray crawled up to him, every muscle of his face in laughing activity.

"Not yet," replied Cray. "It was near enough though to make the escape a miracle." He then added, with a significant smile, "some lucky Russian, no doubt, will be decorated with a distinguished-service medal for killing me!" —*History Sappers, ii.*, 398, *Second Edition.*

DOINGS AT THE DOCKS.—A private of the 18th regiment, employed in the demolition of the docks of Sebastopol, fell, on the 10th December, 1855, at night, into a pit more than thirteen feet deep, and three parts full of water. Corporal Cray, whose recklessness of self repeatedly gained him praise, descended the shaft to rescue the miner. The water was thick and discolored with clay. Unable to feel the man, he was obliged to come up to recover breath. The second descent took him to the end of one gallery without success; and the third gave him hope of finding the miner in the other gallery, whither, indeed, his struggles had carried him. Cray pushed to its end, and, almost exhausted, bore the linesman to the top of the shaft, but life was extinct. Cray, poor fellow, ready in every danger, and foremost in many, was not—though he had escaped often and strangely—invulnerable to exposure; and the result of his gallant efforts was an attack which, reducing his voice to the feebleness of a whisper, sent him an invalid to England.—*History Sappers, ii., Second Edition, p.* 469.

Some years before (April, 1849), though unable to swim, he jumped into the Medway to rescue a comrade from drowning, nearly losing his life in the attempt. For his "noble courage and humanity" on the occasion—so runs the certificate given him by the Royal Humane Society—he was presented with a bronze medallion.

REWARDS.—In 1856, Cray was discharged on a stingy pension of eightpence a day; but care being taken of him by major Ewart, R.E., he received an appointment at Hythe. After trying a long time to get his pension increased, the Duke of Cambridge paid a visit to Shorncliffe camp, when Cray, dressed in his best, and with the respectful collectedness of a war-soldier, stepped up, hat in hand, to H. R. Highness, and presented a memorial describing his services and his hopes. It was graciously received; and after a brief tête-à-tête about old times, the duke rode away, promising to give attention to the petitioner's claims. With the assistance of Sir John Burgoyne (the lady traveller, it is supposed, also had something to say in the matter), Cray received, by special warrant from her majesty, a pension of one shilling and sixpence a day. And well he deserved it. In addition to the instances of bravery stated above, he was two or three times alluded to in orders for his gallant conduct in the trenches,

and also for his constant zeal and valour in superintending the rebuilding of No. 8 battery, left attack. A comrade, (himself a fine soldier, and discharged on account of his wounds,) summed up Cray's character in these words: He "is no tap-room bounce. His deeds and exploits, had he been educated, would have done honor to an officer. It's a pity he is not a scholar; but there is, nevertheless, a beauty in his want of education, from the mere fact that he knows his deficiency." Cray wears two medals for the Danube and the Crimea, and one clasp for Sebastopol. He has also received, as I have been informed, the order of the Medjidie. These, with the Humane Society's medallion, complete his decorations and honours.

UNANSWERABLE.—Colonel Bastion abhorred anything like soiled or shabby clothes. If ever he felt pleased, and this did *sometimes* happen, it was to see his men unimpeachably clean and soldier-like. One fine summer's holiday, as he was strolling over the lines, he met private Duce, wearing a pair of "bags" that would have disgraced the limbs of a costermonger.

"Stop, sir!" shouted the colonel, wrathfully. "How dare you appear in public in such shameful trousers?"

Duce was taken aback at the sudden attack, and not having framed a sufficiently-plausible excuse, was silent.

"Have you not," continued the colonel, "another pair in barracks?"

"Yes, sir," was the meek response.

"Then why the devil didn't you put them on?"

"Because," replied Duce, with true military self-possession, "they're worse than these, sir!"

THE PASSPORT.

In 1838, corporal Down and private M'Rae, under lieutenant Vicars, crossed the frontiers of Spain in plain clothes on a secret service. A night or two before commencing the march, M'Rae, having imbibed a great deal more wine than he was capable of carrying soberly, mistook a window for a door, and falling a depth of more than eight feet, gashed his face above the eye. The accident being unknown to his officer, was not noticed in the passport.

On arriving at Los Baños, lieutenant Vicars obtained information which caused him to order the return of the sappers to Bayonne. On entering a village they had passed through before, two functionaries bore down on them to make certain interrogatories, and to watch the suspicious movements of the foreigners.

"Your passports?" asked one, in the highest style of Frenchified refinement, making at the same time a sweep like the curve of a rainbow with his *chapeau*, and the segment of a circle with his back.

"He's deuced polite, isn't he, Mack?" said Down.

"What the devil d'ye mean?" shouted M'Rae to the official. "Why don't you speak English? Who d'ye think can understand that lingo o' yourn?"

The official, profoundly ignorant of the questions, made another oral attempt to possess the passports; but failing in this, he employed signs. Readily comprehending these, the sappers instantly presented their letters of safe conduct.

After scanning the countenance of the corporal, and comparing it with the description in the congé, it was pronounced "good," and endorsed with one of those extraordinary autographs that no man out of France has ever been able to decipher.

But the unfortunate laceration over M'Rae's eye was not so easily adjusted. He was declared to be a spy, travelling with a fraudulent protection. Corporal Down was now in a fix. To go without his man he dared not; to seek for

lieutenant Vicars to put the matter right was impracticable, for his locale was unknown; and an attempt to appeal to the consul also failed, as our representative was far away from the village, among the gorges of the Pyrenees. As, therefore, the absence of all allusion to the blackguard cut in the passport prevented that absolute identity of the genuine person, which the French functionaries so scrupulously demanded, all that could be done was to follow whither they led, and make the best of it. This they did, M'Rae swearing in broad Scotch, and Down abusing them in bastard Basque.

At length, reaching the prefecture, the disfigured sapper was brought for examination before the magisterial presence. The prefect could not speak a word of English or Spanish, and the sappers knew not how to parley in French. No explanation could therefore be given of the disagreement between the portrait of the culprit and the facial characteristics recorded in the passport. Signs were of no avail. Gaelic, which M'Rae thought was the nearest approach to French, was unavailingly tried to clear up the difficulty, and Down muttered his bastard Basque with as little chance of being understood. There was no alternative but to incarcerate the spy during the continuance of hostilities. Such was the sentence; but just as Mack was to be taken to prison, the prefect's wife stepped to the door of the parlour, and spoke kindly to the corporal. This delayed the process for a minute or two.

The lady was a gay, pretty woman, with an open, generous face, a smile on her lip, and friendliness in her eye. Although she spoke pure Castilian, Down swore she was English. M'Rae whispered his belief she was Scotch, and would, had he been permitted, have touched her off in Gaelic. The idea occurred to the corporal to make the lady acquainted with his troubles, and win, if possible, her fair service to effect the liberation of his comrade.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Englishmen."

"Adventurers fighting for Queen Isabella?"

"Soldiers of the army of Great Britain, fighting against Don Carlos."

"You're Christinos, then?"

"Yes; going to join Muñagorri's army."

The lady, wonderfully pleased, nodded satisfaction. It appeared she was a thorough-paced Christino herself, with red-hot opinions against Salic law, and only wanted a few masculine attributes, such as a pair of breeches, a plumed hat, spurs, and a scimitar, to constitute her a sort of right arm to an Espartero.

"How did your friend get that remarkable cut over his eye?" inquired the prefectess, smiling; "was he wounded?"

Down seeing the humour of the lady, wished to be truthful and expressive.

"No, madame," said Down, accenting the word with the accuracy of a born Frenchman. "He got drunk a few nights ago, and falling down, as was natural in such a state, scarred his blinker outrageously."

"Since the passport was made out?"

"Oh, yes, madame."

The lady at once represented the facts to the prefect, who, with a spontaneity almost miraculous, could see the striking resemblance between the man and the passport; and while declaring the accident, on careful analysis, to be no earthly detriment to his identity, he appended a cabalistic signature, with dashes and paraphs, to the congé, and released the suspected spy.

It was more than his social position was worth to have run counter to the wishes of the prefectess, for the lady evidently had enough of her own will, and her way too, to have made the prefect's hearth rather too hot for his comfort.

As the lady retired, she smiled, while Down nodded his thanks, and M'Rae, blundering through the expression of his gratitude in unmeaning Scotch, clipped every word, as though half of it were sufficient to be understood by the dullest comprehension.

THE MYSTERY.

ONE fine morning, Galbraith looked wistfully at a young lady, as she tripped along the pavement, as if begging the condescension of a smile; but she passed, like a sunbeam, down the street, without noticing him.

A few days after they met again. Galbraith stepped aside to give her the wall. Struck with her appearance, he started, as he yielded the way, but with a result quite as barren as when he first saw her. Without even glancing at the shops, or turning to concede a stray glimpse at the sapper who had so markedly shown consideration for her, the lady continued in the direction she was moving; and finally, taking a seat in the mail, at the "Crown and Anchor," rode to London.

A third time they met. Galbraith thought it odd. She was dressed elegantly, and held a parasol between her and the sun, like a countess. He smiled this time, opening his lips in a brief salutation; but Miss Edgell bore on proudly, offended apparently at the attention of a humble man.

A few days more elapsed, and, strangely enough, they met again. There was no design in it; it was accidental, seeming as if the Fates had a secret hand in the business; for whenever she appeared on shopping errands, or rambled into town, the strangers were sure to come in contact. This time Galbraith more audibly administered his compliments, and while he smiled and looked all he thought and felt, she smiled too, recognizing his salutation in a lisp he could not catch, and gracefully bending herself and parasol, went on.

This was an introduction. Galbraith made the most of it. Often he met her, and in time was favoured with her society and her arm. It would be idle to follow them through the mazes of their attachment; to speak of their secret walks, or note all the incidents of their love career. He was her accepted suitor, but the chief ingredient to their bliss—a father's consent—was wanted. This was a difficulty she

knew not how to surmount. A widower of substance and limited notions, he was unlikely to approve of any arrangement by which his daughter should sacrifice position and caste. Ask it she dared not; and so deferred her duty, in the hope that time would evolve a suitable opportunity, in which she could reveal the secret of her heart, and succeed.

Mr. Edgell was a portly man, with a grape-shot sort of head, wildly covered with grizzly hair. He was the owner of the house in which he lived; could count others by streets, and his freehold property covered several acres of rich land. The rentals derivable from these sources made up an aggregate income which enrolled old Edgell among the gentry of Kent. When starting into life, he carried the hod, like an Irishman; then tried his hand at mixing mortar and using the trowel. Years rolled away, and he had swelled into the dimensions of a builder; and what with thrift in trade, good luck, and large profits, was enabled at mid-age to retire from business in opulence, with only a scamp of a son, and a sweet daughter to look to.

The son, disinherited at length by his father, died a pauper; so that Miss Edgell became his sole care. She was well-bred, graceful, and pretty, hunted by men in search of beauty and a dowry; but touched by an infatuation which isolated her to an object, she rejected all for the young sapper, though he had neither position nor prospects to recommend him.

Galbraith was a fine-looking fellow, wearing a chivalric swagger and well-fitting clothes. He had an engaging eye, crimson cheeks, accurately-set teeth, neatly-trimmed whiskers, and curls all over his head. Intelligence was not wanting in his expression, nor manliness in his forehead. Dapper as a soldier, he was what was called a "buck." He had his malacca to walk with, rings to glitter on his fingers, and a gold chain, with artistic appendages, to hang from his fob. To these ornamental accessories were added others, such as close buttons to his jacket; a cambric handkerchief at his breast; white thread-net gloves; a neat cap, with green-lined peak indenting his nose, and trowsers with scarlet stripes as broad as a battle-axe. In his day it was an item of style to wear wide reds, but succeeding generations, dropping this extravagance, are satisfied with stripes no broader than a sword-blade. Another characteristic of the period was to

wear the trowsers nipt in at the knees, like the fleshings of a tragedian, and to expand downwards like funnels, to conceal all but an inch or two of the brightest boots. In these particulars, as in all others of dress and personal attention, Galbraith was an acknowledged pink. Mr. Edgell once spoke of him, as he swept by the window; declaring he had seen but few in the army with so martial a dash, and so handsome a figure. Maria warmed at this kind notice of her lover; and regarding the opportunity as favourable to her purpose, acknowledged her esteem for the man he had just praised, and followed it up by soliciting his consent to the open countenance of an attachment between them which, out of the purest regard for his feelings, had been covertly fostered.

Mr. Edgell was astounded. It took a few minutes to count up the length of pause which followed the disclosure. All this time he was boiling with mortification; and then venting his rage, ceased only when his passion had exhausted him.

Maria was awe-struck. She did not expect such an outburst of anger, and hardly knew what to say under the circumstances. Nevertheless, she begged him to moderate his wrath, and suggested simple excuses for her conduct, which only deepened the old man's disgust and augmented his choler.

There was silence for a minute or two, and Maria sank into her chair pale and fainting.

"Wine, Maria!" roared he, breathlessly. "Ungrateful girl, you have carried on this disgraceful intimacy without attempting to seek advice from the only guide on whom you could rely for sound direction."

This reproach brought Maria's waning spirit back again, and, as she gazed in surprise at her father, she rose, and went to the closet for wine.

"It was cruel, papa, I confess," she meekly simpered, bringing in the wine, "to hide our intimacy from you; but whatever may be wrong in my attachment to the soldier, I hope you will believe it is not disgraceful."

"It is, miss!" shouted the angry builder, forcing himself forward in his chair, and striking the table with his clenched fist.

She started, feeling his violence as a blow inflicted on her-

self. "You used not to act thus to me, papa. Do not frighten me, I entreat. If still I possess your confidence," added she, placing the wine on the table, "if still you regard me as virtuous, receive my assurance that, whatever I may deserve in the way of censure, nothing has occurred in my conduct to deserve the epithet—disgraceful."

"Don't contradict me. The whole affair, I say, *is* disgraceful—a shameless proceeding. It is even wicked. Yes, yes. Pour the wine into a tumbler."

Maria did so; and leaving her father to its enjoyment, retired to her room.

The old builder could not forget the incident. He stamped and swore as if he were mad, ringing for the servant a dozen times only to threaten his instant dismissal if he did not disappear; and, drinking till he had drained the decanter, was carried helplessly to bed. From that hour, Mr. Edgell was reckoned among drunkards.

Maria would willingly have relinquished an intimacy which had given rise to results so deplorable, but Galbraith, gently urging his right to her hand, easily persuaded her into the belief that, as Mr. Edgell had acquired a love for drink, the rejection of himself would not alter his propensity. From this conviction, the intercourse being persisted in, she frequently, but unavailingly, tried to relieve it of embarrassment by entreating her father's sanction.

"No, no, no!" cried the father, at the top of his voice, "I cannot think of it and live. Wine, Maria, wine, and let me forget all about it."

And wine was his idol from morning to night.

Maria was sad and heart-sick. To push her own delicate concerns any farther with her parent was useless. It would renew his misery, and end, probably, in what she dreaded to contemplate. At her next interview with Galbraith she explained the nature of her distress, imploring his generosity to abandon her. She pleaded eloquently for this alternative, promising, nevertheless, to think of none but him, and to wait patiently for the day when there could be no hindrance to a union it would be her bliss to engage in. "This once, I am sure, you will yield to me," continued she, in winning tones, "and I shall love you only the more deeply for it."

Galbraith listened and thought; but he had not the heroism to make the sacrifice.

"If you will permit, Maria, I will see your father, and then I shall not take a moment to determine."

"Determine without, dearest. If you value my peace of mind, do not see him."

"Ah! Maria; there's a destiny at stake."

"That you can bear, so can I, but my father cannot."

"It's a great question this, not easily disposed of. If you will allow me, I shall undertake the interview without dread, and follow its issue."

Maria unwillingly yielded. She trembled to think what would be the result. Her father was not only passionate, but impulsive and violent, and she apprehended he would exceed in fury as he contended with the impassive and quiet demeanour of Galbraith.

"Let me beg you will not venture an interview," said she. "If you knew papa, as I do, you would instantly dismiss it as impracticable."

"Trust me, dear. I shall be calm. Nothing that Mr. Edgell can say or do will move me to betray a spirit opposed to it. If he storm, the waves shall break against me and bear me down, but I'll not retaliate, and this may induce him to consider me worthy of you."

Maria sped away sorrowfully, followed in the distance by Galbraith. The door approached, the lady ran in; and, in a few minutes after, her lover rang at the entrance. The house, having a plain exterior, was on the slope of a hill, looking, nevertheless, as if it belonged to one in easy circumstances.

A servant answered the ring, and Galbraith expressed his wish to see Mr. Edgell. The man in plush strode majestically into a rear room, and asked that gentleman, half somnolent, half boozy, if he would be kind enough to speak to a soldier.

"Aye—a soldier!" shouted he, quickly, shaking up from his lethargy. "What the devil does he want?"

"He did not tell me his business, sir."

"Bid him walk into the dining-room, and I'll be there directly."

The servant returned, and, inviting Galbraith into the dining-room, he sat on a cushioned chair behind the door.

Mr. Edgell now appeared, and the sapper, rising, bowed.

"Be seated," said the old man, sharply, throwing himself into an arm-chair. "What is your business with me?"

"My name is Galbraith, sir."

"Well?" interrupted the builder, unaware of the name of Maria's intended.

"Though in a humble position, I am of a respectable family."

"I don't question it."

"And should deem any act of mine not meriting your approbation to be a great misfortune."

"Nonsense! I trust you will feel under no embarrassment on my account: but your business. What is it you want?" exclaimed Mr. Edgell, impatiently.

"Some six months ago it was my happiness to become acquainted with a young lady, who did me the honour to return my suit."

"More fool she; but what's that to me?" shouted the old man, angrily. "I've quite enough to do with my own affairs without being troubled with the stupid concerns of other people. If this is your errand, leave me, sir." And Mr. Edgell rang the bell as if he would tear it from the cranks.

"My errand *does* concern you, sir, and that is why I have called."

"Out with it then."

"Although I know not whether you approve of it or no, I feel it my duty"—

"Damn your duty!" interpealed the builder, rattling the contents of his pockets with both hands, "that's a matter for your officers."

"Yet I owe *you* a duty, which I will now discharge. Your daughter Maria is, sir, I am happy to say, engaged to me, and I have come to beg your consent to our marriage."

"Consent!" gasped Mr. Edgell, jumping to his feet. "Impudent fellow, how dare you come here to insult me? If my daughter knows you, I do not. Marriage! pooh, pooh; that shall never be. Out of my house this instant, you mean fellow. Robson, Robson," cried he at the top of his voice, "bundle that vagabond neck and heels into the street."

Galbraith rose, unruffled, urging, with all the persuasion he could employ, the propriety of a sanction which would materially add to the felicity of his daughter.

"*You* add more to her happiness than I?" said the old man, grinding the words through his teeth and looking

contemptuously at the candidate for his favour. "You boast of your influence over a weak woman; you who would shrink from the face of an enemy. Leave me, sir;" and Mr. Edgell, too exasperated to wait for the footman, rushed at Galbraith, with a strength that nothing could withstand; pitched him into the road as if he had been a broken image; and slamming the front door after him, fastened it with the chain.

Maria had just then arrived—too late to interpose her good offices to prevent an expulsion so summary and ignominious. She flew up-stairs to give Galbraith the assurance of her attention, but he had gone.

The old man was too enraged to deign the slightest courtesy to his daughter. An attempt she made to soften his ire was received with fierce expostulations and demands for brandy. He would have gone absolutely wild without it. Glass after glass was quickly quaffed, and the portly builder, overcome with smoke, oaths, and inebriation, dropped his head on the high back of his chair, speechless and quiescent.

It was hopeless to pursue the intimacy if results so shocking were the bitter fruit. No course was left to Maria but to suspend her engagement with Galbraith. Indeed, she could not evade it, for her father had imposed restraints on her movements which rendered clandestine interviews next to impossible. Galbraith saw the necessity for her resolution, and, shaping his conduct accordingly, was cheered in his loneliness by an occasional letter delivered to him by secret hands.

Weeks rolled by without abating one tittle of the old man's horror at his daughter's imprudence, nor did her confinement, so exemplarily kept, lessen his thirst for drink. Under its influence he staggered out one night to extend his orgies at the "Barrack Tavern;" but too blind to see it, he passed that fashionable resort, though it was blazing with lamps like a theatre. It was just dusk, and he shambled onwards, feeling his way by the area railings, till, turning into a lane, he plunged ahead in zigzags, and then struck into a shaded avenue which hedged a meadow backed by the Shrewsbury copses, with Shooter's Hill beyond. In this unfrequented thoroughfare were piles of chalk and flint, among which he tumbled as he progressed to the end, when, making for a gap (which he fancied was an open door) in a

—quickset-hedge, enclosing the grounds of Wellesley House, he reeled through it, and on and on till he toppled into a deep sheet of water, covered with duckweed, over which hung, in solemn grandeur, a weeping-willow.

A soldier, fortunately walking in the main road, hearing the splash, dashed through the gap into the water, and, dragging the victim from the pond, saved him from a death that otherwise was inevitable. It was difficult to get him to the bank, for he was heavy; but once there, the soldier used the unimpeachable cambric at his breast to wipe the old man's face and clear out his mouth. This done, he set to work, grooming the rescued till there was scarcely a sprig of duckweed on his apparel.

"And are you better, sir?" whispered the soldier, in anxious tones. "I am glad I was near to save you."

"I know not how to thank you as I ought," sobbed the builder, who got sober by the fright. "Had you not been near, young man, I should have perished."

"Thank God, then, for this instance of his merciful interposition."

"I feel more than I can express."

"Come, let me take you out of this; and if you walk briskly home no harm will happen to you."

And the old man, following the soldier through the gap, took his arm as they gained the road.

"Now that you are all right, with the lamps to direct you, I will run to barracks. Good night, sir! and whenever your memory recalls this event, think of the sapper who saved you."

"Stay, young man. A sapper did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall ever honour that corps. Come, take my arm and see me home. Somewhat shaken, I need help, and I am sure, wet as you are, you will concede it. My name is Edgell. I live at Brook Hill, near the 'Fox and Hounds.'"

"Edgell!" exclaimed the sapper, thoughtfully. "I think I know that name. Once, and only once, I fancy I saw you."

"You shall see me oftener," replied Mr. Edgell, gratefully. "I shall be a friend to you. I owe you much for your intrepidity. All thankfulness as I am, I shall only be too pleased to prove it. Any time you may favour me with a visit, you shall be welcome. I am a widower, with an

only daughter to keep house, and she will do for you even more than I can hope to do, to show that we can be grateful and not forget."

"A daughter did you say?"

"Yes. You need not be afraid of her. She is young, agreeable, and, without boasting, beautiful."

"Under such circumstances it would be scarcely proper for me to intrude, for, being pretty, she is no doubt engaged. It would be well to save, even in appearance, anything that would tend to cause uneasiness, for a soldier, humble as he is reckoned in the general estimation, may occasion that."

"Oh! she has no one seeking her but a sapper, belonging to the same corps as yourself; but I would give the world to know that she had relinquished him and fallen into such hands as yours. Nothing would afford me greater delight for some event to transpire which should connect the old man with his deliverer."

This conversation brought them to Mr. Edgell's house. A knock and a ring caused the door to be flung wide open, and the portly owner stepped from darkness into his mansion.

"Here, sapper, go into the dining-room; and Robson, tell your mistress to come and entertain him. He has saved my life, and must be treated courteously. Be quick, Robson, and then attend me in the dressing-room, for I am almost drowned."

Robson ran for his mistress, who had left her room when the front door was opened, and, meeting her papa on the stairs, heard from him, in a few words, how he had been nearly drowned, and was rescued by the extraordinary courage of a sapper, who, providentially, happened to be passing at the time. Affectionately congratulating him on his deliverance, she wept, and embraced him, and then, at his bidding, waited on the sapper.

"Is the young man here," said she, tripping into the room, "who saved my father's life?"

"Yes, miss," said the stranger behind the door.

"That voice," thought Maria. "It sounds like one I have heard before."

"One moment, sir, and we shall have lights," said she, ringing the bell, to which an answer was received in the person of a blithe housemaid.

"Lights, Sophy;" and the maid retired.

"Tell me, sir, if you please, how you performed this signal act of kindness and courage. I long to hear of your exploit."

"A few words will do it, miss," said he. "I happened to be passing from the Spa Well into the road by Wellesley House, when I heard a splash in the pond within the hedge. It was light enough to enable me to observe a break in the fence, and a dark spot on the water—all else being green. Pushing through the gap, I plunged into the water, and succeeded in dragging out your father. He was almost choked with duckweed, and was also covered by it; but a little exertion restored his breath, and, escorting him home by his desire, I have completed a service which, I hope, will not be attended with any injurious results."

Maria was astonished. The voice was familiar; but she could not recognize it. She thanked him at least twenty times. Ringing again, Sophy hastened in with the lights; when Galbraith, at once catching the eye of Maria, smiled and bowed.

"What, darling, is it you?" cried Maria, rushing to him; and, unmindful of the presence of the housemaid, she smothered him with kisses, which were all scrupulously returned.

"Oh, miss!" exclaimed Sophy, dropping her head, displeased no doubt that she did not share in the sapper's tenderness. "I'm shocked," added she, with her hand screening her burning cheek, and vanished.

Maria did not notice Sophy's rudeness, but hung on Galbraith's neck in transport. Looking into his eyes, she said, "How kind of you to work this wonder! It was fortunate you were near and had such courage, and such a disregard of yourself. Nothing now, love, can keep us apart—for your generous daring must purchase the consent of my father. We shall all be happy. Only think that *you* should be the cause of it! But, dearest, pray change your clothes. You must be wet through, and almost dead with cold."

"I'll take no hurt, Maria. It will be time enough to change when I go to barracks."

"At least you will take something to counteract the ill effects of your exposure;" and Maria opening a closet, withdrew a decanter, and made the gallant fellow drink an antidote.

"How strange all this is!" said she, as taking the glass from him she replaced it on the salver. "That you should have been the hero of the event is more than singular. How did it come to pass? Providence must have had a hand in it for our good. It knew of our love, and what was essential to consummate it. A few more days will be more than enough to make us one—for ever!"

And she closed the sentence by another kiss, which scarcely had had its full effect, when the old builder, in a dry dress, walked into the room.

"Where," said he, "is the gallant fellow that saved me?"

"There!" exclaimed Maria, as happy as woman could be.

"He!" and Mr. Edgell hesitated, scanning the sapper from eye to instep. "That's the fellow you've been silly enough to form an intimacy with!"

"I cannot be too proud of him," returned Maria, a little perplexed as to the meaning of her father's expression. "Heaven sent him to save you, and he nobly did it!"

"Nonsense. He's not the man!"

"Look at his clothes, papa! Look at his wet head and dripping hair—all prove him to be your deliverer."

"This is a trick of yours."

"Of mine, papa! What *can* have induced you to say so?"

"You've sent the real sapper away with, perhaps, a glass o' brandy to shut his mouth, first bribing him to change clothes with your paramour, whom you have had concealed in the house in my absence!"

"Are you in earnest, papa? Is this jesting? Indeed you do me wrong," said she, blushing even in her indignant submission. "Galbraith has done this honorable act for you; and it would be cruel to ascribe to another the performance of a service accompanied with so much danger to his health."

"He's an imposter, Maria; and you know it."

"For shame, papa," rejoined Maria, wounded in heart and spirit. "Do you believe your daughter would be guilty of such an invention?"

Mr. Edgell made no reply, but staring at the sapper, felt the old grudge rising in his breast.

"Are you the soldier who came to my rescue?" growled the builder.

"I hope you will believe I am," replied Galbraith, in clear, soft tones.

"How did you do it? Let me hear, and then I shall be better able to judge of your identity."

"You fell into the pond at Wellesley House, and I dragged you out."

"Any one might say that."

"Not if he didn't know it."

"But you have learned it from the other fellow!"

"In all honor I did not. You will remember you took my arm after pushing through the gap."

"Not yours, but the other sapper's. That's another point you have learned."

"To be frank, sir, I deny it."

"To doubt, papa, is to be unreasonable and cruel," interposed Maria.

"You will recollect, too," continued Galbraith, "after leading you to the corner of the road, so that you might be assisted home by the burning lamps, I offered to leave you"—

"That's another link in the story of your friend."

"Give me credit, sir, for being honest," pleaded Galbraith; "at least for telling truth. There can be no reason why I should hope for your favor by falsehood. Other incidents I could mention which ought to convince you that you labour under mistake. Did you not say to me you were a widower, with an only daughter, who had rashly formed an intimacy for a sapper, whose place you would feel proud for me to supply?"

"All this only shows how well you have acquired your lesson. Your design is as deep as your information is correct; but the trick is too transparent to deceive me; and as you must be cold sitting there in damp clothes, I beg you will leave the house!"

Galbraith, though astonished at the decided turn the affair had taken, was strangely discomposed, and rose to depart.

"Consider, papa," said Maria, pale with anxiety, "his great service to you, of which he bears all the marks. Even his hair still drips."

"It was easily wetted. A sponge and a little water completed that little matter."

"If I have so fallen in your estimation as not to be

worthy of credit, call Sophy and Robson, and ask them if such has been done."

"That is needless. They would say as you say. Too long I've lived in the world, Maria, to be cajoled by such a cheat. It's natural for you to make the most of the incident, even to pawning this fellow on me as a deliverer; but it's my part to resist the counterfeit, as I now do. Go, sir, and let this interview close without the necessity of resorting to force."

Galbraith made an observation, which the old builder swamped by ringing the bell, and Robson instantly appeared.

"Show this fellow the door!" and Robson, true to his office, opened the entrance, and rattled the door-handle.

"Pray, papa, do not be so inhuman. This is really more than trifling. Whatever you may think of me, be not unkind to him, for he merits more than all the wealth you possess can purchase him."

"I know his worth," cried the old man, with sarcastic bitterness. "There's the door, sir," said he, addressing Galbraith, and motioning with his hand; and Galbraith, looking tenderly at Maria, which she reciprocated, and bowing placidly to Cerberus, passed from the dining-room.

Maria's duty was now plain. It was clear to her, that she not only had lost her father's confidence, and was suspected of falsehood, but that he had invented the idea of personation, to get rid of an ultimatum which he could not otherwise have evaded. An incident like the rescue of a drowning man deserved reward. She at least resolved to recompense him for it, and, indisposed to delay the end of their intimacy, she communicated her determination to Galbraith. Assignations were constant. At one time she looked upon those clandestine interviews, in part, as sinful; now she had no such misgivings. At length the day arrived, and everything being in readiness, Maria, at the appointed hour, eloped with her lover.

On they went to Hoo, a quiet country church, not far from Rainham. The day was brilliant, and the bride beautiful. She was pale, for the fright of a possible interruption to the nuptials had taken away her color, but not her loveliness. Gracefully she stepped into the church, still weighed down by fears she could not control; and she trembled as Gal-

braith, with melancholy forebodings shading his features, led her to the altar.

"What ails you, dearest?" said she, ready to drop with agitation.

"Nothing, love. Just a little gloom shot over me as I thought of the past. I felt it in my face and in my heart. A little more and I should have reeled to the ground."

"What was it, think you?"

"Take your place, love. Here's the clergyman."

At that instant the vicar glided with sacerdotal demureness within the communion rails.

They were married—the registry was signed, and they left the vestry. Galbraith had recovered himself during the service; but, after affixing his signature to the record, it was observed that his warm countenance became bloodless, and his eyes drooped. There was a melancholy feeling in his brain—woe was coursing through his veins; and on some pretence he requested the party to move on, yielding his wife's arm to the support of a friend. Returning to the church, he waited and watched; and seeing them bend into an avenue which left the old edifice apparently embowered, Galbraith stole along a shaded track and disappeared.

As the bridegroom had stayed unreasonably long, the bridal party retraced their steps to the church. Galbraith could not be seen. No inquiry elicited information. He had gone none knew whither.

Maria returned broken-hearted to her home; and in a flood of tears told the events of the day to her father. Immovable before, he relented now. He did not chide her, but reflected on himself. It was all due, he said, to his heartless obstinacy. It was affecting to see him, in the bitterness of his grief, wringing his hands and dashing away, as it fell, the burning torrent from his eyes.

"Bring him back at any price, Maria," cried Mr. Edgell, with bewildered earnestness. "Perhaps you know where he is. He shall be made happy. He shall be my son. Seek him—leave no hour unemployed to this end, and let us realize once again what it is to be at peace and to enjoy the tranquillity of bliss."

Maria did so. Many a mile she travelled; many a letter she wrote; many a hope she cherished, and many a pang of

despair scalded her heart; but the truant husband had gone beyond the reach of discovery.

"Can you tell me," asked the old man, as he pushed into the office one morning, bent on doing his best to find the renegade, "what has become of private Galbraith?"

"He has deserted, sir," replied the clerk.

"Deserted!" exclaimed old Edgell. "That's grave news indeed! Deserted?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Edgell, unable to add another word from emotion; and closing the door after him, he moved away, with his eyes on the ground, contemplating the mystery.

Here was the last hope of learning anything of Galbraith —that hope was now gone!

The old man shielded his daughter, adding tenderness to his affection till he died, when she became the sole possessor of his fortune.

For years Maria wore on through life, pretty, melancholy, and alone. All was twilight to her. In time she was struck down by paralysis, carrying herself through untold suffering, without complaint or murmur. To despair she never gave way. Hope attended her as she awakened, and hovered about her heart as she closed her eyes. Give her but one look of him and she would be happy! Such were her thoughts, when another seizure settled, the throbbing of her breast for ever.

What became of the husband, Maria never knew—no one ever heard!

SIMPLICITY.—Young Rinhy was brought before the adjutant one day in 1845 for striking a comrade with a hammer. Rinhy explained that he had been much ill used by Peat, and "had strick him a bash o' th' heed in his ain defence."

"But," said the adjutant, "you should have reported his conduct, and not taken the law into your own hands."

"I didna do that, sir," replied the delinquent. "It was Peat that took the law into his haun's. I took the hammer!"

Rinhy, though as wild as a hedge-flower in his youth, became a capital non-commissioned officer, and an intrepid sapper in the trenches before Sebastopol.

A TRIP FROM CHATHAM TO ARGENTEUIL.

On the embarkation of my husband for France in 1815, quarters were allotted to me in one of the casemates of Chatham lines. A similar privilege was given to several other women, so that six, or perhaps eight of us, were companions in one room. At that time St. Mary's was a sorry barrack, standing on high ground at the extremity of the lines, exposed to a driving wind as it swept fresh and cutting from the Nore. It was a bomb-proof range of building of two stories, with creaking verandahs, and arched corridors beneath, looking as sulky as a dismal man out of temper. Earth about ten feet deep, a nursery for rank grass and coarse thistles, was laid on its vaulted roof, where, but for the keen air and the rain, acreage enough might have been found by a skilful agriculturist to grow ample vegetables for the troops. Like cautious marksmen, stealing glances at an enemy, but afraid to show a hair of their heads above the parapet, the chimney-pots just peeped above the coping-stones, and the thick smoke, beaten down by gale and tempest, mingling with the long grass, spread itself like a cloud over that gloomy habitation. The rooms were long and narrow; a few turns up and down would have sufficed for a day's march. The basement floors were made of small bricks, worn into innumerable holes, which, catching the little feet of gamboling children, sprawled them in the height of their cheerfulness on the pavement, breaking their knees, splitting their breeches, and drawing the vital current in streams from their bruised noses. At one end was the fire-place (a few iron bars stretched from hob to hob), animated with a small collection of embers, stirred into flame by a pair of heavy appliances denominated, in domestic parlance, a poker and shovel. They might have been fit ornaments for a gaol, with strong hands to use them, but we women found it quite an exploit to turn them to any account. At the other end was the entrance, on either side of which was an insignificant window, throwing a shadowy light on an

accumulation of dust and cobwebs, covering about a superficial mile of whitewashed wall. In moist weather, the upper casemates had the disadvantage of a perpetual drip through the chinks of the groined roof, spotting the floor with a thousand plotches, each falling with a dull sound, such as one may hear in a cave when a long-forming pendant becomes at last over-weighted, and descends with an echoing splash among the stalagmites at its base.

I have been thus particular in speaking of the casemates, fancying they no longer exist, as assuredly they ought not. But if the casemates were comfortless, the scenery from them, though picturesque, was anything but consoling. On the slopes, the ground was cut up by saps, batteries, and rifle-pits. There was a mound of skill and labour towering to a commanding height, called a trench cavalier; an imposing work certainly, but it had no charms for us. A long wet ditch enclosed us on the right, spanned by a drawbridge, and defended by a guard-house with a young family in it. A ragged patch of marsh land extended to the shore, intersected with strips of water—pools like miniature lakes, but not half so romantic; and mud islets, upon which, if you ventured your foot, you would sink out of sight past the possibility of extrication. Beyond, was a dirty creek, where many a poor fellow, carried into an eddy, dropped into an unknown hole, and lost his life in the vain attempt to bathe. The dockyard was to the left, a chilly-looking place, crammed with low black sheds and slips, all legs and skylights; roods of timber and iron, long nests of miserable workshops and store-rooms, built, possibly, years before Van Ghent paid a warlike visit to this queen of marine arsenals. The Medway, dividing Upnor from the Gillingham Flats, was lively enough, but like everything else, it was dingy; and whether it ebbed or flowed, took away in its action instalments of mud and land, still further to deepen its dinginess. Some day—but I shall not live to see it—those horrid Flats will be covered with water, the old tower will be washed away, if not already down, and the fortifications themselves, which only commenced to show their outline when Lord Ligonier was master-general of the ordnance, and colonel Desmaretz engineer of the lines, will growl and groan as the restless Medway gnaws off the spurs of the hills, and undermines the works themselves.

Upnor I must say was a neat little spot. If improvement

and civilization have taken root in the village as it has in other places, it must have considerably enhanced in prettiness. In my day, its aspect was sedate, clean, and homely, like a prim country curate, with white neckcloth, a suit of unimpeachable black, and a hundred pounds a year. But even there, nothing presented itself to remind one of peace, except the whitewashed front of a public-house at the landing-place, and a few active windmills, standing up like four-armed giants dressed in mourning, with hooded hats, ventilated by revolving cockades, pushed over their brows. Upnor Castle frowned with feudal hauteur, although not a feudal structure; the magazines, though blind, had an eye wide open for destruction; the cliffs were haughty, and Cockham battery, wild in desolation, spoke in its impotence, of former prowess. Within my domicile, thinking of my husband, and of an approaching event which no secret in medical science could prevent, I was gloomy enough; but when I dared gaze on the picture before me, coupling with it the idea that my John, in the uproar of battle, was among the slain, I felt what I am sure you would not desire that I should describe. Had I had wings I should have flown anywhere—to France even; have willingly thrown myself into the thick of the fight, and heard the clash of arms, with unquivering nerve, so that I might be near my dear John, and be free of suspense and the casemates.

However, under the circumstances, I remained. With all its faults, it was convenient. It was handy to the corps office, where I could hear the latest and most reliable news from the seat of war. At home, intelligence would have reached me sparingly, and then only vaguely, or surcharged with improbabilities. As it became due, my money was delivered to me without deduction, or without any of those complications in which country payments used to be involved, arising from the tedious process of producing proofs of identity, and signing certificates and receipts enough to make one's fingers ache. Then, again, I was free from the insults and exactions of supercilious agents.

At the period I am speaking of, John was a second corporal, of fair talents, and as sober as an archbishop. I take this high standard for him, as nothing less can convey to you an adequate impression of his sobriety. He allowed me twenty shillings a month, and the privates allowed their

wives eight shillings. Compatibly with the comfort of our husbands, these sums were as much as could possibly be given us. To subsist on such limited means was grinding work. Always economical, I was even more so then. The value of a farthing I knew to its lowest decimal, and few could lay it out better than I. So, by care I managed, with a little industry, to accumulate a small fortune—such as it was—for the requirements of a rainy day. To increase it, I could not, at last, do much; for I had two children to support, one an infant at the breast, born three months after John's departure, and two days after Waterloo, binding my hands to comparative inactivity. Still I rubbed on, anxious and saving, sometimes depressed, but never in despair.

One day I sat alone, reflecting on the war and the slender chances it offered for my husband to escape its horrors. I was not then aware of the victory of the 18th June. My thoughts were dreary. As I rocked myself in the chair and patted my babe to sleep, I sighed and sobbed involuntarily. For days I had been expecting a letter, but it came not. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Keenly I felt its truth. On my heart a cloud was pressing, whose darkness I could not penetrate. It well nigh overwhelmed me, when suddenly it cleared away, and the sun gleaming through the casement, warmed up my fancy and my hopes. An hour after, my reading of that burst of sunshine was verified by the receipt of a loving letter from dear John.

Not only did he tell me he was in good health at Argenteuil, with the pontoon bridge, but that he had been permitted by captain Tylden to send for me. Of course I was beside myself with ecstasy at the prospect of soon joining my husband. For my journey he gave the fullest instructions, leaving nothing to inference—nothing to my judgment. The places where I was to halt were named, so also was the kind of conveyance I was to seek. He knew, certainly, that I had a tongue in my head, but he did not advise that I should use it in a trip where I should as little understand as be understood.

"Where's the means, John?" mentally asked I, somewhat piqued. "You've favored me with a long despatch, but no means." By the hour I could have read his letters, but this one, through my impatience, seemed excessively tedious, for as I read and read, not a hint was given about money. Still

I waded on, not omitting a word, fearing that the thing I sought might escape in my chafed eagerness. How I regretted that momentary ebullition! I could have pulled my own ears for allowing it to master me, and no wonder! for dear John, ever mindful of me, and never leaving anything half done, sent me an order, on the fly of his letter, to draw on him at Chatham for five pounds. This I considered noble, but he accounted for the largeness of the remittance by informing me he had just received the balance of his first settlement since leaving England. With less incentive, I should have been weakness itself, for as yet I had not fully recovered from my confinement. Now, however, I was all energy, strength, and capability, pushing about my boxes and baggage as if they possessed no greater weight than a kit of brushes. No heart was so light as mine. I wept and sang in fitful alternation, and with eight other women of our company, started next morning for Argenteuil.

Arriving at Boulogne, we engaged a light covered spring waggon to carry us to Paris, for nine napoleons, a large sum, which we fruitlessly tried to abate. The driver comprehended us in everything but this. He was provokingly dense whenever we touched upon it; and the only satisfaction we derived from complying with his terms was, that we had a notion he regarded all Englishwomen, however poor, as princesses. With this vain idea rarifying our brains, we ascended to our seats in the waggon, not, perhaps, with the elegance and grace of our royal sisters, but with equal pride and cheerfulness.

When we had gone some eight miles, the driver halted at a small town to bait his horses. My companions wanted baiting too, and leaping from the vehicle with all the skittishness of girls untrammelled by concern, cordially refreshed themselves at the inn where we had pulled up. Disinclined to participate in the repast, I remained in the waggon, simply purchasing an orange for my daughter, to whom it was an agreeable relish; at once meat and drink, and not likely to bring with it any ailments, which I dreaded might overtake her on the road, and so make an otherwise pleasant excursion one of sadness and delay.

Having paid the orange-boy, I thought it prudent, being alone, to institute an inquiry into the state of my little exchequer. My treasury was a deep pocket (excuse me for

mentioning it), as large, perhaps, as a horse's nose-bag, and altogether as strong. It was something to excite one's surprise, quite as much as to see a camelia (which our botanists say was introduced into our gardens from China in 1811) blooming on the face of a chalk cliff. To offer an insuperable obstacle to the sleek fingers of those whose skill in the craft of theft makes them rich with small trouble at other people's expense, I attached the bag to my person in such a way that no hand but my own should probe it.

In that pocket I dropped my pocket-book—a repertoire for all sorts of wife-like paraphernalia, from a pincushion to a pair of scissors. In short, it was what John, in his satirical and learned way, called my "multum in parvo," whatever that meant. At the upper part of the book were five pockets, connected by a common bottom. When opened, the five mouths gaped at you at once, encroaching, as they spread out from the cover, over at least one-fourth of a circle, or, as my husband more scientifically described it, but not more correctly, I think, "the quadrant of a periphery." In those five pockets I stowed my trinkets and little objects of family interest, such as ear-drops, rings, watch-keys, and seals; two or three choice letters, and some endearing verses which John wrote to me when he was a dashing young fellow wearing neat gaiters and a stylish sugar-loaf cap, and I—but "self praises are no recommendation." From what you see of me now in my seventieth year, I leave *you* to judge what I must have been when, verging on my twentieth birthday, my dear John wooed and won me. Whether it was beauty, or grace, or both combined, I know not, but besides John's, many a heart fluttered, and many an eye glistened and wore out its brightness on my account. Of course it does not become me to boast of the conquests I had made when a young fly-away creature, but I merely allude to them, less from pride, (for that is out of the question at my time of life,) than to show that my recollection is not faulty, though my eyes—once full of lustre—are now dim. My pocket-book, of which I was speaking, was nearly as long as a playbill, and when folded up and tied, about the bulk of a tea-caddy. To consult this "vade-mecum" (another of my husband's expressions), I thrust my hand into my long pocket, the bottom of which sank deeper as I felt, and to go deeper still as I searched and stooped. At last I came upon

the bottom seam. With a satisfied air I traced it, but it was of short duration. "Where's the pocket-book?" muttered I, between my teeth. "What can have become of it?" Again and again I probed in the corners, and along that apparently measureless seam (John, in his funny moments, ever after called it the "base line") but I was just as likely to have been successful, had I searched in the clouds, for it was gone. Gone! past recovery—trinkets, love-verses, and all, with seven sovereigns to keep them company! That hapless discovery unstrung me. My nerves went loose and my head reeled. How I retained my seat I cannot tell; and no wonder, for John declared it was a problem that Euclid (whoever he was, perhaps a clever comrade) could not solve.

As soon as I could collect my memory, I pondered in silence over my loss. In after days, John likened my pocket to an "exhausted receiver." In whatever way the phrase is employed in science (I suppose it has a legitimate place), I found it, in my case, to be a fact. But how was the robbery effected? You can't think how it puzzled me. Suspicion I could not throw on any one. All the women were as honest as myself. No man, at any time, had been near me to find out the secret, much less to sound the capacity of my pocket, and draw from its depths the treasure it contained. It was a mystery; and that was the most that my barren faculties could make of it. Feeling I had no right to a place in the waggon, now that I had not the means to pay for it (for all in the world that was left me was a half five-franc piece), I alighted, and sat me down on the door-step at the inn, forgetting, in my abstraction, that I had separated myself from my daughter.

To be left penniless in an enemy's country, unable to speak a word of French, with a young infant at my breast, and my husband far away, were no light trials. The women soon knew the cause of my distress; so did the waggoner. Passers-by gazed at me, as if I were a phenomenon (John suggested this as the appearance I most likely assumed) not often met with in that part of the country; and though I could not understand a word they said, it was obvious, from the pitifully-wrought expression in their sallow faces, that they commiserated my misfortune. My friends did their best to induce me to re-enter the waggon; but overwhelmed by consternation and grief, I had not the will

to listen to persuasion; and the waggoner, exasperated in all likelihood that his journey would be accomplished for a napoleon less than he bargained for, drove off, taking with him my baggage and dear little Ann.

While bending over my babe, thinking of the misery that awaited us, a mannerly girl, with a pale, but prettily-featured countenance, addressing me in moderately good English, inquired with more concern than I could have expected from her years, what accident had befallen me. Her tone was so consoling, my attention was willingly given to her. In a few words, I told her of my loss, and how great were my fears that, in a strange land, reduced to the necessity of soliciting alms, with health too delicate for a foot-journey, and an infant to carry, I should have to struggle through hardships past my strength, and be exposed to the ferocity of men in whom still remained the wicked licences of war.

"Take no alarm," whispered she, in broken English (I shall only state the substance of what she said, for I should fail to render her as she spoke). "Believe me, there are as kind people in France as in England. No one will harm you here."

"You are very kind so to assure me," replied I, looking at her as if she were a benefactress. "I will try and not fear the road, though I know that the journey will kill me."

"I will speak to my father, and see what can be done for you."

"Who, pray, is your father?" asked I, anxious to know the parent of so gentle and intelligent a child.

"The innkeeper here—Monsieur Fleury," rejoined she. "Do not fret, good Englishwoman, and I shall be back soon."

She left me. It was only now I was conscious of the absence of my sweet Ann. To lose my money—the passport to purchase kindness and an easy journey over roads still alive with hostility—was a welcome calamity, compared with the loss of my daughter. When not frantic, I wept as if my poor eyes rained. My head was burning, my temples bursting, and I fell against the door-post, oppressed with sensations, as if I were dying.

"Where's my child?" cried I, distractedly, as Teresa returned. "Kind girl, tell me where my dear Ann has gone?"

"Gone in the waggon with your friends," answered Teresa.

"Thank God! thank you!" I replied, sensibly relieved by the intimation. "Then she is safe?"

"She is."

"That's an unexpected blessing," returned I, composing myself as well as I could. "The dear child will now see her father, though it may not be my fate to enjoy that pleasure."

"You *will* reach him," responded Teresa, with girlish confidence. "Father will see to that; and he bids me invite you to come in."

"If it be not intruding, I shall do so thankfully."

And rising from the door-step, pressing my sweet infant closer to its haven, I followed whither she led.

Courteously the innkeeper received me, looking, not sternly as I had pictured in my imagination all Frenchmen to be, but as if he were made up of good-nature and consideration. For my acceptance he placed a chair; and, begging me to be seated, spared none of those attendant civilities which the truly humane are so disposed to accord to objects seemingly deserving them. Politely inquiring the cause of my trouble, I told him, amid hesitations caused by emotions it was hard to repress; and added that I could only account for the loss of my little all by supposing that, when I put up at Boulogne, I had mistaken a wrong opening for my pocket, and so, without being aware of it, dropped the book with its contents on the floor of the hotel.

"Nothing more likely," said he, shrugging his shoulders. "That I regret your loss, poor woman, is only another mode of saying that I know no way in which it can be found."

"Do you think," asked I, as a frail idea entered my head, "if I were to return to the hotel, there would be a chance of finding it?"

"It would be as hopeless as searching for the wing of a wasp in a limekiln."

"That does not tell much for French honesty," remarked I, really unconscious of what I was saying.

"Nor for the modesty of English opinion," retorted he, with a sarcastic lift in his lip. "But come," proceeded he, assuming his original mildness, "it would be cruel to notice that pettish taunt of yours, warranted, as it justly is, by the circumstances of your mishap. *I* hope, at least, to show you

that a Frenchman can be compassionate and forgiving, if not *honest.*"

I felt the rebuke keenly, and tried to conceal my embarrassment by wiping up the tears which still fell on my cheek.

While this conversation was going on, a bystander gazed at me with as much interest as he would have done, had he seen a tulip growing from the shade on a sun-dial. He did not understand what was said, yet appeared desirous of doing or suggesting something to assist me. M. Fleury, turning aside, told him the incidents of my loss. He was moved at the relation, and instantly offered, if I would give him a note of particulars, to go to the hotel, and endeavour to recover the property for me. With many thanks, I availed myself of his services. The note was written; a horse for the purpose was lent by the innkeeper; and the bystander, after strapping a pair of spurs to his boots, vaulted to the saddle, and, holding his reins lightly, dashed away at full speed.

On the return of that good man, which he did in four hours, M. Fleury, who was prepared to hear the worst, told me that the mission had failed. He, however, bade me think no more of the casualty, but to be happy, and make his house my home until *to-morrow.* "I say to-morrow," remarked he, as if to show that his intention was not illiberal in prescribing a limit to my stay, "because, since the peace, English gentlemen constantly pass through the town on their way to Paris, and a few are certain to drop in before then. To them I will mention your case, and plead for means to convey you to your husband."

"You are too good," whispered I, falteringly, for my heart was full at this outburst of promise. "It may never be in my power," continued I, "to return the obligation, but I shall always retain with gratitude the recollection of your condescension."

In the course of the day the host's daughters gave me their society. There may have been three of them. Fine girls they were; lively, tripping, and amiable. Teresa was one. Pleasingly featured, with black jutting eyes, and slim bodies, I felt no disinclination to listen to their prattle, perceiving it was intentionally chastened by a sombre softness, so as not to trifle with my sadness. Distress, no doubt, eschews intrusion, and prefers to suffer its gloom alone. To do so, I should have been more than content, but there was

something so sympathetic in their manners, and something so interesting in hearing them speak old England's vernacular, clipped and disjointed though it was, that I was drawn irresistibly from myself to them. With far less restraint than seemed possible for the load of anxiety that pressed on my spirit, I entered into conversation with them. M. Fleury was present, simply listening, and tendering his smile when any observation deserved that quiet compliment. At last, the mention of a place, elicited by the inquisitiveness of Teresa, broke his silence.

"Deal, aye?" exclaimed he, bending forward in his chair, and dilating his eyes, as if his awakened memory had taken in a batch of reminiscences. "And that is your native place, is it?"

"Yes."

"And what may have been your name before marriage?"

"Frances Holbrook."

M. Fleury laughed, and the girls tittered to see their father so joyous; but I turned suddenly solemn, secretly pained to think that my name was received as a jest.

"That name I have heard before," cried M. Fleury. "It's as fresh in my recollection as my own."

"Indeed!" ejaculated I, relaxing the austerity of my countenance.

"Had you a brother?"

"Yes; six of them. Three were mail boatmen, a guild in themselves, supplying the government with boats and service, for a sum ranging between eight hundred and one thousand pounds a year."

"May I ask their names?"

"William, John, and Thomas Holbrook."

"Then I knew them. They lived in Oak Street?"

"They did."

"Much have I travelled over the stormy road of life," said he, "and know something of strife, of foreign action, faces, and names. During my peregrinations I passed a few months at Deal, not a willing visitor—for I was a prisoner of war. Confinement I felt irksome; and as I possessed energy, vigorous health, and an unbending mind, ceaselessly prompting me to enterprise, I determined to escape. My plans were quickly conceived, and as quickly mastered. Escape I did. For a while I remained at Deal, waiting an

opportunity to push my way to France. From the difficulty of finding a ship in which to secrete myself, and the want of pecuniary possibilities to insure a transit, on judicious terms, without having on my trail the emissaries of espionage and suspicion, it was not an easy adventure. Under no protection, without a cloud to scare me with dread, or an enemy to direct a finger for my capture, I labored in the very precincts of my prison-house. Of English liberty I entertained a lofty idea, and threw myself broadly on the inviolability of its sentiment. As I believed, so I found it: forbearing, non-interruptive, and above disclosure. An affection for its people sprang up in this breast of mine, which, though hardened by violent vicissitude and the dark scowl of misfortune, I bear with me to this hour. With many of the Deal townsmen I became acquainted. Some were my personal friends. Among the first parties to which I remember being invited was one at your brothers' house. It was a supper we had. The evening was a glorious one. Of that social gathering, with its unstinted cheer and cordiality, the particulars are stored in my brain, as if they had transpired but yesterday. Adversity in a foreign land leaves vivid traces of its incidents on our minds. If they have been cast there by the stamp of a generous die, they become ineffaceable. So *you* will find. What you have had to contend with here, trivial though it be, compared with what it might have been, will never wear out of your remembrance. At Deal, toiling under no pressure, no fear, I worked sedulously, and saved money. With this I purchased my way to Chatham, wishing to catch a glimpse of England's military greatness before I left her shores. I was not impressed as I expected. Its lines of bastions and curtains; its forts and bridges—a display more of labor than strength—bore the unimpassioned attitude of listless repose. Guns were lying on their trunnions in shady corners; stone platforms were shattered and sunk; mounds of earth, forming the ramparts, were worn at the angles, and toppling into the ditches; the embrasures, whose necks were faced with staring courses of red brick, were overgrown with long, stiff grass; and that military garrison, with barracks for some two thousand or three thousand troops, was as lifeless and inert as a country churchyard. The martial population at the time was at Chatham, reeling hot, impulsive, and boisterous, along

its narrow lanes and streets, glaring with drunkenness and sensuality. I was disappointed; yet it seemed to me, even in that appearance of poverty, there was a telling proof of power. Greatness does not vaunt itself. This is true with noble states as with noble men. You can't tell a lord by the style of his coat, nor a proud state by its show. Both are without visible pretension, disdaining attempts to strike you with awe. But, when the occasion calls for it, the one is ready to amaze you with the brilliancy of his orders and the richness of his dress; and the other to martial its grim appliances for war, not from closed arsenals, where no one is admitted without sealed orders, but from emporia, (open to the gaze of the world,) that present a far less imposing exterior than many workshops in private enterprise. Cooled by the unmenacing externals of that great military station, I felt too nauseated to visit other places. So, by a process of self-possession and shrewdness, I crossed the strip of sea which divides our regions, and returned in safety to the bosom of my family. Any kindness I can show you will take its rise, in the first place, from the obligations I owe to your country for shielding me in exile, and next, from your indigence, appealing silently, but effectually to sympathy. You cannot think," added he, as, holding out his hands, he took mine, and shook them, "how pleased I am to see the sister of my friends, and to offer her, now that disaster has overtaken her, ungrudged protection and hospitality!"

Good men have represented the human heart as intensely callous, while their own benevolent habits in no respect corresponded with the imputation. Though I relied on its orthodoxy, it was beyond my comprehension. As a dogma I received it, not to be denied, but accredited; so in my simplicity I no more expected to be received with gentleness and yearning, than to witness, instead of rain-drops, a shower of pearls in a slate-quarry. Great was my astonishment, however, to find, the very first time I was thrown into the necessity of depending for help on a stranger, and that stranger a foreigner, my notions of human selfishness in great part exploded. M. Fleury had adduced motives for his kindness, feasible enough as far as the surface was exposed; but I thought then, and believe now, that they sprang from a source deeper than the incidents from which he stated he had derived them. Goodness of heart was as

natural to him as pride in most people, and its exercise as spontaneous as admiration for beauty. For one night and two days his roof sheltered me—his bounty fed me; and, treated more as a relative than a wanderer, I did not feel the bitterness of poverty. Truly, it overshadowed me like a cloud, but it had a spot of brightness in it, big as a full moon.

II.

NEXT day the innkeeper made frequent calls on a brother victualler, who owned the principal hotel in the town, a little higher up the street on the opposite side to M. Fleury's. A stud of horses was kept there for gentlemen travelling post. At noon he returned, his bold, black eye sparkling with gladness. It did not require much discrimination to unravel the cause of his satisfaction. In a minute all was clear. He had seen an English gentleman who intended to start next day towards Paris. To him he had detailed my circumstances and hopes, and the result was, he expressed a desire to see me himself.

With one of M. Fleury's daughters I waited on the gentleman not without trembling, but became more calm the instant I saw his warm face and heard his voice. Handing me a chair, on which I humbly seated myself, he did the same to my friend. As he wished to hear from my own lips how I had been left on the road without protection, I related to him the incidents of my loss, but interrupted as it was by anxiety, and a dread that he would excuse himself the responsibility of my care, I do not think he could have understood half that I had said. He, however, recognized me as a fellow-passenger of his in the packet to Boulogne. That lucky accident did not abate his interest in me. Of my manners and appearance he spoke approvingly, contrasting me with many of the wives of our soldiers—stout-hearted Irishwomen (so he styled them), who had the shameless audacity to beg their way from different military stations to Dover.

"There, indeed, they might have remained," proceeded he, "had I not paid their fare to Boulogne, not because they did not implore enough, but because their petitions were obtruded with a whining importunity that disgusted those who otherwise would gladly have opened their purses to

assist them. But you are very different to them. It is plain you did not leave our shores without sufficient means for your journey; and as I fully believe the story of your loss, which has left you no resource but to beg or stay, I will see you on the road as far as I purpose going myself, and then arrange for your safe conduct to Paris under such guidance as I can trust. Return now to the good man who has given you shelter. Pack up your things with all haste, and be with me to-morrow morning, early."

My heart was full, and I quitted his presence, thanking him with my tears.

Little preparation was needed to equip me for the road. All that I possessed was on my back, except a small basket containing a few odd nursery things. Slinging this on my arm, with my babe fast at my breast, drawing into its little system, with unconscious vigour, a mother's narcotic, which had partly soothed it to sleep, I parted from M. Fleury and his daughters. Crossing the step on which I had sat bewildered, I uttered the last words of grateful appreciation to my benefactor, and devoutly thanked the God of mercies for raising up friends to succour me.

Never did I walk quicker in my life. I was not long in reaching the hotel. In trunk-boots, whip in hand, and a face ruddy with generosity and welcome, the gentleman waited my arrival. A chaise was at the entrance, into which he assisted me, seating himself on a higher cushion by my side, while the servant jumped up behind. Taking the reins, he gave a shrill whistle and a smack of his whip, and off we galloped. To know that I was under the protection of an English gentleman was a great consolation, yet I cannot say that I admired the situation. Of course I was as silent as if I were his prisoner, speaking (with a modest reserve, I hope) only when spoken to. By imperceptible half-inches I edged myself to the elbow of the chaise, and sat, when a prudent interval had separated us, as tranquil as a skylark on the back of a grazing sheep. Still, my appearance did not indicate the satisfaction of my mind. Dependence, I assure you, was not felt without physical sensations of timidity and fear. Abridged in convenience, I was stiff, awkward, and solitary—holding my place, with resignation, as if it were a hardship. Observing these traits, the gentleman relaxed from the dignity of a patron to the familiarity of a friend, and politely did his

best, by attention and conversation, to give me the comfort of ease and confidence.

"One likes," said he, after he had concluded the relation of a simple but humorous anecdote, that drew a constrained titter from my previously-closed lips, "to know all about one, particularly a fellow-traveller. If it be not a secret, will you favor with your name?"

"Frances Williams, sir."

"What corps is your husband in?"

"The royal sappers and miners."

"A professional regiment, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"So I have heard. And where is your husband now?"

"At Argenteuil."

"Under whose command?"

"Captain Tylden."

"I don't know him. Belonging as your husband does to a professional body, I conclude he is an artisan. Has he been brought up to a trade?"

"How to answer I hardly know, sir."

"Why? Tell me all about him."

"To school he never went after he was five years old, at which time his knowledge must have been in proportion to the price of his education, which did not exceed three halfpence a week. It was quite enough, however; for the aged woman who numbered him among her pupils had very little talent beyond that of upbraiding the children intrusted to her care, and chastising them for breaking the parish lamps. An apprenticeship he never served. Up to sixteen years of age his ambition was to be a mechanic in iron; but having the ill-luck of many a youth who deserves success for his perseverance, he failed. Meanwhile he was reared to the business of a tanner, picking up shoemaking at nights after hours. Then came a succession of engagements and changes, so that by the year 1810, when I married him (Parson Webster Wistler, with the help of a ring and vicar's fees, changed me from a spinster to a wife now close on fifty years ago), he had learned enough of six professions to get his living by following any one of them. He had been a tanner, a grocer, a printer, a tiler, a shoemaker, and a collar-maker. Adopting the last as the business in which he most excelled, he enlisted into the sappers, and he now repairs the harness of

the horses in his own department, executing like services when required in others. Than this his occupation takes even a wider range, for besides mending boots and ammunitions, he gives his labour in turn at the flying bridge over the Seine at Argenteuil. In short, sir, he has at his fingers' ends the mysteries of so many crafts, that he enjoys the coarse but homely sobriquet (so my husband called it in his quaint way) of Jack-of-all-trades."

"And well he might. So general a man must be a useful one. What is his rank?"

"Second-corporal, sir."

"And his name?"

"John Williams."

"John Williams—a tanner! Where was he born?"

"At Chester."

"Singular. I knew a Jonathan Williams of Chester, a tanner: I wonder if he were a relation of your husband?"

"Very likely, sir."

"The Jonathan I mean was in the employ of Mr. Guest, of Preston Brook, fourteen miles from Chester."

"That Jonathan Williams was my husband's father."

"Well, well. Strange things unroll before us as we hurry up the hill of life, and this is one of them. Your husband will remember me, I dare say. When you see him, as you will, just mention that Mr. Aston, of Aston Hall,[1] was inquiring after him."

So we rode on, Mr. Aston continuing to be agreeably chatty, and I wondering gratefully at the providence which had brought me in contact with one who had been on terms of personal amity with my brothers, and another who had known my husband's father. In no other light could I look on those remarkable incidents than as Divine appointments, mercifully sent to blend with my anxiety, and so appease it, a full share of the solace of hope.

Not many stages had we proceeded when a gentleman in a light chaise overtook us. The squire and he exchanged civilities, and arranged to pursue the journey in company. One of the chaises being dispensed with at a neighbouring hotel, the two gentlemen took their places in the front seat, and the grooms and myself in the hind one. The stranger

[1] About two miles north of Frodsham, and close by Sutton. Mr. Aston, some years after, became high Sheriff for the county.

was a nobleman, whose title I have long since forgotten; but old age has not effaced the remembrance of his kind behaviour to me. At night we reached Abbeville;—for recalling names I have no faculty, and may be wrong in this—distant, if my judgment does not err, about fifty miles from Boulogne. At an English inn we alighted, where Mr. Aston introduced me to the landlord, from whom he obtained a promise, under the circumstances of my isolation and need, that he would extend to me his care. As he intended to travel all night, he told me it would be imprudent in him to take me, inasmuch as it would peril my safety by exposing me to the chills and fatigues of a dark and dismal journey, and possibly subject me hereafter to the insults of scandal. If I could not see force in one excuse, I could discern propriety in the other. Right he morally was, and I thanked him for his delicate consideration of what, in his fine, manly nature, he felt was due to my sex. Giving me two napoleons, the joint subscription of himself and my lord, and overlaying the gift with a few words of encouragement and advice, he departed.

Three days I remained at Abbeville, the long hours dragging on heavily, although it was my good fortune to experience the same round of attention and generosity which had commenced with me under the roof of M. Fleury. A wild bustle, hot, impatient, and dusty, had been given to the road since the return of peace. The traffic was something wonderful. In every conceivable conveyance English travellers were pushing up to Paris. All the diligences were crowded. Bespeaking places at the inn was out of the question. As the overburdened vehicles drew up to bait, one looked in vain for a place. You could not have crushed an umbrella into a corner. Never before had I such a conception of the remoteness of domesday; and a dread idea possessed me that when it should turn up to take its place in the calendar, Abbeville would find me there still, dead or alive. Sick of delay, I was beginning to despair of ever leaving the inn, when meeting the wife of an English dragoon—an old stager on the road, one who was strong enough to go through any amount of rough work, and walk any number of miles without halting—I informed her of my position, and requested she would tell me what was the best course to take to enable me to reach Argenteuil

speedily. Her reply shows how capable she was of imparting advice.

"Leave the direct road," said she, "and go to Amiens" (I think this was the name of the place). "There you will find no difficulty in booking yourself straight for Argenteuil. It will take you some fourteen miles out of your way, and bring you back, curiously enough, through Abbeville. If you do not adopt this plan, many a diligence will wear out its wheels before you can get a fair start for your destination."

My mind was made up; more so as the English innkeeper, whose opinion I had sought, approved of it. In a few minutes I was at the bar, with babe and basket, asking for my bill, but, to my amazement, the landlord, brimful of good-nature, declined to receive the recompense of my keep. What return I could make in the way of gratitude for his generosity I gave him unfeignedly; and, committing myself to the road, reflecting on the mercy that had followed my steps, I was deeply affected. Misfortune, in my case, had turned out a blessing. Its penalties, not the usual cold accompaniments of distress, were favor, sympathy, and welcome. Every hand was prompt to shield me, every heart, though beating in a stranger's breast, open to help me.

Away I plodded, under a seething sun, lured on by hope and the varying landscape, which, decked in gilded garments, was radiant, rich, and exhilarating. Purpose, endeavour, and will, made that prospective march of fourteen miles appear a small undertaking, but I found it a delusion, for inexperience and a light spirit, too unreal to commit itself to the gravity of substantial calculations, completely blinded me to the difficulties of the journey. In time, fatigue and exertion told on my weakness, making the labour of walking painful and irksome. The influence of physical suffering also harassed my mind, mixing up with its hopes occasional misgivings of the future. Still I stumped on, wet with perspiration, nervous, thirsty, and sinking. Had my arms been free, I could have done well, but carrying a precious encumbrance, whose burden at first seemed to be no heavier than a chrysalis (the simile is my husband's, who never was at a loss for an odd illustration), and grew, as I got unelastic and weary, into a load that almost crushed me with its weight, my progress was considerably retarded. For more than five

hours I had been on foot, unrested and unrefreshed, and at last, when ready to drop, reached Amiens at nightfall.

Yet, a few more efforts were necessary. Drawing largely on my little stock of strength and breathing, I pushed on for the inn from whence the diligences started. Soon gaining it, I reeled up to the bar, introduced myself to the landlord, and procured an apartment for the night. As the trooper's wife had informed me, so I found. No longer was I the victim of suspense and chance; but to put the possibility of delay out of the question, I booked myself, at the instant, to go by the earliest diligence next morning to St. Denis. This was in accordance with my husband's wish, who acquainted me in his letter that, by halting there, I could turn off to the right without going round by Paris, and so save myself additional coach fare and ten miles wandering. Traveller like, I also intruded on the humanity of the cuisinier, obtaining his promise to undertake the responsibility of having me awakened at an hour sufficiently early next morning to enable me to go by the first diligence.

These arrangements completed, I retired to my room, in an out-of-the-way quarter of the inn, moving along interminable passages, and mounting flights of wide steps, which, had it not been for a waiting-maid bearing a glimmering flame to impart to the pent-up darkness a shadowy illumination, would have been as tedious and agonising an enterprise as my fourteen miles' march from Abbeville. Once in my apartment, I was comparatively happy. To breathe, unrestrained by toil and tight strings, was inexpressibly grateful. Into a chair I dropped thankfully, and ate the homely repast with which I had provided myself as if it were an ambrosial treat. Satisfied in this all-important particular, I did not care to spend a needless hour in reflection, since the way before me was bright with unclouded clearness, and so, extinguishing the light (a very poor one it was, scarcely rising above the lip of the candlestick), I sought the repose my aching limbs and weary mind imperatively required. How I tried to sleep that night God only knows. In vain I tried to shut my eyes and calm my spirit. Broken down as I was, and barely able to move, I could as easily have danced a hornpipe or walked another fourteen miles. Sleep was impossible. The rumbling of carriages, the anxious tramp of jaded horses, the roar

of voices, the clatter of argument, the ear-splitting noises of chorus-singers, wild with drink, and the turbulent hilarity of merry-going people, kept the inn in a perpetual hubbub and stir. All that din rushed into my domicile as through a speaking-tube, travelling all the surer and fiercer for the darkness and stillness that pervaded the out-of-the-way quarter of which I was an inmate. But even this was bearable so long as I was resting my toil-worn body. Indeed, it would have been enjoyed, had it not been for an event which deprived repose of its sweetness, and saddled me with the bitter incubus of terror.

Not long had I been in bed, when the handle of my door rattled with an uneasy motion, and the door itself opened. With startled dismay I gazed in the direction of the disturbance, and, as the gap widened, the space was partly occupied by a short, gaunt man, holding a dull light in his hand. He had straggling hair, a sharp, pale face, and a long, wedge-shaped nose overhanging a wide mouth, set with sepulchral teeth, as large as one's finger-nails. Raising the flickering flame above his head, and peering towards me with his bullet-eyes, he seemed, as he stood in front of the grim shadow of the passage, to be a veritable ghost. This notion was but a momentary one, for it occurred to me that ghosts never show themselves with the civilised accessories of a light and candlestick, dressed in the offensive habiliments of a stable-man. Not only did he smell as if he were a dung-heap, but there was manure enough about his filthy person to grow a bed of cucumbers, had he been framed and glazed. A less furtive glance at the fellow than I first accorded him, convinced me that he was a villain, depending on the possibility of my being asleep to attempt an outrage. The very thought terrified me, and my heart jerked violently, bursting every vein with its throes.

"What do you want?" cried I, in breathless dread.

He answered me in French. What he said I know not, but he shook with anger.

"You are mistaken," returned I, sharply. "I am a lone woman, with an infant, desiring rest; so leave me, in God's great name!"

He spoke again, exhibiting his dice-like teeth, and rolling his terrible eyes, disinclined to retreat.

This was perplexing. What to do to make him abdicate

the functions of a disturber I knew not. To speak was useless. His comprehension was as impenetrable to the nature of a modest English request as his long gaiters were dirty. Relying then, in my extremity, on the efficacy of a woman's own defence, I taxed the utmost compass of my lungs and screamed.

It was effectual.

"Humph!" grunted the short, gaunt man, with the wedge-shaped nose, adding a word or two which I had reason to believe was an oath; then, turning with sullen slowness, muttering imprecations or something of the kind, he banged the door in dudgeon, and, leaving me deep in darkness and fear, went grumblingly away.

When he had gone, I wondered at the courage which permitted me to keep my senses.

Notwithstanding the suspicious aspect of the intrusion, I fancied the visit must have been rightly intended, perhaps to prepare me for the journey. If so, it was obvious I had slept the hours through, dreaming I had been awake. To make sure, I dressed myself and babe, and, with basket on arm, quitted the apartment, ferreting my way through a labyrinth of dark passages and flights of unlighted stairs till I found myself at the back of the inn, in a capacious kitchen, glaring with burning oil, and blazing with a fire, hot enough to roast a martyr. The servants, though much amused at my appearance, pitied me, while the cuisinier, doing his best to soothe me, made clear the reason of the disturbance. He had directed "boots," with the gaunt countenance, to call a gentleman in the adjoining dormitory, who, having slept the day away, was, by arrangement, to be aroused at eleven o'clock to resume his orgies; but stupidly mistaking my door for that of the midnight reveller, master "boots," minus spurs, did me the disagreeable honor of presenting his apparition in my room, redolent and steaming with smells not common to boot-cleaners. With the cuisinier's explanation I was satisfied; but, considering that one fright in a few hours was more than enough for a mind not lavishly strong, I refused to return to my room, and sat up in the kitchen for the remainder of the night, to the excessive diversion of the domestics.

Next day I passed through Abbeville, reaching St. Denis after seventeen hours' riding. At the inn where we put up,

I was surprised to learn from the austere landlord that every bed was engaged. It was now night, the time ten o'clock, and the chance of obtaining shelter extremely problematical. My babe had not been changed all day, and needed a few feet of room to stretch its cramped limbs. Hungry, weary, and drooping for rest, a return of my old disconsolate feelings, made me look friendless and forlorn. As I stood at the porch, rocking myself into patience and hushing to sleep the dear infant in my arms, an English officer, passing out of the inn, guessing from my dress that I was a countrywoman, approached me. A few words told him all I wished to say. His sympathies were quickly aroused, and, seeing a gunner of the artillery quartered in the town, entering the hotel, ordered him to procure for me, without delay, suitable and comfortable accommodation. Under the circumstances, I believe the artilleryman did his best. There was no apartment disposable, but a strange-looking recess, at last, was placed at my service, into which I scrambled gladly, preferring, however, to sit by the fire to submitting myself to the mercies of an army of lively vermin, big and plump as currants, and strong enough to carry the old bedstead and its blood-speckled furniture from St. Denis to the Pyrences. In this way I was a second night out of bed, and though I felt it a great trial to be near such a convenience and unable, through human charity to myself, to accept its presumed comforts, I was partly consoled by the shelter and the fire which covered and warmed me. Sinking into a chair, with a fractured bottom and no arms, I made many attempts to steal into a state of slumbering forgetfulness, but nature refused to be tranquillized by any such makeshift substitute. Through every inch of her course I saw the young moon insidiously glide; took numerous astronomical observations —the only ones I had ever taken in my life—watched the clouds as they wafted past my latticed window; heard the hours round toll on my ear, and the clock beat its ceaseless seconds, till 30,000 ticks rendered me nearly insensible to the click, and ushered in a bright morning that invited me to the street again.

Away I trudged, resolved, if possible, to close my travels before nightfall. A company of sappers was quartered in St. Denis, of which, on my arrival, I was unaware. Reaching the cantonment, I found a party about to start for Epinay, to

draw rations. Luckily, sergeant Bond, an old friend, was in charge of the escort, who permitted me to accompany him, riding in an empty waggon.

At Epinay I alighted, choosing to walk rather than wait for a chance conveyance to take me on. Argenteuil was six miles away. It seemed a great distance. The fourteen miles' march, the seventeen miles' ride, and the two nights' vigils, unrefreshed by a wink of sleep, lessened my strength and shattered my nerves. Unrelieved fatigue will make itself felt, no matter how buoyant and firm the spirit and purpose may be. Still, though physically disqualified, I was content to suffer, to walk my shoes bare to the sandals, and my feet to the bones, so that I might accomplish, within the day, the few miles of road that separated me from my husband.

This resolve was well enough in its way, and I was not a little elated to find my tired and stiffened members willing to assume a respectable elasticity and energy to meet its behests; but this contemplated exertion was needless, inasmuch as fortune, still on my trail, pushing at times ahead of my necessities, was active in the dispensation of favor, even turning improbabilities into agencies for serving me. Scarcely had I commenced the last portion of my journey, when, to my great joy, I saw a party of red-coats driving in a waggon from Argenteuil, for provisions, in charge of sergeant O'Neil and corporal Archbold. They approached. At a glance they knew me, and my heart leaped lightly as my husband's delighted comrades, who had given me up for lost, received me with extravagant cordiality, and assisted me to a seat in their waggon.

At length we reached the pontoon bridge, about which John had written to me. Before nearing it, I got out of the waggon, and Archbold, in the grim awkwardness of a rugged campaigner, but as gentle as a chicken, took the infant from me, carrying it as if it were a bird's nest.

With mixed feelings of gratitude and admiration, I gazed at the construction, regarding it, in my enthusiasm, as the chief ennobling feature of the landscape that surrounded it. In crossing over the Seine, I recognized an inconvenient sea-sick sort of motion in the pontoons, that rather upset my mental stability; but there was no time to enlarge an incipient fear into terror, for my attention was called to the stir at the

other end of the bridge. Several sappers, appointed to watch it, seeing the convoy approach with strange additions, emerged from the cellar of the ferry-house—which had been converted into a guard-room, for the pontoon picquet—to greet the new arrivals. None, however, expected to see me. As the victim of an unknown fate they had given me up; but when they could safely rely on the assurance of their senses, they circled round me, presenting their friendly hands for my acceptance amid clamours of congratulation. My dear John was a little in rear of the group, a silent spectator of the ovation, too much overcome by feelings of mingled incredulity, astonishment, and transport, to be equal for the occasion. He could neither move nor speak. I rushed up to him, fell into his arms, and—— but no, you must imagine the rest.

Just think, sir, of a fond husband, watching through many days and nights for a lost wife—at one time flattered by promise, at another racked by despair; think of that wife, cherished for her love, appearing as if dropped from the clouds, when the last ray of hope had almost departed; think, under the circumstances, what would have been *your* conduct, what that of *your* wife, and then, perhaps, you may succeed in forming a correct idea of what took place in the exultation of our reunion.

There was still another feature in the meeting that enhanced our mutual happiness. John had a pledge to exchange, and so had I. My lost daughter, in all the fullness of girlish ecstasy, was given up for my caress, while the infant, as yet unseen by its father, was transferred to his arms.

BRING THE PONY.

In 1838, some sappers quartered in a fort on the Bidassoa, took a bath and a swim every morning at daylight before going to work. Sergeant Walloon, who had been stationed at San Sebastian, taking advantage of the departure of an escort of marines, joined the party on the Bidassoa. None of the cleanest in person, Bob was opposed to the healthy ablutions of his men. In an enemy's country and during war, he did not like "that sort of foppery" which he characterized by epithets that magnified the habit into an intolerable luxury. Of course that war-trained soldier, who could have lived on brushwood and pebbles, and been satisfied with a "lick and a promise" once a month, issued a peremptory order prohibiting the practice.

As if the mandate had never been given, the men next morning took their usual bath, while Bob, without making an effort to limit the recreation, looked on more angry than surprised. Such an act of insubordination he intended to represent to his commanding officer in a light that would, he was sure, end in a way to make the party in future "look before they leaped."

Leisurely the men returned to the fort, put on their great-coats, loaded the pony—a baggage animal belonging to the detachment—and paraded for work. The pony's name was Bob, a quiet little brute, far more intelligent than Bob the sergeant, who was a very noisy ass. Bawling continually, without the slightest occasion for distressing his pulmonary apparatus, gained him among the Spaniards the sobriquet of "*el-loco*;" in plain English, "the madman."

After inspecting the parade, Walloon took the men to book for mutiny! He knew of no intermediate state, during war, between obedience and sedition. Disobedience or insubordination were offences of which he was ignorant.

"This is downright mutiny an' nothin' less," roared the sergeant. "Is my orders not to be attended to? I'll teach you who's best man here. I'll show you what sogerin' is in

front o' th' henemy. Yes, you shall bathe with a hook to it. Come to me, if you have the face, an' I'll give you some Windsor soap to sweeten your hides; a file to trim your nails; an' I'll engage a barber to friz your blocks! Let me catch you come, that's all. If you want your pretty whiskers curled, I'll trim them for you. I'll—"

But what in his kindness he intended further to promise for the detachment was cut short by Bob the pony—who laying down his ears and depressing his sapient head, darted at Bob the sergeant, catching him, as the sailors say, "'tween wind and water." To stand against such a rush was impossible. Bob was knocked down, and his braying stopped.

Bombastes Furioso, strong in body yet weak in brain, fainted. His eyes closed, his face and lips grew pale, and he panted. Against their chief, the detachment bore no animosity; and so raising him from the ground, and baring his breast, so little acquainted with the luxury of fresh air and pure water, they accompanied these attentions by administering to him a stolen draught from an over-proof bottle of brandy in lieutenant Burmester's canteen.

Walloon was grateful. He thought no more of the mutiny, and never again attempted to interdict the morning bath.

Ever after, however, if Bob the sergeant was immoderately angry, boisterous in speech, or boasted too much of his abilities and valour, the men checked his vapouring by exclaiming, "Bring the pony!"

OFFUSCATED SIGHT.—An old fogy with hair powdered by the spray of age, trimly apparelled in fashionable hat, gold-bound spectacles, and flowing military cloak, passed one Sunday morning in the summer of 1830, out of the barracks, while the corps was marching to church. Corporal Peter Gibson had charge of the boys and recruits, and when the ancient dandy was nearing the squad, the corporal, after calling it to attention, saluted, in the most approved military style, the supposed field-officer.

"Who's that?" asked the corporal; "colonel Hunt, aye?"

"No," roared the boys, delirious with laughter. "It's old Williamson, the master-tailor!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

BOB SWAIN, after his promotion to be second corporal, undertook, with feelings of becoming pride, to instruct his wife in reading, &c. He was an uncouth fellow, but ambitious. Some little success followed his exertions, and with no small gratification he passed his improving spouse into words of *four* letters.

Seated as usual one fine summer's evening after work by the window, the lesson commenced.

Feet was the first word in the new exercise.

"Come," said Robert, with a gruff voice, scarcely separating his lips, as if he had lost his front teeth and did not care to expose the vacancy in his jaws, "spell that word."

Elizabeth was silent, straining her eyes to see the letters better, for she was short-sighted.

"Begin now," he resumed, dispensing with all expressions of endearment, and placing the pointer like an experienced tutor at the bottom of the letter.

"F," said Elizabeth, timidly.

"That's right. Now the next?"

"E," she faintly uttered, half afraid it might be something else.

"No, no," rejoined the husband, somewhat irritated. "Don't you see two E's there?"

"Yes, Robert."

"Well, then, begin again;" and the pointer as before was driven under the first letter.

"F."

"Yes."

"Two E's."

"Say double E. Mind that for the future."

"Well then, F, double E—"

"Go on, 'Lizabeth. You stick at ev'ry letter. Come, be sharp; what's the next?"

"L."

"L? Where's L?"

"There, Robert," said she, indicating the letter with the forefinger of her right hand, which was so blunted, it seemed as if a portion of it had been chopped off in cutting firewood.

"That's T, you thick head," said the graceless tutor, raising his voice, as much as to say he would use the cane next time. "Don't you know that a *t* has a stroke across its neck, and that *l* has not?"

"Yes, Robert."

"Spell it again, and let's have no mistakes."

"F, double E, T!" lisped the scholar, rummaging her confused brain, during a long pause, to find the word the letters represented.

"What are you stopping at, aye?" shouted Robert.

"I can't make it out," returned Elizabeth, pettishly.

"Let me help you, then. What do you walk on?" inquired Robert, coarsely.

Another pause.

"What! are you so stupid you can't tell that? What do you walk on?"

"The FLURE, Robert!" exclaimed she, quickly, delighted to think she had dropped on a word likely to suit the fastidious requirement of her lord and master.

"Humph!" growled Robert, throwing down the pointer. "I was a fool to think that anything sensible could come from you."

So Bob in dudgeon gave up the office of schoolmaster, and drowned his disappointment by the absorption of much more beer at the "Fortune of War" than was consistent with his character for sobriety.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

For some time after the opening of the library at ———, it was a pleasure to perceive that the Bacon proverb of "knowledge is power" had taken root among our people. Meet a sapper when or where you would, he had a book or a pamphlet under his arm, or one in his eye or his mind. Reading indeed was the rage. Even Christy Curley, a very wet soul, adapted himself to the prevailing enthusiasm, sneakingly ambitious to be regarded by his comrades far less fond of liquor than literature.

To give color to this wish, Curley, like many others, carried under his oxter a neatly-got-up volume, which, judging from appearance, treated of subjects of an abstruse and professional nature. For a tradesman, frizzling and steaming over fire and forge, and turning out of hand skilful specimens of hammered work, to take advantage of fleeting intervals of rest from fatiguing occupation, and devote them to mental improvement, was a beautiful aspect of industry, not often realized in this era of toil.

No one ever dreamed of inquiring about the volume; no one had the itching curiosity to pry into its contents. It was enough that its presence, under the blacksmith's arm, as he glided, unassumingly into the square, courting no smile, encouraging no remark, gave unambiguous evidence, on his part, of an honorable desire for intellectual culture, and that a dull eye and pale gloomy features showed there was something like intensity in his pursuits.

But, with all this appearance of study, for which boundless credit was given him, his girth and unlithe limbs, contrary to expectation, acquired increased colossal expansion; and his face, swelled out to the fullness of the moon at Sadler's Wells, looked like a rural policeman's, minus its color. For this growing obesity there was no accounting. Suspicion, always ready with a reason, insisted that he still adhered to his drinking propensities, and that

his lucubrations were interrupted too often by secret conviviality.

At the gate a sentry was posted, who had orders not to allow anything into barracks, which, from its form was likely to become the means of introducing exhilarating beverages into the offices or workshops. By most of the men the order was never likely to be infringed; but Christy Curley was known not to be particular about the prohibition. However, since the reading mania had set in, he never presented himself with anything questionable; and was therefore passed into barracks, with the neat volume under his arm, unsearched and unchallenged.

Yet it was plain that the scholastic blacksmith was less under the influence of study than stimulants. Daily he entered the shop as sober as a judge, and left it, very frequently, within a few points of being as drunk as a fiddler. During working hours he could not leave the shop, nor were strangers allowed to visit him. It was tolerably clear, then, that Curley himself had clandestinely taken the liquor into his work-room. By what expedient he did so, puzzled every one. Vague surmises were offered in amusing variety, as clues to bare the cheat to its poles; but certain wiseacres, acquainted with the endless forms of "pocket pistols," and "smugglers," only laughed at the innocent opinions of their more inexperienced comrades, consigning them, without consideration, to the abyss of obsolete impressions.

Curley's device was far more artful than imagination had yet conceived. It was less ostentatious, less open to suspicion than any scheme yet named. As speculation was wildly at fault in hitting upon the contrivance, a myriad eyes were impatiently settled on the delinquent to detect his plans. He went to work and left it as usual—beginning sober, ending drunk. At last an astute fellow, with an ogler that could pierce into a worm-hole, got on Christy's trail, and unravelled the secret.

That mysterious volume, for carrying which Curley had been accorded so much credit, veiled his deception. One look at it was enough to show it was a sham! Between its covers there was not a leaf of print. It was simply a luncheon-box, made of tin, having gilt edges, a tooled back (after a homely but antiquated fashion) and lettered, if memory tells aright—"The Personal Comforter." Instead

of treating, as was supposed, of abstruse and professional subjects, that box, with the sympathetic title, contained the blacksmith's grog store! None now wondered at his habitual drunkenness; but all wondered at their own want of tact in not unfolding, long before, a bold transaction, concealed in so transparent an involution.

This was a blow to Christy Curley. At the loss of his tin book he did not so much repine, as at the loss of his accustomed drop. Its use had become an ingredient of his existence. He could no more do without it, than the publican thrive without custom. Still he had an intimate friend in Madam Contrivance. Of invention she is said to be the mother; but in this case, she acted anything but a maternal part toadying to the prurience of a son bent on continuing a dissolute course. The book dodge being exploded, he devised another scheme which the vigilance of sentries could not prevent. All expected it, showing extra alertness to intercept its operations. But it reared its head in spite of vigilance. The trick was so deftly done, it was thought that one or more of his comrades were in league with him.

Since the days of Tubal-cain, the smithy has always been a place of popular resort. To the one in Christy's charge (though strangers were never admitted), masons constantly stepped in to get their tools sharpened, and men of different crafts and professions, connected with the department, called on the handy man to put to rights their thousand and one little requirements. It needed unlimited watchfulness to ascertain whether each visit was one of idleness or duty. But certain it is, that no one at any time assisted the blacksmith to a swig from the "Personal Comforter;" and yet, at a certain period of the day, Curley was seldom decidedly sober.

The rear of the smith's shop was the back wall of the building. On the outside of the wall a brick was adroitly loosened, and a passage made inwards concealed by Curley's stormy bellows. By an arrangement with a shrewd pot-boy, and a code of simple signals, the transfer of the contraband draught through the hole-in-the-wall was but the work of a moment. For some time this artifice succeeded; and the

aperture, when discovered, was only closed up to give rise to other ingenious designs, which ended in Christy's disgrace through dishonesty, then his ruin, and finally his desertion from the service.

A CHANCE TREAT. — About the year 1835, corporal Hodgman was employed surveying some part of the county of Sligo, in which was the estate of Mr. Taaffe. This eccentric gentleman, noted for his kindness and hospitality, had formerly been in the commission of the peace, and, though a merciful magistrate, his decisions, in many cases, did not accord with the unreasonable expectations of the mob.

Seeing the corporal and his chainmen busy at work in his demesne, the ex-magistrate invited them to his mansion to take a snack. No sooner were his guests seated than he began to descant on the cruel treatment he had received from the people.

"Yes, sir," continued he, addressing Hodgman, and warming into eloquence at the recollection of his wrongs, "they have *hunted* me out of house and home; even *beat* me out; nay, worse, sir, they have *burnt* me out; and——

"Now, sir," interrupted the corporal, with a waggish smile and an irreligious prefix, "we have come to *eat* you out!"

The possibility of adding this variety to his misfortunes set the eccentricity of Mr. Taaffe in raptures.

"No," said he, in the pride of competence, "you shall not eat me out, for if the array on the board is insufficient to regale yourself and party, a good fat ox from the yard shall be spitted for your use."

And the old magistrate, with the hospitality of an English baron, entertained the strangers with a sumptuous repast.

JUVENILE POSERS.

SCRAPS FOR BUGLE-BOYS.

SAM HAMMOND, a hopeful child, lived with his widowed mother, who often talked to him about domestic matters, alluding feelingly to the distresses which beset a family deprived by death of its natural protector. One evening, as she was telling him all her troubles, she complained that she would have to bear an expense she could ill afford, because her water-butt was empty.

"Mother!" exclaimed the youth, "who fills the butt when it's dry?"

"Our heavenly Father, my dear."

"What," returned Sammy, "will our heavenly Father do when his barrel's dry?"

The widow, at a loss to offer a satisfactory reply, relieved herself from an awkward situation by telling him to look out for the water-cart.

SAMMY was observant, and always asking his mother some innocently queer questions which exhausted her wits to answer him.

"Mother!" cried he, shaking her by the gown, and looking intently at a thin cloud passing swiftly in the sky, "do you see that white cloud?"

"Where?"

"There," said he, pointing at it, "up ever so high, flying like a large kite."

"Yes, my child."

"If God a'mighty was walkin' on it, wouldn't his foot come through?"

This was beyond her ability to explain; and so stuffing the little fellow with a raspberry tart, escaped from the dilemma. This was the way widow Hammond invariably solved a knotty point.

A LASCAR with blazing eyes and black ringlets entered our square one Sunday, and sent all the children scared and screaming to their mothers. The poor Indian tried to coax the affrighted urchins, but his ebony face was an insurmountable barrier to conciliation.

Mrs. B. spoke to her eldest son, a six-year old, to allay his fears, saying, that the stranger, like himself, was made by the Creator of the same flesh and blood.

"Then," said young Lewis, pale as ashes, and scarcely daring to breathe, "why didn't God make him wash his face afore he came out?"

"So he has, my son," rejoined the mother, impressively; "but God has made him with a black face instead of a white one."

Half surprised and half afraid the little fellow rejoined, "Dear me, mother; where did God get all the blackin' from?"

"Blacking!" ——— but the mother, indisposed to become entangled in her son's infantine metaphysics, dropped the subject with a smile.

THE ZEALOUS CHAPLAIN.—Parson Le G——, many years ago, carried on his ministrations at P——. Experience had made him aware of the fact, that soldiers usually formed a listless congregation. To keep them awake he essayed every means to insure success. Orderly sergeants paced the aisles of the chapel to assist him in this pious duty; and when by any chance sleepers escaped their notice, the parson himself pointed out the aggressors to the perambulating functionaries. Even when reading the text he has broken off in the middle of an unfinished sentence to call attention to some tired red-coat enjoying his somnolent nods and winks in a distant corner. On one occasion he had so mingled Scripture with the intimation, that the ludicrous association gave rise to a short but irrepressible titter through the congregation. And who could wonder at it? for thus impressively read the chaplain—"And Abraham said unto Lot" (a pause, during which the parson pointed to a slumberer in a retired seat), "sergeant, that man's asleep!"

A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

THE parish church of a pretty town in Leitrim was filled one day by a congregation drawn together to listen to the preaching of a great divine. Not a seat was vacant, and even the pulpit-stairs and altar-rails were crowded with enthusiasts, who had followed the clerical idol.

Already had the service commenced, when a young lady walked into the sanctuary. She was unattended, as if she had ventured unbidden from home. As every sitting was occupied, and no one seemed disposed to make way for her, although her apparently delicate health demanded such a favor, there was every likelihood, she would have to stand out both the service and the sermon.

Alfred Clarkson, a handsome fellow, with a clear countenance, soft blue eyes and auburn hair, seeing the embarrassment of the new arrival, tried to catch her eye. Presently, after modestly looking about, as if asking the consideration of some one more hale than herself, she moved from the graceless quarter in the direction of the sapper, who, without stopping to reflect, that probably his kindness, being only a common soldier, would be regarded as an insult, quitted his seat for her acceptance.

"Excuse the liberty," whispered Clarkson, as he passed her.

"You place me under great obligation," replied the lady, benignly smiling.

"Pray don't mention it, miss."

And she courteously entered into possession while he, closing the door behind her, took his stand at the back of the pews.

Once there, he did not care to shift his position. Frequently he caught himself casting furtive glances at the stranger, whose dazzling eyes, strangely enough, seemed seldom to be averted from him. Despite the solemnity of the service, and the eloquence of the preacher, he could not control the intrusion of worldly thoughts; and though but a

lad, without even the dawn of a whisker to show his manhood, he fancied he could read, in the expression of her face, the existence of feelings which, whether she took pains to conceal them or not, beat in friendliness towards himself.

He judged rightly.

The service over, Clarkson once more gazed at the lady, as she moodily saluted an acquaintance in the opposite gallery; and then, turning, descended the stairs with the stream. In a few minutes he had passed the crimson double door into the churchyard, while the lovely girl, joining her friends, departed through the vestry. He would like to have hung on her steps, traced her residence, and made a thousand inquiries respecting her; but she had disappeared. After loitering for a time among the tombstones, reading the gloomy epitaphs, Clarkson went home, to meditate on the incident, and then wisely to check the recurrence of sentiments there was no reasonable hope of gratifying.

This was a difficult task.

Meanwhile the maiden was not idle. A chord had been struck she could not hush; her mind had a new occupation, her heart new emotions. To reward the sapper for his kindness she despatched one of her servants, Oliver by name, to obtain information of his address, charging him to procure it in such a way that the object of it should be ignorant of her inquiries. Oliver had been too long in the family not to regard the wishes of the heiress with profound obedience; and having cleverly executed his mission, furnished her with the particulars he had elicited.

Two or three weeks after, Clarkson having returned from a hard day's work surveying at a distance, was met by his landlady, who presented him a letter written by a gentle hand. So many letters had he received from different girls (for all the maidens of the place were pining away on his account), the address of this inviting billet did not startle him as it would have done some people. Leisurely he took his tea, then pulled comfort from his pipe, and, when done with that indulgence, the letter, as if to relieve his listlessness, came in for his last attention.

"The old thing, no doubt. What can a fellow do?" said he to himself, as he broke the seal, and threw the envelope into the fire; but before he had reached the end, he was not more surprised than pleased.

The note was from Cecilia Janson, daughter of a well-known counsellor of opulence, who lived in a residence quite baronial, bearing all the characteristics of quality and style. The proudest families of the town, the lord-lieutenant of the county, his deputies, the hierarchy, and the great of the land visited him. His entertainments were the richest, his balls the grandest that for miles around the seat were given by the wealthy and noble. From such a circle, Cecilia might have chosen a companion as easily as she could have plucked a primrose, for she was worried with suitors; but believing that heiresses are sought not so much for themselves as their wealth, from all she kept aloof.

At this period Cecilia had scarcely reached her nineteenth year. Her beauty was fascinating, her figure pleasing, her demeanour ladylike. With softness of manner she blended all those personal graces, which besmitten men, in the exuberance of their admiration, magnify into virtues. Much in company, for it was her father's pride to be gay for her sake, she nevertheless loved simplicity. For show she had no taste; it neither suited her mind nor her person. Glare and frivolity she despised, and was only too happy when the hour of night arrived, to retire into the quiet of her own chamber and reflect on the springs and phases of human conduct. As she considered these knotty points, nothing struck her as half so pleasing as the unostentatious act of Clarkson in the church. In her view it was artless and disinterested. Rendered as it was by one whose attractions suited in every detail her idea of what a man should be to deserve a woman's appreciation, no greater charm was needed to nerve her hand to pen the note which Clarkson had received. It was a pretty letter, touched off with extreme delicacy, and concluded by soliciting, perhaps rashly, the favor of an interview at two o'clock the next day, at the rear gate leading into the shrubbery.

Clarkson thought well and long what was to be done. Flattered by the receipt of such a communication, all the machinery of sentiment and sensation were put in motion. Still he had the good sense to see the folly of cherishing notions which might be permitted to exist pleasantly enough for a while, and then suddenly be broken up, when calm reflection had made obvious the disparity between his and the lady's station.

"Oh, no!" said Clarkson, thoughtfully, "I'm free now—let me keep so. Once engage in it, and a time will come when, cast aside for being poor, I shall have to settle as best I can with my feelings and disappointment. By preserving silence, I shall best show my esteem for her character and station, and respect for myself. I must not return an answer."

It was cruel, no doubt, to repay the lady's compliment in this cold manner. He might, at least, have written politely, declining the invitation, and pointing out the danger of its acceptance; but he dared not trust himself to paper, for assuredly he would have taken a course, the opposite he had determined by his silence.

Cecilia was all hope, lingering at home in fainting suspense, to receive the reply she was sure had reached the Hall, with every ring or tap at the entrance. She was far too sanguine. It never entered into her mind that a mere soldier could see it his interest to refuse. Hours went on in this way, hapless enough, when at last it was plain that Clarkson not only declined to attend her summons, but had ignored her note, as if it had been the long-standing account of a tradesman. At a result so unexpected, she rather admonished herself for the haste with which she had sent the missive. Quick, however, in conception, and as intelligent as the most accomplished education could make her, she soon framed an excuse for his neglect, attributing it, indeed, to the true cause.

Next day, at two o'clock, Cecilia was at the shrubbery gate. Under no engagement to go there, she thought she might as well walk in that direction as any other. When bent on particular purposes, the shrewdness of women is remarkable. She fancied that Alfred—the name constantly revolving in her mind, and for ever perched on her tongue—might yet show his interest in her by wandering near the shrubbery. Scarcely had she shut the gate, after stepping into the road, when, at a distance, she observed him moving from behind an oak-tree. With a blithe pace and a heaving breast, Cecilia glided along the road to catch a nearer glimpse of that fine countenance and those auburn locks, which had made so deep an impression on her the first time she saw them; but after following the bend of the old gray moss-covered wall, more frequently in shade than sunlight,

she reached the spot where she knew he had stood, amazed to find that, like a summer cloud, he had passed away.

Though disappointed, she did not despair. She could see it all. It would not do to be fastidious about apparent neglect, and vex herself about matters which it would, perhaps, take time to harmonize with her wishes. That he appreciated her was evident from his secret visit, else what was its object at that particular hour? On the assumption that his diffidence arose from the social distinctions which separated them, she felt grateful. It was another proof of his honest consideration. To win such a man, was it not excusable, since there could be no approach from him, that she should show herself in earnest? Above all things she liked truth, although occasions might occur when it would be imprudent to declare it; but it was her character, even if she lost her point, to be explicit and confiding, rather than gain it by artifice and deceit.

She would have been grateful could she have been equally open to her father. That was impossible. She knew his views of position and what he termed the "social scale," too well ever to see them relaxed in her favour. To trouble him with the mention of her new feelings would only serve to make her suffer long before there was occasion; and as the disposal of her heart was an important matter, in which he could not share, except urging its bestowal where his pride might incline, she was determined to conceal from him her hopes, which, under a different aspect, she would have revealed, obediently awaiting his verdict.

To the Hall she repaired, thinking over the incident in the Park-road, and deriving comfort from the simple fact that Alfred's coy presence (a sort of lover's feint to watch the field) was a pledge of what he would do if their positions were not so strongly marked. As far as she was concerned, she did not care for them. What had society to do with her will? So long as she outraged no virtue, she was accountable to none for her conduct. So she reasoned; and since she could not shake off the recollection of Clarkson's unaffected courtesy, she had made up her mind, if a woman's strength could achieve it, to throw down the barrier it would otherwise require a measureless ladder to climb. What else could she do? She loved him; and feeling she could scarcely live without his smile and society, like a

guileless girl, inexperienced in the tactics of that most subtle of all arts, she penned another billet to Clarkson, unfolding the state of her awakened nature, and excusing herself for the confession by alleging, that hers was but the reciprocation of sentiments to which she was convinced he was no stranger.

The letter was taken by the old servant—an apprehensive, suspicious fellow, not a stranger to intrigues—who had been engaged in more than one little romance on his own account.

"Perhaps," he thought, "this may turn out to be a love-affair: who knows?" and then said aloud, "Anny answer, Miss Sasalia?"

"Yes, Oliver: ask, if you please, when you may call for the reply."

"Maytint he sind it hisself, miss, an' save me th' throuble ov a long walk, miss?"

"No; he has no servant to send with it."

"Shure he can bring it hisself, thin. His legs, miss, is younger than mine."

"I'd prefer that you do it, Oliver."

"Faix, an' I will, miss. Annythin' to oblige miss."

"And take care, when you return, to deliver the letter to myself."

"I will, an' good luck to ye, miss."

So, taking his departure, the footman was soon at the abode of the sapper, where, knocking with all the extravagance of one who considers it a symptom of good breeding to announce his arrival by thundering at a door for at least five minutes, he was admitted by the landlady.

"Is that young spalpeen ov a soger in?" asked Oliver, authoritatively.

"Mr. Clarkson, you mean."

"Yes: tell him I've got a letther for him."

The landlady retired; and Clarkson having appeared at the door, the courier handed him the note.

"Miss Sasalia wants to know whin I'm to call for an answer," said he, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and leering at the sapper under the rim of his hat.

"Let me see," observed Clarkson, thoughtfully, with the tip of his fore-finger applied to his lip. "Yes," added he, "five o'clock, if you please," naming a late hour, so that he might

well consider the contents of the note, and frame a reply in his best style.

"Shure I cud do it for yē in a quarther o' th' time."

"No doubt of it. You must recollect I'm not as sharp as you, Oliver."

"Misthress seems very cur'ous about ye."

"She's certainly kind."

"Did ye git the prisint she talked so much about givin' ye?"

"Not yet: this letter may allude to it."

Had Clarkson given him to understand that the promised memento had been received, he would have been confirmed in his suspicion that the newly-delivered letter was the first step in an interesting attachment. He was thus thrown off the scent.

"Mind and be ready at five, for divil the minnit will ye see me afther that."

"You shall not be detained."

And the footman, with a shambling gait, pushed on for the Hall, while Clarkson, closing himself in his small room, lay his length on the sofa to devour the despatch.

He was delighted. Of such revelations from one so well born and wealthy he never had the ambition to dream. They seemed to belong more to the region of imagination than reality. Yet there was too much significance in the unreserved but modest way she had expressed herself to doubt the sincerity of her disclosures. If one thing pleased him more than another, it was the knowledge that he had used no arts to beguile her, nor taken any step to induce the feelings which the note so gracefully unburdened. And then it discussed the social relations of each in a strain of tender encouragement, such only as a woman could employ. The difference, according to her view, was but an accident, which it would be her happiness to make less every day by her devotion and love. Then she proposed a meeting. Circumstances would not permit it to be early, and a distant day was fixed. The hour named was ten at night—that being the time she could fulfil the engagement: and the place, the shrubbery wicket.

Clarkson this time replied. To see such earnestness was more than sufficient to overcome his reluctance. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he thought, as the old adage

rose in his mind. "To win I must venture. Whatever may be the result, I see no alternative but to yield." Not less communicative, he told her all he felt, all he hoped, all he dreaded: and gratefully accepted the invitation.

Punctually at five Oliver called for the reply and bore it to his mistress. As quick as if the hours were minutes, days flew away. Many notes passed; the courier was constantly on his legs, during which, learning by some contrivance the object of the correspondence, and so constituting himself a sort of confidential agent, he enjoyed the romantic occupation, satisfied, in his own estimate of human benevolence, he would soon begin to realize a harvest by its continuance.

"Of coorse," he said to himself, "if masther finds it out, I knows nothin'. How shud I? Nobody niver tould me; but I does know, niver the more fer that."

But Oliver was not inviolable. For fidelity he was no more to be trusted than a bad watch for accuracy of time.

The night at length arrived. It was a joyous time at the counsellor's, for a brilliant assemblage of friends had just commenced the ball. The Hall was in a blaze of light, the drive alive with the rattle of carriages; dogs were barking, horses snorting and shaking their caparisons, and gay men and elegant ladies, decked in all the lustre and richness of wealth, poured into the mansion. Cecilia had been engaged for the first quadrille. Unadorned as innocence itself, save that a delicate rose broke the snowy softness of her bosom, she was the personification of grace and beauty. Having danced through the set, she was besieged by a host of applicants pressing for the "unspeakable delight" of engaging her for the forthcoming waltz; but she very prettily declined their attentions, on the meek plea that for a short hour, at least, her presence was needed elsewhere. The counsellor made no objection to her temporary absence, thinking she had sufficient reason for retiring; and rising, with the flush of exertion circled on her cheek, she passed, sylphlike, from the room.

It wanted a few minutes to ten, when, covering herself in a black cloak and cowl, she took the opportunity, when the servants had left the portico where they had been waiting to receive the new arrivals, to fly from the Hall, and push down a path lined by aged oaks and elms, that made the

darkness almost felt. It was a serene night, warm, but not sultry, and the sky was one wide expanse of stars, without a cloud to obscure the smallest in the train of that twinkling assembly.

She now neared the wicket. Not far off was the lodge, a small rustic structure, with a feeble light glimmering at the fan of the old door; and a heavy mastiff reclined in a kennel near the gate. She had to pass this dog; and as with fairy step she courageously moved onwards, the ferocious mastiff, suddenly aroused, darted from his den, and seized her by the dress.

"Down, Pompey!" she commanded; and the sagacious brute, recognizing the voice, relinquished his hold, rattling his chain as he re-occupied the crib. His growl, however, brought out the lodge-keeper. Like the servants at the Hall, he, too, was keeping holiday, indulging in the profusion he had purloined from the kitchen. With lantern in hand, he looked about to see if any one had stolen into the grounds, but failing to discover an intruder (he was too drunk to see anything), he returned to his domicile by a series of tortuous plunges, satisfied that Pompey had given a false alarm.

Passing from behind an oak, where she had concealed herself, she paced on softly to the wicket. As she reached it, the clock struck ten. This was the assignation hour. Having provided herself with a key, the door submitted to her efforts, and she was in the road.

"Alf!" she whispered.

"Cecille!" said he, with confined breath.

These were the watchwords. All was right; and welcoming each other as warmly as the secrecy of the occasion admitted, she led him within the wicket.

"Hush!" suggested Cecilia, as she fastened the door. "Till we are out of danger, let me lead the way," added she, turning into a walk vistaed by old trees, planted in the year when the Eighth Henry was first styled "head of the church."

"Quiet, Pompey!" said she, as the uneasy mastiff was gathering himself up for a growl. "Lie down, sir!" and the dog, lamb-like, laid his fine head, lit up by a pair of large flashing eyes, on his outstretched paws, and was silent.

"May I ask the pleasure of taking your arm?" said Clark-

son, when they had gone far enough up the winding path to be embowered.

"Willingly. The pleasure of accepting your attention is quite as much mine as yours in receiving;" and the proffered arms were locked together, bringing the lovers so close that they could keep the same step, and converse in whispers.

"This experiment of yours, Cecilia, has not been without hazard. I judge so from your agitation."

"I shall be better soon." And she leaned more confidingly on his arm. "With such support, and so true, too, I could not droop, even if I willed it."

"You flatter my influence, Cecilia. To afford even a moment's satisfaction to you is bliss, indeed. For one who has ventured so much, without calculating the cost, even to the loss of friends and position, what ought I not to do—what not give?"

"Ah, Alfred! If I may answer, you shall not long wait for a decision."

"The question is at your mercy. Say what you please; it will be an easy thing for me to resolve, and abide by."

"Then give yourself!"

"That is no sacrifice. For an abnegation, which I can never think of, but with as much amazement as gratitude, 'tis but a mean recompense."

"'Tis all I care for—all I ask."

"Then I'll endeavour to be worth your acceptance."

"You *are* worth it. I do not wrong myself, nor flatter you, in making the acknowledgment; for, from the first moment I saw you, I cannot explain how, emotions crept over me unfelt before, of which this interview is the happy reflex. It was so kind of you to give me your seat through that long service and the longer sermon, when others more gently reared perhaps, but not half so refined, recognized my embarrassment without attempting to relieve it. Had it been my lot to stand, I should certainly have fallen from fatigue and weakness. Your generosity, I felt as if I could have spent my life in thanking you for it; and from the cold formality of merely wishing to reward you, I was not surprised to find myself entangled by a new set of sensations, which you have added to my felicity by reciprocating. In return for so purely disinterested an act, I longed to place myself at your honorable disposal; and in doing so, tenfold

have I gained, for I have received the promise of yourself."

Alfred listened in ecstasy.

The lovers had now reached a bower, scented by sweetbriar, honeysuckle, and jessamine, which, having grown there for years, had become interwoven with the trellis-work. The arbour, delicious with odours, closed the avenue, inviting the happy couple under its pointed roof. Stepping into the retreat, they seated themselves side by side on cushions which had been placed there, as if by design, for their mutual comfort.

Clarkson taking her hand, ventured an embrace, which was meekly permitted. Unhooded, her head fell on his breast, and her fair cheek, doomed to receive a new impression, was warmed by a token, modestly imparted. To souls so akin in feeling, this tender symbol of reliance and sincerity did not occur without those pleasing thrills which belong only to a state of youthful sympathy and love.

"Dearest Cecilia," said he, breaking silence, "I would that this could always last! Young as I am, enough I know of human nature to be aware that whatever bliss is given us here is only fitful."

"Why so, love? Why need there be any interruption? All depends on ourselves. With so trusting a companion, I shall never more know despondency; and honest and firm as is your heart, it need never beat but in sunshine and security. Intrusted as I am now with the responsibility of your happiness, it will be my study to protect it from the changes you apprehend. That will be no difficulty, Alfred."

"If it depended on yourself, unbiassed by any interference, I could have no ground for fancying any alteration in our feelings and purposes; but I cannot dispossess myself of the notion that, as my lot is cast among the humble of society, and yours is set in a sphere to which your wealth, your beauty, and accomplishments so fully entitle you, a day may come when, by force of advice and circumstances, you will be wrested from me; and any attempt on my part to claim your hand would be regarded as nothing less than insanity."

"Trust to me, Alfred. That is my matter. Nothing *shall* divide us. If I am satisfied, whose business is it to interfere?"

"Your father's, and those who are concerned for your welfare."

"They do not know my heart, nor where its life centres."

"For that, Cecilia, they would care little. What would they not do to remove the indignity of a degrading alliance?"

"Let them do their best, my dearest—Cecilia will be firm! However averse they may be to my pursuing a course opposed to their wishes, they never will attempt to meddle with my happiness."

"Little do you dream, Cecilia, of what is in store for you. Under an impression you are seeking an object by imprudent means, they will urge for your acceptance others more in keeping with their very proper notions of your birth and position. The humiliation of a low connexion would naturally force them to any extreme of persuasion and artifice to escape an intolerable dishonor."

"Do not let this alarm you, Alfred. When the time comes to show the strength of my intention, still confide in your Cecilia. Through all changes, all intrigues, she will be faithful. In her eyes, you only are seen; and if a constant heart and a steadfast will, can suggest anything to induce you to dismiss an impression which must wound me as long as it exists, I pray you, dearest, abandon it at once and for ever!"

So saying, as if to win the reply of confidence, she looked full in the face of the enraptured man, whose heart leaped, as he listened to the expression of her determination. Though dark, he could see distinctly every feature of her countenance, the meek satisfied smile on her lip, and the flowing tresses which swept her shoulders, coquetting with the rose, which he knew by its fragrance, bedecked her bosom. Was he more than mortal to resist the seductions of such a charmer? Like all young hearts, he possessed the infirmity of feeling; and therefore, holding aside those ethereal locks, so as not to disturb their gracefulness, he took a lover's liberty, and gently touched her cheek.

"I'm content," said he, as he withdrew the pressure. "Safe in your hands, I'll try and think better of the world."

"Think better of *me*, Alfred," she rejoined, playfully. "Never mind the world. With us and our attachment it has no concern; and should it attack us, I shall be glad to

show my courage by a resistance that no influence shall conquer. Hark! Did you not hear something?"

"No; what, dearest?"

"Some one calls—some one is approaching! Crush yourself in that corner, Alfred—quick, quick, till we can escape, without hazard, at our leisure."

Clarkson pushed noiselessly under the seat, compressing himself into the smallest possible compass, partly concealed by the foliage of the scented creepers; and Cecilia wrapped herself more closely in her black cloak and cowl.

There was a movement among the trees, as of one stealing onwards, the object of which was revealed by a loud voice calling, "Miss Sasalia!" It was Oliver. He had been sent from the house to command her presence at the ball. In a minute or two, he gained the path, shouting for his young mistress. Of course, there was no answer. Now he was at the arbour! With a timid vision—for the footman was not remarkable for coolness at night—he looked around the retreat, and peeped into it. What with the thick foliage of the creepers, and the darkness, he could see nothing; and so retracing his steps, returned hastily to the Hall.

Cecilia was not alarmed, and to assure Alfred, passed off the incident with a few gay remarks.

Already had she been away more than an hour. According to her idea, five minutes, perhaps, was an exorbitant computation of its duration, and a feeling of sadness seized her, as she was compelled to end an interview so full of affection and promise.

And the congenial souls rose to depart, she assisting Clarkson to emerge from the honeysuckles, bringing with him a sprig of briar and some flowers, which Cecilia placed in his button-hole, as a souvenir of the interview; while Alfred tried to repair the favor by an act of endearment not disagreeable to the object of it. Folding her arm in his, he escorted her along the sombre path leading to the wicket, she explaining about the ball, the plan she had adopted to leave the assembly; and how, in her ball-costume, with no better protection to her feet than a pair of satin slippers, she had succeeded in a purpose she would not have missed, had it ended in her disinheritance.

If ever Clarkson felt a glow of pride, it was to hear the intrepid way she had overcome difficulties to meet him. It

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was more than he could ever hope to see repeated; but with a deep sense of his own inferiority, he vowed he would never cease to do his utmost for her comfort and joy, and always hold himself ready to minister to any gratification she might think him capable of imparting.

"More it would be impossible to expect," said Cecilia. "You have made me very happy, and I shall feed on the recollection of our interview with uninterrupted pleasure till we meet again."

"When shall that be, love?"

"Soon, I trust. Our chances of success depend on caution. The moment an opportunity offers, you may be sure I shall snatch it."

With these words, the wicket being approached, it was opened; and Clarkson, lifting the slender hand he was about to relinquish, pressed it softly to his lips, and they parted.

II.

"MIND Pompey, miss!" cried Oliver, who, tortured by curiosity, had timorously followed the lovers, and witnessed the interesting scene which closed the first meeting.

"How kind of you, Oliver, to warn me," said she, mildly, as, after locking the wicket, she turned to walk across the lawn.

"Lay down, boy! Down, Pompey!" shouted the servant. "He's as quiet as a puppy now, miss; an' let me see him touch ye, iv he dar'."

"I'm obliged to you. Were you sent for me, Oliver?"

"'Fore Gad an' me masther, I was, miss."

"Have you been out long?"

"A matther o' tin minnits. Shure, miss, I was afear'd the soger I persaved wid ye 'ud lay his ugly hands on yer purty shouldhers, an' I foller'd him jist to pervint his rascality, miss."

"There was no occasion, Oliver," she said, coolly, although her face kindled, and her heart beat quickly. "You may go to the Hall, and I'll personally make to papa whatever explanation he may desire."

Oliver slunk away.

Cecilia, after answering the anxious inquiries of the counsellor, with which he was more than satisfied, reappeared in the ball-room, to the inexpressible delight of the young

gallants who were longing for her return. A host of admirers immediately sought her hand. Indifferent to all, she was arbitrary to none, and first with one, and then with another, she danced the night through, far less joyously than she would have done, had her new relations not interfered to deaden her feelings for such gaiety.

Time wore on. Notes passed with cordial frequency between the lovers; interviews were repeated; appropriate keepsakes given, and pledges of abiding love interchanged at every appointment, and in every letter. Oliver became the confidential messenger of the intrigue; for, having learned the secret, it was dangerous to dispense with his services, inasmuch as another party would have to be admitted, who, with equal shrewdness, might discover it, and not have the firmness to keep it unrevealed. Of two evils, it was better to retain Oliver. Faithful as he was regarded, it was thought unwise to trust to his unrequited assistance; and so to insure his inviolability, he was pampered to an extent that almost raised him above the sphere of servitude.

"Here, Oliver," said Cecilia, having rung him to her presence, "take this instantly to Mr. Clarkson, and bring an answer."

"Misther!" cried the footman, with an indignant air of surprise. "Gad take me! he's on'y a thrump'ry soger, miss."

"I choose to think more highly of him. Take the note, sir."

"Yes, miss, an' I'll run ev'ry step o' the road, iv I break my neck in the hurry." And Oliver turned the letter over and over, as if he had missed something.

"What's the matter?" asked she.

"It's on the ould affair, I s'pose, miss?"

"Let me see how quickly you'll be back," replied Cecilia, somewhat imperiously.

"Yes, miss. An' iv ye plase, may I make so bould to see me hand crassed wid the ushual thing, miss? Ye niver sarv'd me so afore, miss."

There was no refusing the demand, and Cecilia dropped the expected consideration into the menial's hand.

Clarkson duly received the note, and answered it. Next night, at dusk, he waited admittance into the park. Cecilia, too anxious for his society to keep him long in the road, soon appeared, to relieve his suspense. So often had she applied

to the wicket on a similar errand, that the creaking wards of the lock yielded to her touch, as if they had been lubricated to act noiselessly in her tender service. Pompey, moreover, had become so accustomed to the fall of her foot that, when she passed, he lay silently in his den. The wicket opened, the lovers welcomed each other, and committing themselves to the vista, moved onwards with aërial softness to the arbour, where, seating themselves, they conversed on topics suitable to their feelings and aspirations.

Nine months of unmixed happiness had passed between them when this interview took place. It was a February night, cold and bracing. Frost was on the ground, and the stems and boughs of the creepers, which stretched their long slim arms over the roof of the bower, were feathered with snow which had fallen in the morning. The moon was up, but there was a thickness in the air, which dimmed it when not wholly obscured by the clouds shooting past its disk. Though clad for the occasion, she could scarcely bear up against the chilling atmosphere. Clarkson was just as fragile as she, though not so delicate. Caring little for himself, when he knew she wanted additional clothing to keep the current of life from curdling at the fountain, he took off his gray great-coat, and covering her with it, secured her from the stern influence of the night air. This was a most unromantic addition to her costume; and she only accepted its assistance on the assurance that he was used to the cold, and could conveniently spare the protection he so much needed.

The counsellor was in his study, busy with a will case of legal intricacy, involving the disposal of a fortune, in which he and his daughter were concerned, when a sneaking knock at the door arrested his attention.

"Who's there?"

"Oliver, sir."

"Come in." And Oliver stepped into the presence of his august master.

"What do you want?" asked the counsellor, hugging his desk and scribbling away with the rapidity of one who had ample matter at command, and a clear head to dispose of it. "Turn on that lamp, and give me more light."

Oliver did so.

"That'll do," cried the counsellor, abstractedly, deep in an instant in the mysteries of the will.

"I want to spake t' ye, sir."

"Speak away, then."

"I 'ope no one's consaled in the study, sir," said the footman, looking round with suspicious forebodings of the presence of a third party.

"What if there is?" cried the counsellor, sharply.

"'Case I tuck a bible oath I wouldn't split."

"Then why don't you keep it?"

"There's somethin' 'ere that won't let me," exclaimed the footman, placing his hand with a tragic motion in the vicinity of his fifth rib.

"You big goose. What can you have there but a stupid heart? Come, no more of this. What have you got to say?"

"I'm afeard, sir, there's somethin' not right at all goin' on."

"What do you mean?"

"There's a soger beyant in the gardin!"

"A what?"

"A soger, sir."

"Did you see him?"

"Faix, and I did, sir; an' it's sorry I am, 'fore Gad an' me liv'ry, to say, that Miss Sasalia is wid him into th' bargin!"

"Nonsense, Oliver: how *could* he get in?"

"Be the gate, to be shure."

"How?" roared the counsellor, rising, and throwing his pen at the deed. "Speak, you unfaithful fellow—Did you let him in?"

"In troth an' my conscience, no, sir. You must ask Miss Sasalia about that."

"Where is he?" shouted the counsellor, dashing his chair aside. "By God I'll shoot him. Where is he?"

"In the summer-house at the back o' th' gardin, i' ye plase, sir."

"Get my gun instantly. Bring with it my flask, two or three shots, and my dark travelling-cap."

"Yes, yer worship;" and Oliver ran to the armoury, where, on the walls, were arranged all sorts of bucklers, coats of mail, gauntlets, swords, pistols, and muskets. Removing one of the last, which held a place between a pistolet and a blunderbuss, he returned to the study, carrying with him a shot-belt and flask, which had been worn by some notability at the battle of the Boyne.

"Is there a good flint in the piece?"

"There is, sir, I'll ingage; I jist screwed one in."

"Is it loaded?"

"Nat yet, yer hanner."

"Load it then; and put two bullets into the barrel."

"Shure, sir, one 'll do to settle his hash!"

"No, curse him! ram in two. While I'm at it, he shall have enough to punish him for his infernal impudence."

"There's on'y one thing I'm obligated to wish, sir," said Oliver, with averted head, as he rammed down the cartridge

"What's that?"

"That you'll nat say I tould yer hanner; for shure iv ye do, Miss Sarsalia 'll do everything widout me seein' her at all at all; an' thin, ov coorse, the grand job 'll be done widout yer worship bein' a bit the wiser."

"You're right, Oliver," cried the counsellor; and seizing the primed musket, strode furiously from the study.

Still in the retreat, the unsuspecting pair were talking of matters of great import; no less than the consideration of a step which was the ultimate desire of their affection, and which, so far, no circumstance, no reflection, had power to check. For nearly a year they had known each other in this intimate way; and if every promise, every vow, touching the end of their hopes had been registered, it would have been seen how full and uniform, how unshaded by doubt, by dread, or reluctance, had been their resolution. None, indeed, were so happy, none so pure in their endearments, and none could have anticipated the consummation of their intimacy with greater delight and more certainty, than they.

"Listen, Alfred!" whispered she, in great trepidation. "What's that?"

"Some one's coming," said he, with hanging breath. "I hear feet in the grove!"

"Is it Oliver, think you?"

"No, dearest. He's too timid to be as furious as the person approaching us." At this moment the moon shone brightly from the edge of a cloud which had just glided from its surface; and the perturbed couple, throwing themselves behind the trellis-work, looked through the squares.

"It's my father!" whispered Cecilia, in terror. "For God's sake fly!" and, as if to aid them in their difficulty, a

sluggish cloud then passed over the moon, and made the night black with darkness.

"Lose no time, Alfred. Here, take this, with my love;" and disrobing herself of the cumbersome greatcoat, Clarkson hurriedly pushed himself into it, and asked direction.

"How shall I escape?"

"I'll go with you.—Softly, Alfred."

"Where to?"

"There's a break in the hedge at the rear of the arbour. Let us go there."

Off they started, on tiptoe, the counsellor following, led by the sound of their precipitation. He was now within a few yards of them. On they went, pushing across a narrow copse to render pursuit less successful. Cecilia was torn by the brambles, Clarkson stumbled, and the counsellor fell, tripped by a low stump, but both were instantly afoot again, rushing wildly onwards. A few more bounds, and the hedge was gained.

"Where's the gap?" cried Clarkson, breathlessly, feeling his way along the prickly fence.

"There! between the two dwarf trees. Crush through it; for your life, crush through it, Alf!" and seeing that her father, who had come nearly up to her, had something risen to his shoulder, she called out in an agony of alarm—

"Stop, father! For heaven's sake listen to Cecilia!"

It was too late. He had no ear for entreaty. Revenge had reached its culmination, for his finger was pressing against the trigger; and as Clarkson was bursting through the gap, he fired.

In awful dread, the counsellor rushed to his daughter, throwing down the weapon of his vengeance. Wellnigh killed with the despairing idea that she had received the contents of the musket, he received her in his arms as she was falling.

"What ails you, my child?" cried he, feeling her hands, and applying his moistened cheek to hers. "Speak, Cecilia, have I hurt you? Good God! have I struck down my own daughter?"

Providentially, she had not been touched. Fright had overcome her firmness, and she fell. Soon, however, she so far revived as to raise her ear and listen. That sense was doubly acute. In the distance she heard the hurried footfall

of Alfred, running at his best speed up the long park road. Thus assured that he was not seriously injured, she rapidly recovered, evincing, though she sought it, uneasiness at her father's support.

"Help me, papa," said Cecilia, sighing interjectionally between the words.

"Gratefully, my child," he rejoined, as with happy fondness he kissed her cold forehead. "Have I injured you, Cecilia? Where, where have I hurt you?"

"Thank God, you have done me no outward harm," said she, passing a handkerchief over her face; "but you have deeply wounded my heart. Oh! how could you commit yourself to so murderous an intention, on one only too innocent of offence; and who, most of all, merited your favor?"

"Chide me not, darling," said the counsellor, feelingly. "*You* are safe; a blessing for which I shall be ever thankful. Such another experiment I shall never repeat; but now that I have fired, and you are unhurt, it is my earnest hope that that impertinent fellow is killed outright."

"Cruel!" exclaimed Cecilia, vehemently. "Oh, how cruel! to try and injure one in whom your daughter's life is centred. You may stay both your hand and your wrath, for heaven will not suffer him to perish by assassination. Too good for such an end, he has escaped untouched, as if he had been shielded by angels; and when you know, and hear me confess, that I am the cause of his misfortune, you will see how wicked was your attempt to fire down an innocent man. This grave incident will only bind me closer to the object of your hate, and nerve me to brave for him even greater danger."

So saying, Cecilia glided away like a fairy from the presence of her father, betaking herself to the seclusion of her room; while the counsellor, indisposed to rebuke his daughter's fretful hauteur, since he had barely escaped the perpetration of a capital offence, and deserved even *her* indignation, returned to his study, to reflect on the folly of his guilty precipitation.

Convinced that he had acted most rashly, old Janson felt acutely for Clarkson, more so as his daughter had startled him by announcing that his attentions had been encouraged by her solicitations. Still, amid his regrets, his ruling

thought was the future of Cecilia. With no intention of yielding to her wishes, he determined, whatever might be the issue of his indefensible attack on the soldier, to remove her without delay to a distance.

III.

NEXT morning, at breakfast, the treacherous Oliver, with a sleek and sinister air, appeared, bearing a silver waiter. Placing it before his master, the latter possessed himself of the note it bore, and the footman withdrew. The superscription was written in a neat clerk's hand as if from an official source, and the counsellor nervously opened it. Its burden ran thus:—

"Whether or no this intimation will relieve you of any anxiety concerning my fate, it is not less my wish to say, that I escaped last night untouched. The ball pierced the skirt of my greatcoat in two places. For the attempt on my life, I cannot blame you, nor can I justify my own conduct in the affair. If to love your daughter be a crime, I fear it is not in my power to arrest it. She has an ascendancy over me, I cannot control. Where it leads, I go willingly and happily; but in all this, I beg you will consider I am the aggressor, not Cecilia.

"ALFRED CLARKSON."

"Here, my child, read this;" said the counsellor, kindled into cheerfulness, as he handed Cecilia the letter. "The soldier is alive! I cannot understand how I allowed my temper to supercede my judgment in that shocking business. Were it not, that I earnestly thank God for the young man's escape, I should be terrified at the enormity of my impatience and my passion. But it's over now, except to serve as a lesson for the future. To have such sentiments, Cecilia, he must be a noble fellow."

"I know him to be so, papa," said Cecilia, meekly, glancing at her father.

"And nobler still, to offer himself a sacrifice to the kind excuses he makes for others."

"You do him justice to make this acknowledgment."

The counsellor commenced to sip his tea, gazing, at intervals, at his daughter, to see if he could divine, in the workings of her countenance, the development of her feelings. She read on with a gladdened expression, dwelling on every sentence with silent emphasis, full of pleasure and expectation. She could have gazed at it untired for ever. To excuse her father's folly; to throw a shield of protection

over her, and to blame himself as the cause of last night's sadness, was more than she could well bear. Chivalry itself could not present a more lofty specimen of devotion and immolation. If it were possible to deepen her love for him, the chastened temper of that letter had accomplished it. "Surely," she thought, "this will remove all asperity from my father, and incite him to recognize an intimacy which, even without it, is beyond his power to annul." But these reflections had scarcely taken a definite form in her mind, when the counsellor, interrupting his daughter's abstraction, dispelled the pleasing day-dream.

"Is it not a manly letter, darling?" asked the counsellor, cracking the crown of his last egg.

"Very," said she, placing it carefully on the table. "Approving of it as you do, let it, dearest papa, have the effect it is my earnest wish should be conceded."

"Ah! child!" exclaimed the counsellor impressively, "you know not what you ask. We have an ancestral name to maintain. He, poor fellow—it is not his fault, I grant—is too low even for contempt. Were his position otherwise, I should be proud to receive him as my son; but, the alternative is inevitable—he must be discarded!"

"Pray, father, relent," said she, tears suffusing her eyes. "He'll more than requite your forgiveness and consideration, by faithfulness and love to your daughter."

"I dare not, Cecille. Do not ask what cannot be permitted. Think, my darling—think calmly, how we should be branded and forsaken by society—"

"Society!" interrupted Cecilia, "what should we lose by its displeasure?"

The counsellor said nothing.

"So far," continued she, "I have seen nothing but hollowness in it—deceit polished by the elegance of address and station, and an unmitigated relish for scandal. Is it this, dearest papa, you fear to forfeit?"

The counsellor evincing restlessness, tried to cover his infirmity by pouring out his third cup of tea. At another time, Cecilia would have performed this domestic office for him.

"Long since," she resumed, as a little speck of colour mounted her cheek, to indicate the energy of her sentiments, "I have shunned it, and found settled comfort in

the sincerity of one who, though humble, as the world chooses to speak of his class, has a nature noble enough to win even your admiration. But, papa; you can, you know, raise him from that position, and make him equal to your wishes. Consider this; and admit the continuance of an attachment, from which I feel it impossible to be estranged."

Moved as the counsellor was, he was inexorable; and to end a discussion it was unprofitable to prolong, he made known to her his decision respecting her disposal. The stern communication was not made without emotion. Pained at the nature of the discipline it was his duty to impose, to sever her from a dishonorable association, he shed tears; while she, weeping as if her heart would break, offered no objection to his will, feeling he had a right to command her obedience and restraint, if he judged there was a necessity for their exercise.

Beautiful in resignation, so far as the separation from her paramour was concerned, she gave herself to the mercy of her father. Everything was promptly arranged: her boxes were speedily packed, a carriage and pair of grays were at the Hall; and before ten o'clock, seated by the side of her father, she was flying from road to lane, and through village and town, till she arrived, some hours after, at Terrera—her future abode. But how needless was all this! It could not efface those recollections and impressions; those emotions and longings; those sympathies and anxieties, which, having taken root in her soul some twelve months before, deepened with every returning day, and every new assignation. Nothing could alter her purpose. Difficulty and discipline only made her attachment the stronger; separation to densify her affection; and solitude, which was intended to sober her reflections, to brighten her days and her hopes, with dreams of Alfred's virtues, his devotion and love.

Though residing with some members of the family, it was too evident she was under surveillance. Her actions were watched, her letters interdicted, and, whenever she strolled into the village or the country beyond, she was protected by the cold presence of a grim aunt or severe uncle. To be cut off from all opportunity of communicating with Alfred was a sore trial. She thought of many schemes to supply the broken intercourse; but there was always insuperable difficulty in working out the details, that threatened, indefinitely,

to postpone the pleasure. Sickened by suspense, she grew listless and melancholy. Observing this change, the castellan permitted the servant maid to have a less restrained access to her young mistress. By degrees, a prudent familiarity sprang up between them, which, in time, fully committed Louise to the tender behests of the captive.

The maid was an accomplished girl, born of parents once well to do in the world, but now reduced by calamity and unwise speculation, to the condition of servitude. Louise, too, could tell her tales of romance and adventure. Of one she was the heroine: but the heartless man who was to have united his fortunes to hers, cruelly abandoned her with scarcely an apology, at the first blush of the family reverse. And yet she hankered after that worthless fellow, as if his fidelity were equal to her affection.

Confiding her secret to Louise, a plan was soon concocted, by which the lovers could communicate. Louise entered into it complacently. Indeed she invented the scheme, believing, since correspondence could not be openly maintained, it was even righteous to resort to a clandestine medium. The letters from Clarkson were to be addressed to Louise. Alf, in reversed order of letters, was to be written in one of the corners of the envelope, but so small as to require the aid of a magnifying glass to decipher it. A different seal was to be used each time without regard to neatness in applying the wax, or the sentimentalism of the impression. All lovers' symbols and mottoes were to be avoided. As substitutes for them, the devices on livery buttons, kings' heads, and thumb-prints were recommended. All this was suggested to prevent the suspicion of complicity between Cecilia and Louise, should any one of the notes, by accident, fall into the prying hands of the guardians or the servants.

Following this plan, the correspondence went on with fair rapidity, Cecilia sending Alfred money, so that it should not flag. At that time the postage, with inveterate writers, was an expensive indulgence. Out of Clarkson's small salary, it would have absorbed all his available income. It was thoughtful, therefore, of Cecilia, to have an eye to the outlay, for, had she not have anticipated its pecuniary consequence to Alfred, the letters necessarily would have been few and far between.

Almost daily, letters were interchanged; and the hopes of each fed by renewed vows. Louise was an inflexible confidante, cunning only in the progress of love. So interested was she in its conduct, that, when the communication of very particular intelligence was a matter of moment—too secret to be intrusted to the uncertainties of the post-office—she booked herself for the road, and coaching away to the pretty little town in Leitrim where Clarkson resided, bore to him the love missive herself.

Frequent conversations had taken place in Terrera about Cecilia's vagaries and the worthlessness of the soldiery. The sappers especially came in for a strong share of abuse. The strict duenna and the inexorable castellan knew them well. The only thing that puzzled the antique couple was the employment of such people on a service apparently so respectable. This they accounted for (to suit the occasion) by remarking, that being no better than serfs, they were ready, for a shilling a day, to do any dirty work; or perpetrate any enormity that their officers or the government might call on them to execute. In a reprimanding spirit, the castellan, backed by his grim wife, advised her to relinquish all ideas of the low creature she had honored by her notice. As she did not attempt to defend her conduct, or advance a syllable to vindicate Clarkson's character, the old pair assumed, that the desired aversion to the red-coat had happily set in. Taking this, with other obvious symptoms of listlessness into consideration; thinking moreover that she was now, not only resigned to the will of her family, but sensible of the dishonor her conduct would give rise to, if she blindly followed her own dictates opposed to the enlightened experience of her father, the guardians of Terrera were sufficiently unselfish to recommend the return of Cecilia to the Hall.

Overjoyed at the intelligence, the counsellor instantly requested Cecilia to repair to her home. The summons was new life to her. Her departure being fixed for the next day, she was astir early. To Louise she presented an elegant remembrancer accompanied by thanks and embraces. Then, securing the promise of her future services, should she need them, the young captive, like an uncaged bird, flew from the gloomy residence of Terrera.

At night, travel-worn and tired, she drove up to the Hall.

The counsellor was at the porch ready to receive her; and carrying her from the carriage within the mansion, clasped her in his arms, and covered her cheek with tokens of paternal love. Gratefully she accepted them; and in high spirits retired to the chamber where from infancy she had slept, and dreamed throughout the night of the bliss that awaited her.

At home again, she was resolved to lessen the probability of another separation, by a union which no earthly power could dissolve. She was not unmindful of the duty she owed to her father; but her heart was at her own disposal. To reject any attempt to tamper with her feelings could not be strained into the sin of disobedience. It was the stand of nature against an excess of parental zeal, actuated less by a wish to see her happy, than to promote his pride. He was far past the age to comprehend the sympathies and emotions of youth; and she had too tender a mind to understand the force of his cool desire, to barter away her earthly felicity for the baubles of rank and position. This was his object. Out of the question, therefore, to seek his sanction to her purposes, she had no alternative but to carry them out in secret.

The day opened only to give her opportunities for maturing her plans and suggesting them to Alfred. At night, through the intervention of Oliver—that faithless intriguer—the lovers passed an hour of delight in the old bower. Oliver held his peace; and the twin souls parted without an interference they could not but occasionally have had misgivings would be repeated.

All was arranged. Within a month they were to be one; to live each for the other—"for better for worse." Both were busy in their respective departments; and as time rolled up "the license" was bought, rings obtained, the carriage hired to bear them away; and the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony, in a church some ten miles distant, had agreed, with a generous sacrifice of two hours' rest on the payment beforehand of double fees, enlarged because the marriage was to be by license, to join the faithful lovers in the bonds of holy matrimony at eight o'clock the next morning.

"At that hour," said the vicar, impressively, as Clarkson quitted the porch-steps of the snug little parsonage, "the door of the church will not only be open, but I will be

within the altar-rails, surpliced, with book in hand, ready, when the clock strikes eight, to do you service."

"I'm much obliged to you, sir," returned Clarkson.

"Not at all. The obligation is mine, for I feel flattered that you should have selected my church for so interesting an event instead of your own parish church."

"You said, I think, that the service could not take place before eight?"

"That is the earliest canonical hour."

Clarkson bowed, and bounding from the parsonage-gate, walked home, too elated to feel tired or hungry, or even to sleep when night invited him to rest.

Morning came. At half-past four o'clock, Cecilia quitted her chamber, moving from passage to stair, and from stair to hall, as if she were a myth, without the power of producing sound. Oliver, by arrangement, was ready to do her bidding and receive the crowning consideration for a signal act of devotion. He had already lit the lamp in the hall, and under its sombre rays, barely enough to show her the way, she approached the entrance.

"Hivin bliss you, miss, this happy mornin'!" said Oliver, bursting to express his congratulation.

"Thank you, Oliver," said she, in a low, tremulous voice. "You have been faithful to me. Take this as an earnest of my future recollection."

"I will, miss," said he, receiving the present. "Shure Oliver 'll kape it to the day ov his death fer yer sake, iv it's nat too great a liberty to think ov ye win yer marrid."

"Open the door, Oliver;" and the door, flying open noiselessly, Cecilia, with a firm bearing, stepped into the walk, and passing the garden-gate, committed herself to the road. Oliver followed, with a musketoon he had taken from the armoury, to guard her from alarm or insult. This was its professed object; but the real intention of bearing it was to protect himself.

In less time, perhaps, than an hour she had reached the "directing post" at the furthest end of the village, where the carriage, ready for starting, waited the bridal pair. The heavy-coated groom was on the box, eager to apply the whip and make short work of the road. Clarkson was there to welcome Cecilia; and if, in the darkness, which rendered everything almost invisible, he led her to the off-side

of the vehicle, and cheered her by a tangible indication of his gratitude for her fidelity and love, who will not say it was exactly what might have been expected? This accomplished, they took their seats, and the coach rolled away to the distant church.

Meanwhile, Oliver strode home. Timidly, with the musketoon shouldered, he paced over the lonely road, meditating on his duty and his promise, startled now and then by a fancied stir as of some one approaching, which drove the shivering footman to a posture of defence. Promises he knew were frail things. Duty, however, was a virtue from which he could not escape, except by wicked neglect. Treacherous he never had been, so he thought; and, of course, in this matter it would not be honest to show callousness to the interests and fair fame of a master who, though he had unquestionably given him wretched wages—scarcely enough to buy ribbons for his dress shoes—was, nevertheless, kind to him. The end of his reasoning was, it would be to his advantage to break the secret immediately on his return.

Re-entering the Hall, and shooting the bolts of the entrance-door to secure it, Oliver rehung the old blunderbuss on the armoury-wall, and running upstairs, thundered at the counsellor's chamber.

"Thieves! thieves!" roared the counsellor, awaking. "By G—d, I'll shoot you! Thieves!"

"No, sir. It's Oliver."

"Who?"

"Oliver, yer worship."

"What the devil do you want at this early hour of the morning?"

"Git up, sir. Dhress yerself in a jiffy, or, be Sint Jakers, yer lost!"

"Is the house on fire? Where is it burning?"

"There's no fire, yer hanner; but Miss Sasalia's gone!"

"Gone! Where to?" roared the counsellor, opening the door, and tying the sash of his dressing-gown.

"She's druv to church!"

"How do you know?"

"Misthress tuck me wid her to the finger-post at the ind ov th' village; an' the moment I saw her in the coach, I tuck to me heels to tell ye all about it."

"Why didn't you come to me before?" roared the counsellor.

"Shure, how could I, win Miss Sasalia obligated me to obey her ordhers?"

"How did you know she was going?"

"Marely me own suspicion. Iver since Misthress returned to the Hall I've bin watchin' her; an' this mornin'—God help me in yer sarvice—I was fortchunit enough to see all."

"Was she not surprised?" exclaimed the counsellor, tugging on his boots.

"In troth, no. She was as cool as a snowball; an' she made no more to do but press'd me to her aid, as iv I'd bin the masther ov her sacrits all along."

"And have you?" asked the great Janson, in a suspicious tone.

"What I know was larn'd by intilligence an' fidelity in yer sarvice, an' in no other way, as I hope fer hiven an' higher wages, sir."

This conversation was going on, while Oliver, with the address of a thorough servant, was lighting the bedroom-lamp, assisting the counsellor to dress, pouring out water for a hasty ablution, and advising him not to think of shaving till he returned.

"What time is it now?" asked the counsellor.

"Half-past six," said Oliver, after consulting the time-piece on the mantel-shelf, and deriving assurance of its correctness by listening to the measured tick of its pendulum.

"Where is the marriage to take place?"

"At Sint Bridgit's, in Ballyloveen, sir."

"When is it legal to commence the service?"

"Arrah now, sir; shure you know betther than me."

"Yes, let me see—eight o'clock's the time. Go, Oliver, quick, and tell Corrall Donachy to saddle Nutmeg instantly, and bring him to the door."

"I will, sir."

Oliver vanished; and before the counsellor was ready, Nutmeg, in the caparison of a wealthy owner, was snorting and pawing at the entrance. Presently, down came the great Janson; and vaulting into the saddle, Nutmeg shot off at a hot pace, as the rider fixed his spurred boots in the stirrups, and pressed the spiked rowels, not very agreeably,

into the quaking sides of the hack. Oliver, alive to his duty, had opened the gate which led into the road. Away went Nutmeg and the counsellor, dashing along the highway, with a speed unchecked by the darkness, till a fence, unseen by the rider, brought both to the ground. Fortunately for the counsellor's bones and his neck, he was thrown among a pile of old straw, which was in a transition state from rubbish to manure. Nutmeg, escaping with a few scratches, was soon erect again; while the counsellor, only a little shaken, readjusted himself, and was no sooner mounted than, without touch of spur or whip, Nutmeg shot off at a furious gallop.

In time, the bridal pair had reached St. Bridget's, and sending the carriage about half a mile onwards, left their cloaks in the vestry, and moved up the aisle towards the altar in bridal costume. In her simple attire, and that meek wreath of orange-bloom, she looked lovely. For such beauty Clarkson was a meet match. On both their cheeks was a warm spot, softened into the surrounding paleness like a dissolving blush; and a faint smile, as much as was proper in so sacred a place, added grace to charms which nature, in each, had made all but perfect.

"My dearest," whispered Cecilia, somewhat alarmed, "one thing I have forgotten! The attendance of friends to share in the service has escaped my attention!"

"It has not escaped mine," rejoined Alfred, pressing her hand. "Look," added he, as two people were advancing, with measured pace, along the aisle, "here are our friends!"

"What? Louise! dear Louise!" exclaimed Cecilia, running towards her, unable to suppress her joy. "And have you come, in your faithfulness, to assist us at our wedding?"

"Yes, miss; and proud I shall ever be to know that I was deemed worthy of selection for your bridesmaid."

"Bridesmaid! My bridesmaid! Oh, how happy I am! Well, this is very kind."

"My brother Philip," said Alfred, introducing his kin.

"I'm happy to meet you on this joyful occasion, Miss Janson," said Philip, using his best manners and his best smile.

"Not more so than I am to meet you," replied Cecilia, bending. "Oh! Alfred! how *shall* I repay you for all this

trouble? How thoughtful of you! Nothing could be more agreeable. I'm delighted, Mr. Clarkson, with this introduction. Let me call you Philip, for why should I not when you are my brother?"

Philip had no time to show how prettily he could have acknowledged this sisterly recognition, for the clock having struck eight, the party moved to the altar, and taking their stations at the rails, the clergyman, who seemed to be in a hurry for his breakfast, commenced to gabble through the service.

He was just about to conclude his charge to the matrimonial candidates, when the tramp of a horse, pulled up from the gallop, was heard at the church entrance. The vicar then went on, finished the charge, and paused to hear whether the bridal couple intended to urge any objection to their union. Meanwhile, the rider alighted, and tying his hack, steaming and snorting like a war-horse, to the iron railing which enclosed the churchyard, the counsellor—for he it was—rushed, heated and anxious, up the aisle, flourishing his whip, less from rage than forgetfulness.

"What means this unseemly haste, sir?" asked the vicar, sternly.

"Stop, sir! In God's name, stop! I forbid this marriage!"

"On what ground?" said the vicar, solemnly, evidently displeased at the interruption.

"The laws of the realm!"

"Name your reasons."

"She's my daughter. She's under age, and has left her home with this man clandestinely."

"Are you ready to sustain these allegations against the present marriage?"

"I am!"

"Then," exclaimed the vicar, with rubrical formality, "until such time as the truth be tried, I pronounce this solemnization deferred."

Cecilia had not heard a word of what passed. As her father entered, the blood rushed to her head, her brain reeled, sensation ceased, and falling on the communion-cushion, she lay as dead. Louise and Philip were thunderstruck. The counsellor, powerfully moved, gazed first at his prostrate daughter and then at her handsome paramour, as if

he regretted that parental duty compelled an interference ending in such acute disappointment. Clarkson alone was calm. Bitter as was the stroke, he received it as his inevitable doom. All his hopes—all hers—were now sacrificed to a father's inflexibility; and so, to end a scene it was painful to prolong, Clarkson, lifting her in his arms, carried her to a seat in the bridal vehicle, and with an emotion he could not conceal, affectionately pressed her hand, and with his cold lips kissed her bloodless cheek. Another look—another kiss—it was the last—and yielding her, with his blessing, to her father, he tore himself away.

What else to add is soon given. The counsellor took effectual steps to prevent a renewal of the intimacy. As a favor, to his peace and his daughter's welfare, he requested the officer of engineers, under whom Clarkson was employed, to have him removed; and a few days after, he was escorted to Ballymena. His conduct, which before was everything that could be desired, became irregular, and he was sent in disgrace to Woolwich. In the course of his future service, never hearing of Cecilia Janson, he married, saw a family around him, and, returning finally to Woolwich from Corfu, sickened with a lingering malady and died.[1]

[1] I had heard of this little romance when a boy. Always bearing it in mind, I took advantage, on the return of Clarkson from Corfu, to inquire into the particulars. Glimpses he gave me at different times; but about three weeks before his death, he narrated the details of the *mésalliance*, the salients of which, as guides for future use, I wrote down at the time.

STEEPLE JACK.

In climbing steeples and towers, break-neck pinnacles and craggy summits, in furtherance of the trigonometrical operations connected with the national survey of the kingdom, Jack W—— was undoubtedly one of its marvels. A reference to the history of the corps, in which his doings are recorded, will prove this. To be equal to any service was less his ambition than his pride. Extraordinary performances of exertion and skill were feats of his daily life. Yet, while people tremblingly witnessed his exploits, harrowed by terrible expectations, he not only carried them out with impressionless stability and success, hardly willing to comprehend the risk he was incurring, but, with mellowed gaiety, turned them into commonplace vicissitudes or lively jokes, for the amusement of the social coteries in which it was his pleasure to mingle.

This athlete ability, so invaluable to the public service, also came to his aid in many a private escapade. His genius was not confined to steeple-climbing, nor were his feelings blunted by perilous toil. Like most men, he was the subject of tender impulses—the warmer in him, because his sensibilities were ardent—and, if it be avowed, that on more than one occasion he was the idol of a passionate attachment, where is the heart so dead to sentiment that will not give him credit for yielding, amid his robust employments, to the finer attributes of his nature.

That one so notable should have been the centre of an orbit of fair friends is nothing remarkable. The attentions accorded him certainly did not spring from an infatuated admiration of his personal appearance. Ginger-headed, with fiery whiskers, and a white skin drawn over a rather ill-featured outline, splashed thickly with sun-freckles, he could not, unless by a perverse appreciation of what constitutes the externals of attraction, be called a handsome man. He was, however, smart, sprightly, and erect; gentle, winning, and colloquial; graces enough in all conscience to counteract

his grosser characteristics. So many thought, and so did Eleanor—a real Norfolk beauty—who fell head over heels in love with the merry steeple-climber.

This happened in 1843, when Jack was labouring in the neighbourhood of Swaffham. In time, the intimacy having grown sufficiently ripe to admit a more extended intercourse, Eleanor invited him to spend an evening with her at the house of her mistress. Frank and open, Jack would have preferred the more straightforward way of entering at the front portal to the less dignified one of slipping in by the back door; but considerations of secrecy, which she enjoined, insisting on this sneaking arrangement, he willingly adapted himself to the humiliation, rather than hazard his character for devotion, and so lose Eleanor's heart.

Favored by the shades of night, and an iron nerve, he called at the appointed hour. He was there to the minute. Eleanor ushered him up stairs, to a chamber on the second story. So softly did he follow her, his step was as noiseless as the crawling of a caterpillar. He might have walked on a cloud—even on a spider's web—without forcing his foot through. The window was thrown up to admit the garden fragrance into the room, and to keep it cool, for the air within was sultry; but the view from it was bounded by a thickly-foliaged, heavily-laden fruit tree, which, growing a few yards from the house, made the interval between appear like an abyss. For view, Jack did not care a rap, nor did Eleanor, and so they sat down to the niceties and endearments of the evening—such as cakes, ale, and kisses—he mildly animated, she smiling and contented.

They had not been seated very long, when Jack's keen ear heard a foot creaking on the stairs.

"Who's that, Eleanor?" whispered he, with composed surprise.

"My mistress!" gasped she, changing color, and removing a few tell-tale articles into concealment.

"Pray," returned he, "don't alarm yourself. Be cool, and all will be right."

Of course he was annoyed; and his leopard eye, spotted round the iris with varying hues, between staring yellow and dusky brown, betokened the feeling. With the mistress he did not fear an interview; indeed, he rather wished it; but it was otherwise with Eleanor. The discovery would

assuredly lead to her dismissal, and open a broad avenue for calumny, in which her name and virtues would be torn to pieces with as little concern as an old guard-report, or a paper on ethnology at a cheesemonger's shop.

If ingenuity and energy were of any avail, he was determined to save her. To the window he flew. One thought was enough to make it evident that a leap below would savour very much of insanity. It would break his head or his leg, or roll him up, shattered and powerless, on the pavement. Discovery then would be certain—the worse for an attempt to evade it—and scandal would rankle with a barbed tooth, overwhelming poor Eleanor with disgrace. Still, something must be done. There was no time for further reflection, and so he relied on the creative instinct of the moment to clear himself and Miss Beautiful from a delicate difficulty.

But Jack was not a man to dispense with civilities, even in a crisis. To pay all due regard to the fair sex he was scrupulous. Under the circumstances, very likely, she wished him at Jericho. She could not understand his coolness. If not intended to brazen a disagreeable interview, it was, according to her notion of it, something superhuman. With a pulse unexcited, a face unflushed, and a head undisturbed, he approached her. Smiling, as if nothing were apprehended, although he could distinctly hear a light foot picking its way along the passage, he quietly took Eleanor's hand, bade her "good-night"—stealing a little kiss for encouragement—and disappeared through the window, springing, like a squirrel, into the fruit-tree. The next instant he had his pockets filled with pears; and, dropping below as gently as a falling leaf, was just free of the grounds when Eleanor's door was violently opened, and the mistress stalked into the room.

How amazed she was, after searching every nook and corner of the chamber, to find that her maid was its only tenant.

No trace of a third party being visible, Eleanor stood before her mistress in the collected stateliness of wounded integrity, even rebuking her for fostering suspicions reflecting on her innocence.

How she fared after, tradition has not divulged.

We shall now follow Jack to his lodgings. His landlady

was a fastidious crone, over sixty years of age, sporting a cilicious growth on her upper lip and chin, in detached, grizzly hairs, sticking out at depressed angles from the roots, like the prongs of a garden-rake. A fellow at one time believing she had money, promised to marry her, but not being able exactly to stomach the moustache and beard, put off the nuptials, day by day, on various flimsy pretexts, assigning as the final one that, taking a spinster, in a condition so positively masculine, would subject him to no end of expense in furnishing for her toilet the unfeminine essentials of tweezers and razors. Well, Mrs. Bristles, who, but for this unfavorable turn in her fortunes would not have been a lodging-house keeper, finding that Jack had imprudently remained out beyond the hour at which it was convenient for so morally discreet a woman to wait for his return, fastened his window, locked, bolted, and chained the entrance door, and retired for the night to prayers and rest.

Reaching home at last, Jack was not surprised to perceive, that, treated as a scamp, the house was closed against him. The old lady was tucked up in bed, and, if his auricular organs were not at fault, he heard some low-pitched noises, chopped and broken at intervals, as if struggling through narrow tubes, choked up with the *débris* of a habit she had acquired, since the expected marriage had been quashed, that convinced him she was slumbering soundly. To disturb her was not his intention, considering it cruel to shorten by one breath a sleep so deep and vigorous. Nor did he intend to impose on himself the severities of a bivouac with a coverlet above him too high in the heavens to keep him warm. Still, had he had pears enough and a few cigars, he would have submitted stoically to the hardship.

As all the doors and windows were secured from within, it was not easy to see how he could escape a snooze on the door-step. Steeple Jack, however, could see farther than most people. In a predicament of this nature, he always appeared to advantage. Impracticabilities to others were trifles to him, for he had the faculty of grasping, at sight almost, the ins and outs of a difficulty, and of analysing the ways and means of mastering it. In fact, had he not been a man of unimpeachable probity, he would have made a successful burglar. A clerk by practice, he invariably carried a penknife; a plumber by trade, he knew more ways of using

the knife than mending pens and peeling pears. It was an old-fashioned window upon which he had to operate—a small, rattling casement, with quaint mouldings and grotesque heads —picturesque as a relic of ancient cottage architecture, but a devilish bad one to keep out the wind. Dexterously opening a vein of lead, by which the latticed panes were held in chequered connexion, he removed one of the diamonds from the sash. Through the aperture he inserted a couple of fingers, turned the iron catch (formed like the tiller of a corvette), and, swinging the window back on its old hinges, vaulted into his domicile. All else was easily accomplished. The quarry-pane was carefully replaced, the window re-hasped, and, in a few minutes, Steeple Jack was in bed, joining the landlady (though in a separate room) in a boisterous nasal duet.

Next morning early, the landlady went into Jack's room on business. Seeing him in bed, she started; the bristles on her lip erected themselves, and her old visage, furrowed by the ravages of sixty winters, looked calcined and bilious. Could she believe her eyes?—Scarcely. There he was, just awaking from a refreshing sleep, as if he had not lost a wink of his usual eight hours' repose, and there was nothing in his conduct to occasion the slightest astonishment. She was not, however, to be driven from the evidence of her own senses by Jack's staid appearance of innocence. But how could he have entered? He had no key, and even if he had, it was impossible he could have used it, for her own was in the keyhole inside, turned in the lock. The window, too, was fastened, she was sure of that; and there was no chimney or other opening in the apartment, except a few rat-holes (very common in old houses), through which even a weazel could have squeezed itself. A glance round the room convinced her that everything remained in precisely the same state she had left it over night. All this puzzled her. Many strange incidents she had witnessed during her sixty winters, none baffling her like this. She begged Mr. W—— to unravel the mystery, calling it singularly clever and wondrously curious; but Jack evaded the explanation in courteous pleasantries. Not the slightest inkling of the secret could she exact from the amusing man; and so the disappointed crone, more than ever persuaded that some dark influence had given him a power not common to mortals,

was forced to content herself with the disagreeable conviction that her lodger, if not an evil genius, was a near relation to the grim majesty of the nether world, with whom, (that is, with Jack,) it was prudent, for her own sake, to keep on the best terms.

And she did keep on excellent terms with the steeple-climber, till he was removed for mountain or steeple duty to another locality.

WORTH OF A FORAGING-CAP.—In the same year, one Sunday afternoon, Jack was returning from Yarmouth to Norwich, in a steamer that plied between those towns. When some ten miles from the city, an ill-tempered gust suddenly springing up blew his cap into the stream. Its place could have been promptly supplied by a handkerchief, turbaned above his ginger-coloured brows. Entertaining, however, a justifiable detestation to any picnic expedient, he would sooner have taken the chance of a *coup de soleil* than appealed for cerebral protection to so chicken-hearted a device. Besides, he had no idea of allowing any of his property to walk off in that unceremonious way with impunity. So off went his boots and jacket; and before the people on board had time to remonstrate with him against risking a peril so ridiculously disproportionate to the object sought to be attained by it, he plunged over the bulwarks into the spray.

"A man overboard! Help! who'll jump into the river to rescue him?" cried some excited males, unaware of Jack's voluntary immolation.

Every countenance seemed to say—"Don't you wish you may get it?"

"A little spark may, perhaps, be hid?"

"He's in the right element to quench it then."

"Who is he that 'll save a life from death?"

Who, indeed!

There wasn't a man who had the ambition to merit, by an effort of daring, the gift of a silver medal and a vellum certificate (signed by the Duke of Northumberland), from the royal humane society.

Well was it that the sacrifice was unnecessary.

Many of the passengers rushed wildly about the deck,

saddened by misgivings that the soldier would drown; others simply gazed, as they would at a boat race, to see how the affair would end; the gentler sex gave him their tears and sympathies, while a few of the more solid sort—men who had formed a high opinion of Jack's resolution and vigour —looked on with passive admiration at his imposing but reckless intrepidity.

"He'll not hurt," exclaimed Milesian Ned, who had just collected his comrade's traps. "Why, that man," proceeded he, to allay the prevalent alarm, "wouldn't fear the Styx itself if it came in his way. He's as fond of water as a widgeon; and if need be, can swim without danger from Shipdam to the German Ocean."

Whether Jack was as capable of as much exertion as his hyperbolical friend boasted, may well be questioned. I don't think a soul on board believed it, nor did Milesian Ned expect it. For *this* adventure, however, Jack was decidedly equal. Presently his terrier-like head appeared above the foam. Away went his arms in manly strokes; away went he in the strength of fearless endeavour, and so did the steamer. In a minute or less his cap was recovered, and grasping it within his teeth, he shot away for the shore, followed by the frantic cheers and bravoes of the passengers.

Jack did not like demonstrative flattery in any shape. The public would cheer any character, from a hangman to the premier, or any stupid act, as this one proved; but he thought it extremely hard that a fellow could not take a little recreation to himself, without being shouted at as if he were a showman.

In the evening he reached Norwich. When Milesian Ned found him, he was sleeping on a form, going through a round of aquatic evolutions, doubtlessly dreaming he was still in the Yare, swimming after his foraging-cap.

HE WOULD HAVE HER—BREECHES AND ALL.

RAEGOOD fell in love with a nice young girl at Lymington. Stationed at Hurst Castle, he had to walk many miles to see her. To repeat the journey daily, however, he felt it no trouble; and the young minx, fond of a scarlet coat, good looks, and a manly figure, rewarded his earnestness by accepting him as a suitor, against all comers.

While deep in his attention to her (and there was every reason for it, if a graceful form, a fair peach-blossom countenance, teazing ringlets, and the capacity to make a suet pudding, and wash a shirt were worth anything), he was suddenly ordered to head-quarters to embark for a remote colony. The time for preparation was so short, he could not even bid her "good-bye." There was no help for it, and Raegood rattled away to Woolwich, as if the ship were only waiting his arrival to weigh anchor and sail.

Reaching head-quarters, he was agreeably surprised to find that the vessel to receive him had not even been named. Raegood breathed again, for he was in a state of vapour before. Prompt in energy, he at once arranged for publishing the banns the ensuing Sunday, and then wrote to Lizziel, detailing the occasion of his removal, the chances of his detention, and the necessity for settling at once the end of their intimacy.

In dignified suspense, Raegood waited her determination. There were reasons why she should not accept the proposal. A long voyage before her, pent up in a small berth; a honeymoon at sea; torturing sickness from a rolling ship, and the smell of rum, tar, and rope; expatriation to a distant shore among strangers and ferocious goldfinders; and the uncertain future. But she was too deeply implicated by her feelings, her preference, and her hopes, to allow difficulties of this nature to interfere with her purposes; and Lizziel, with as much affection as magnanimity, gave a modest yet unhesitating consent.

She had a mistress, a venerable lady of exquisite notions and pride, who possessed all the artificial accomplishments of her sex, from high-heeled boots to a set of beautifully-manufactured teeth, and suffered all sorts of feminine maladies, from simple hysterics to raging tic-douloureux. Her temper was changeable, displaying itself in cross moods independently of visible causes—calm now, fiery then.

"Please, ma'am," said Lizziel, blushing, having been called in after tapping at the drawing-room door, "I wish to speak to you."

"What about, Lizziel?"

"Why, ma'am—you see—I want, if you have no objection, to give warning, ma'am."

"What! to leave me—after living in my service so many years? Impossible! Where are you going?"

"Nowhere particular," said Lizziel, lifting up the end of her silk apron, just large enough to cover a tea-caddy, and plucking nervously at the corner. "Indeed, ma'am," added she, mustering up her scattered courage, and averting her head, "I'm going to be married, ma'am."

"Married! It's the last thing I should have thought of you. Still, I hope your choice is a good one."

"I hope it is."

"When are you to be married?"

"In three weeks, ma'am."

"Oh, very well. I can have no objection, although in doing so, you behave to me with disgusting ingratitude;" and the venerable lady just then was attacked with a pleuritic shoot in her left side. "Yes, yes," she continued, scarcely aware of what she was saying, "you may leave at once if you like, for it will be an easy matter to supply the place of an inconsiderate girl."

"It would, I am sure, inconvenience you, ma'am, were I to leave now. If it will suit your pleasure, I will remain in your service till the time I have named expires."

The lady, seized with a fit of coughing, could not make an intelligible reply, and Lizziel, under cover of the paroxysms, bowed herself out, happy that she had escaped without violence.

Three weeks ran away quickly enough; and Racgood, having completed his nuptial arrangements, gave final instructions for Lizziel's guidance in repairing to Woolwich.

Meanwhile, the old lady repented of her acquiescence, and dared Lizziel to quit under a legal month.

"But, ma'am," said Lizziel, calmly, "you agreed to my leaving at three weeks."

"No such thing," screamed the mistress, hysterically.

"If you'll take time to recollect, ma'am, you'll find you did. Indeed, ma'am, I must leave *to-day*," persisted Lizziel, seeing it would not do to be trifled with.

"You shall not."

"By law I can do so by relinquishing my wages, which I willingly give up to you, ma'am."

"To me! To some poor-box, perhaps, for *you* shan't have them. If it's law you want, I'll show you what it is. If you *attempt* to leave, mark me well, it shall be in the custody of a policeman."

Lizziel now began to think there was no law that could serve her in her extremity; and the threat of committing her to the rude mercies of a policeman, was more than she had courage to question. It was useless to reason with a choleric old dame, and so Lizziel, too accessible to fear, caught the door in her hand, and passed without remonstrance into her room.

What was to be done? She could not stir; the law bound her hand and foot for a month; and despairing of fulfilling her promise, she reluctantly informed her lover that their union was impracticable.

Raegood was not without strength of mind and firmness of purpose. He wrote to her immediately, bidding her bear on for a few more hours, when he would come himself to assist her in braving the trial. Away went Raegood by a fast train to Portsmouth, where, seeing an ancient beau of an officer, possessing all the juvenility of youth, except that a few long grizzly hairs straggled from beneath the brim of a neat hat, and danced about his ears and coat-collar with every puff of wind, he thought it prudent, being in plain clothes, to tender him the military salute..

The general acknowledged the compliment gracefully, and both approached.

"Where did we meet before?" asked the general, smiling, and showing a set of incomparable ivories, not the least indebted for their regularity and whiteness to dental science.

"I'm sergeant Raegood, sir."

"Really; I'm glad to see you;" for the general was proverbially polite. "But why," added he, "are you dressed in plain clothes? This is not *exactly* correct, you know."

And Raegood gave a full, true, and particular account of the occasion of his secret visit.

"Ha! ha!" cried the ancient beau, laughing heartily; "that's capital. Ha! ha! you've done very right—very right. If you want any assistance, only let me know, and I shall be glad to give you a helping hand."

No doubt of it! No officer in the British army, be he old or young, would have entered into an affair of the kind more knightly than he, and have tried his best to gain, for himself, at least, the larger share of the lady's affection and favor.

His service, however, was not needed.

Rapid conveyances took Raegood to Lymington, when the night had fallen blackly over the town; and racing off to the abode of the venerable lady, arrived there at the hour when she had retired to rest. Instantly he commenced operations. Lizziel's things were soon packed, her boxes locked, corded, and removed; and the bride-elect, disguised for escape, was spirited away without noise or alarm, while the exquisite dame was snoring away her day's fatigue and a thousand pains beside, in sleep.

We shall not stop to notice the ramifications of the lady's surprise on awaking next morning to find that her bedroom-bell was kept in a perpetual state of oscillation to no purpose. Ring-ring-ting-a-ling-a-ling! Devil the Lizziel was there to supply her with hot coffee and lace her bodice, &c., &c. Out rushed the lady from a bed she ought, according to custom, to have pressed for three hours longer, and robing herself in a morning dress of surpassing richness, and covering her feet with a pair of slippers that cost sixpence a stitch, she searched the house, and was horrified to learn that her faithful maid had quitted her roof for ever.

Next day, the bridal couple reached Woolwich. Raegood at once waited on the rector, who, good soul, consented to ratify their wish next morning. At the appointed hour the parties appeared in the parish church, Raegood with his knapsack on and musket in hand; and the blushing inamorata, dispensing with orange-blossoms, nuptial bouquet,

and virgin veil, presented herself in stern travelling costume. A few ticks after eight o'clock the twin souls were husband and wife.

Hardly had the rector given his blessing to the couple, when poor Pennycook, who afterwards fell in the Crimea, threw his massive arms around the fair neck of the new wife, and nearly breaking her neck and smashing her duck of a bonnet, in his robust ardour, gave her a kiss that might have been heard in echoes wandering up and down the aisles, and simpering among the recesses and pipes of old mother Withers' organ.

"Why did you do that, Pennycook?" said I, red with shame.

"To prevent you doin' it," said he, smiling.

A bystander told me it was usual to take advantage of the husband, and cheat him, if possible, of the first kiss.

At such an intimation I could only be silent, though I felt that the practice was as unchaste as indecorous.

While in the vestry, contemplating the hymeneal but martial scene, the rector made many kind inquiries of the couple about the arrangements they had made for the journey by sea, and expressed a hope that the lady had her *trousseau* ready.

"Trowsers?" whispered Pennycook, with a dash of humorous astonishment in his countenance, thinking it very strange that a clergyman should make allusion to the bride's inexpressibles. "Oh, yes, sir," added he, with a sly wink, "*it's all right, sir; she has them on!*"

The registry being duly signed, the happy couple shot from the church, and in ten minutes they were on shipboard, under weigh for the colony of Victoria.

A RUM DOCTOR.

SLASHING JIM and Bill Martel formed two of the Niger expedition in 1841. When the fever set in, they were in the river Tchadda, at the foot of the Cong Mountains. Like a great number more, Jim was attacked with the malady, and no hopes were entertained of his recovery.

"Bill," said he to Martel, putting on a most pitiful face, "it's all up with me; I can't last through the night. As I haven't time to make a will, I must settle my earthly concerns at once. Here's eighteen dollars. Should I die first, they are yours; should you die after, give them to some one else."

The stocking which contained the hoard was accordingly delivered to Martel, who tied it round his waist, inside his girdle. Bill then helped the sufferer into his hammock, and the Slasher, in acknowledgment of his kindness, held out his fevered hand, and grasping the friendly fist of his comrade, bade him an everlasting "good-bye."

"Come, Jimmy," returned Martel, with the smallest possible tear in his eye, "don't go on in this way. If you are to croak, croak game to the last."

Slashing Jim said nothing, as the exertion of speaking was painful; and Martel retired to manufacture a solacing drink for the dying man. It was a regular stiff dose of rum, with a little water admixed, to mollify the fire of the spirit.

"Here, Jimmy," said Martel, on returning; "take this, my hearty; if it won't do you any good, it'll make you slip your wind quite easy. Drink it, an' I'll say grace."

Jimmy took the tot, never yielding it till the last drain was in his mouth. Then stretching himself in his hammock, he muttered his thanks, while the liquor still rattled in his throat; and Martel left him, expecting next morning to behold the ghost of his comrade.

When the following day had fairly broken, Martel went to see the Slasher's corpse, and to perform the last sad offices

to his remains! but, to Bill's amazement, Jimmy was backing out of the hammock with an alacrity very different to what he exhibited when getting into it. The moment his feet reached the deck, and his eyes, unobstructed by canvas and lashings, fell on the doctor, the Slasher rushed up to him, and shook him by the hand, as though the strength of the entire ship's company was concentrated in his grasp.

"How are you? how are you, my boy?" asked Jimmy, running over with joy.

"How are *you?* glad to see you again," said Martel, warmly.

"Ah, Bill!" said the Slasher. "I cannot tell you what I've suffered."

"That I b'lieve," interrupted Bill, "for you were too drunk."

"Never mind," returned Jimmy. "Here I am, well an' hearty, not a croaker, as I expected. All is due to that rum o' yourn, an' 'the grace afore meat.' Now to business, Bill. I always like to pint the bricks when the mortar's dry." (Jimmy was a bricklayer.) "You know our agreement about the dollars?"

"Sartinly," said Martel, rummaging in the folds of his flannel-shirt.

"Fork them out, then," returned the Slasher, playfully.

"With ever so much pleasure. There they are," said Martel, handing the heavy stocking to the owner. "And although that pint o' Jamaica that saved your life has cheated me of eighteen dollars, I wish the transfer was a sackful o' gold, and you had the generosity to share it with me."

"Thankee, Bill," said the Slasher, hitching his trowsers with the healthiness of a thorough seaman. "A comrade's like a friend—seldom found. *I* have found one, I'm proud to say, an' I trust to be as generous as you expect."

"I expect noth'in'."

"And I don't intend to give anythin'."

"That's as it should be. Among comrades everything's in common."

"No doubt of it."

"I hope you'll always be of the same mind," said Martel. "You see," added he, with a moralizing air, "there's virtue in rum. It was hit or miss with you. But don't let's abuse it."

"I never do," interrupted Slashing Jimmy. (What a crammer! he was a confirmed swill-tub, and Martel was even worse.)

"It's worthy of better treatment," continued Martel; "an' when one of them thin-faced water-drinkers speaks against its *proper* use (sober men like us never take more than is necessary to make us go through our duties an' hardships), throw your case, Jimmy, in his teeth, which will break them, if he's any; an' ask him if hever he knew a dead man brought to life by drinking a pint o' water?"

A FREAK IN THE BELFRY.—The good people of St. Paul's in Halifax, Nova Scotia, were one Sunday morning interrupted in their devotions by an unusual freak. In the heart of the service the bells tolled with a dissonant jangle, that set both priest and congregation aghast. Some of the worshippers, more valorous than the rest, and not afraid of ghosts, rushed with zealous steps to the belfry to ascertain the cause of the alarm, when, instead of seeing a surpliced sprite, or some stupid migratory owl capsizing the bells, they discovered a wild fellow named Peter Child, in a state of drunken delirium, with pipes, tobacco, matches, and an empty gin-bottle, strewn at his feet, and tugging, with fierce irregularity, at the "clew garnets," as he termed the bell ropes.

Too far gone to resist the violence of a strong force of incensed churchmen, he was easily captured, and on being carried along the aisles of the sacred edifice into the street, he sang in joyous uproar, to the great horror of the assembled parish, the cries of London.

As may be expected, his iniquitous recreation was followed by a court-martial; and soon after, he was discharged from the corps as unworthy to remain in its ranks.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In 1847, two privates, named M'Kinhar and Bruson, were employed piling and observing with a ten-inch theodolite at Easdale in the Hebrides. One of the chief desidera of the survey was to fix in the triangulation the islands and islets with which the sound of Jura is dotted. The duty was undertaken for Admiralty purposes, and it was well, the service being intricate and dangerous, that two fearless fellows were selected for it.

For some days the weather had been so tempestuous, no small boat would attempt the sound; nevertheless, M'Kinhar, the older soldier of the two, engaged a craft in which to try his fortune. Taking advantage of the first lull in the storm, he and his Scotch comrade pushed off in a swelling sea for Sheep Island, where, on reaching it, they left the boat in what they considered a cozy little creek.

The object of their visit to the island was to build a pile, to be used as a point in some future triangulation. Material for its erection being scarce, they had to wander in quest of it, while a driving wind threatened to blow them into the sound. At last they completed the cairn, returning to the creek, where they found the boat, overtaken by the flood-tide, aloft on a breaker, and then, as the wave furiously unfolded itself, dashed on the beach.

The blow was a severe one. From head to stern the timbers of the shallop were strained, and water spurted into it, as from a hundred jets. A night of exposure was before the comrades if they allowed the frail thing to remain, unattended, subject to the phrensy of the sea and wind. That would not answer, so up they drew it, high and dry, on the beach, and baled out the water.

About an hour after there was another lull, with less altitude in the waves, and less roar and spray. Delay was a condition of indolence they could not brook; dread they understood as a sentiment but not as a feeling; and discretion, under the circumstances, they regarded as a refined substitute

for hesitation. Putting their heads and wits together, the comrades calculated that by a full surrender of their energies they would take the beach at Easdale before the boat should become unmanageable. No sooner had they formed this delusive opinion than they pushed into the sound, jumping into the boat as it slid into deep water. But their exertions were useless; they tugged at the oars in vain. Again the jets were at work, pouring in such a volume of water that, disguise it as they would, it was too evident, if the enterprise were persisted in, the boat would founder and its crew drown. Prudently they put back to the creek to renew the baling and see what else could be done to stop the leaks.

To provide even a shred for the exigency the island was too barren. The shore was as clear of odds and ends and waifs and strays as if it had been raked with a harrow. Did this appal the sappers? No. They were ingenious fellows, reflective and calm, turning features of misfortune into themes for jest and amusement. M'Kinhar hit on an expedient almost intuitively. It seemed to follow the baling-out process as a sequence by rule. The painter being comparatively useless, he set to work to untwist its strands and tease it into oakum. The rope was so old it was like iron. Bruson was somewhat astonished to see the readiness with which M'Kinhar applied himself to this toilsome bit of industry; but his surprise merged into humour when he learned the source whence his comrade was indebted for his proficiency.

It appeared that M'Kinhar had, once in his life, been on a compulsory visit of six weeks to a well-conducted establishment not a hundred miles from Vauxhall Bridge. Though not with friends, he was cared for by officials, well paid for seeing that he shared the entertainments and hospitalities of the institution. He had his seasons for exercise, and his hours for recreation. The former was confined to stretching his limbs in a walled enclosure, by which he was not likely to break his neck through rolling down steep slopes or tumbling over precipices; the latter had but little variety in it beyond breaking stones and picking oakum—not very delightful or intellectual, it must be admitted, but certainly useful. It was his mischance to be sent there for what he pleasantly termed a soldier's crime, or, rather, the venial delinquency of a non-approved recruit—that is, for merely marching from Woolwich to Liverpool, a distance of two

hundred and twenty-one miles, in seven days, without a route or pass, and afterwards (yielding to the dictates of his free will) preferring to enjoy the country, till, provided with a war-office passport, an armed escort, and a pair of pinion bracelets, of no value intrinsically, but wonderfully secure, he was marched a prisoner to Woolwich.

To his credit, however, it should be added, that in after service he outset this indiscretion by becoming a solid man and a good non-commissioned officer, combining with his scientific pursuits, when leisure permitted, the foible of weaving recruiting ballads, to inspire the languid chivalry of our industrial populations. A specimen of his talent in this line, taken from ten verses of a song, entitled "Advice to Young Men," is given here:—

"Mechanic youth of every grade,
Of ev'ry rank and station,
No longer mourn the dearth of trade,
The failure in the nation.
All lamentations are in vain,
To better your condition;
So then take heart and join the queen,
You'll never rue your mission.
Then rouse, my lads, declare no more
You'll trust misfortune's capers,
But join that scientific corps—
The honour'd royal sappers.

"You think it hard to leave your home,
Friend, parent, and relation;
The world wide some years to roam
In such a situation.
But that which I now recommend,
Though but a recreation,
Will stand your *bonâ fide* friend
In time of tribulation.
Then rouse, &c.

"How many thousands yearly sail
Across the briny ocean;
And brave the stern destructive gale
In quest of vague promotion.
Their native home to see no more,
They land forlorn, dejected,
On South Australia's bleak parch'd shore,
Houseless and unprotected.
Then rouse, &c."

These are the first three verses; now for the last:—

"No doubt you will be taught to fight,
In case of an invasion;
And where's the dastard coward wight,
Would shrink from the occasion?

A course of mathematics too,
Plan-drawing, and surveying;
With this brief maxim, then, adieu,
'There's danger in delaying.'
Then rouse, &c."

There is at least heartiness in the stanzas, if nothing else. M'Kinhar professed to be a land-measurer, not a poet. He could make you jingling rhymes to any length, but he could not measure the lines by Gunter's chain or the strict rules of metrical quantity. Had he shown contempt for the Old Bailey strophe, and cultivated a higher mode of versification (the Anacreontic, for instance, for his matter is of the jovial kind, though not Bacchanalian), he might have given effusions that would have done him honor, instead of inferior pieces, evincing an irregular plenitude of expression, smelling rankly of Seven Dials. Still the will must be taken for the deed. The service he at first despised and abandoned, till re-drawn to it, not "by the cords of love," but the handcuffs of justice had so improved on acquaintance, that, as the above Iambics will show, he became its champion. The "advice" was printed in 1842, gaining no little *éclat* for its author. Yet it is no disparagement to the ballad to say that, it never impressed young men with anything like the force that the bounty did. Money, as we all know, is the great axis on which reckless minds revolve. A kit and an outfit for nothing certainly lubricates the pivot, assisting the wheel in its gyrations; but martial poetry (and such poetry!) possesses only a negative influence.

The lesson learned by M'Kinhar in the comfortable establishment before spoken of, became in his emergency of first-rate importance. The painter was quickly reduced to a bundle of tow, and the strained timbers were caulked with it. Roughly as the job was done, from the want of instruments to cram the oakum into the seams, they had no doubt it was efficiently accomplished.

Thus satisfied, the fearless comrades, merry as bees in a cluster of honeysuckles, once more ventured to sea in the teeth of wind and tide, struggling manfully and perspiring copiously, to make head against both elements. At one moment they reeled in a trough, then balanced on a wave, from whence they pitched into another yawning hollow, and mounted the next wave, finding, as they proceeded, the crests higher, the furrows deeper—even baring the sunken rocks to their bases. This was no light enterprise. The

boat was knocked about like a basket, and the leaks were renewed. Already there was water enough into it to serve the requirements of an aquarium; the billows were rolling with cloudlike tops fiercely towards the beach, and the voyagers could scarcely keep their seats. Do you think they would give up? Not they. Like brave seamen they added stroke to stroke, urging themselves onwards with useless might, enjoying the exertion and smiling at danger; but presently, unity of action was at an end; one of the oars snapped, like a clap of weak thunder, capsizing the *employé* into the bilge below, and putting the other *hors de combat.* The break was so sudden, the boat seemed to quiver with the shock. A heavy sea then drove it towards shore; and another, following up the attack, viciously curled over the gunwale, and sank the craft.

What then? They floundered a few seconds in shallow depths; scrambled, amid the breakers, to shore; and, as soon as the tide had fallen, emptied the water from the boat, and beached it.

It was now night. The islet was a dreary, treeless, trackless spot, without a hovel in which to find shelter, or an inhabitant to cheer it. Not to have won to its pastures one gloomy member of the human family to cultivate its capabilities, and reign as its lord, sufficiently attests its wild and miserable aspect and character. The eagle scorned it, and less majestic birds only visited its rocks to rest their fatigued wings and fly off again. On such a spot our friends were wrecked, with the prospect before them of a long night of exposure to storm and cold. Finding the soft or weather side of a rock, they sat down under its overhanging brow, looking wistfully towards Easdale—distant upwards of a mile—to catch the first glimpse of a light and of succour.

As may be supposed, all Easdale was concerned about the missing adventurers. M'Kinhar's wife, nearly frantic, sought the mariner from whom the boat was hired to inquire about their absence. He, too, was alarmed for the safety of his punt, and resolved to go in search of it. M'Kinhar's wife also determined to go. Inspired by fright, her courage was equal to any peril. Under different circumstances, she would have shrunk from it with horror. It was now eleven o'clock, dark and breezy. No matter; the passage to Sheep Island must be essayed at any cost. Everything being ready, the old man jumped into his cockle-shell, leading the intrepid

woman to a seat at the stern-sheets; and then, illuminating the prow with a lantern, as a beacon to the wanderers, pulled away with antique power undiminished by the wear and tear of years. He was a capital sailor; knew his bearings well, knew the eccentricities of the tide, and how to bother and baffle the wind. At last he reached the island, and, guided by the shouts of the comrades, pushed the head of his boat ashore.

At their release, the joy of M'Kinhar and Bruson was great, but the exultation of the wife was greater. From a roofless retreat the hapless Sindbads emerged cold, shivering, and hungry. Never did a wife take a husband's arm with more affectionate ardour, nor a seaman, now that his boat was safe, welcome the unfortunate pile-builders with more sterling satisfaction.

"Take your places, gentlemen," said he, "and be steady. Leave the rest to me, and we are safe."

Away he bore his freight, trusting no hand to the oar but his own, and he rowed the party into Easdale beautifully. It was natural that he should regard this humane service as an achievement. His pride, indeed, was equal to that of his ancestors, who had rescued "the wife of Duart" from a rock in the sound (invariably covered at high water), and saved her from perishing. Fair Ellen of Lorn was the castaway; and, to mark the event of her deliverance, the pinnacle on which she waited her fate still bears the name of the Lady-rock.

But what has "Ellen of Lorn" to do with the supper-castaways? Nothing whatever. In relating the incident, M'Kinhar simply alluded to the fair lady, from an emotion, no doubt, of pardonable pride; and if, in drawing an inferential parallel between his own robust sufferings and the romantic perils of "the wife of Duart," he fancied, possibly, as "fair Ellen" had a rock set apart to immortalize her rescue, the "partners in distress" might have Sheep Island wholly identified with theirs, the feeling (a *remarkably* modest one) should not be spurned as ridiculous, but pitied as an excess of ordinary ambition. To re-name the island would, perhaps, be considered too much of a good thing: so it would. Yet, it would be an interesting concession to the adventurers (if it could be managed without doing violence to our atlases), to indicate on future maps the spot, on the "soft or weather side" of the rock, where they havened themselves, waiting *sheepishly*, with watery eyes, for pro-

tection from Easdale. The "sappers' shelter," or something of the sort, would do the thing very prettily, and not only give to that bleak, uninhabited tract in the Hebrides, a charm, at least, on paper, but wonderfully *surprise* the comrades.

Who knows but that this very delicate hint may be of service to the royal geographical society? If it does not, why—any one may take an affidavit, that the pile-builders will be neither disappointed nor concerned.

PENALTY FOR NOT SPEAKING ENGLISH.—At a village about twelve miles from Paris, private Burns met a Frenchman in 1815, with whom he tried to converse. Irritated because the foreigner could not understand him, he drew his short sword, looked grimly at mounseer, and desired him to deliver up his shirt as a penalty for being dense-headed.

"Vish you say? dis?" said the Frenchman, taking out his watch.

"No," shouted the sapper. "Put it in yer pocket again. D'ye think I want to rob ye? It's yer shirt I want."

"Dis?" inquired the Frenchman, tugging at the lappels of his coat with a shrug of the shoulders that sank his head into his breast like a tortoise into its shell. "Me shacket?"

"No, stupid, your shirt! Don't I spake loud enough for you? Come, aff with it at wanst, or I'll be th' death o' ye. D'ye see this?" added Burns, showing the shivering Gaul the point of his rusty sword. "If ye don't give up that shirt o' yourn in a twinklin', you shall have the length of it through your——" sanguinary viscera. (Burns made use of a most inelegant expression, the meaning of which is supplied by the refined words substituted for it—taken, after a careful search, from Knowles' Dictionary; edition of 1837.)

It was of no use. The Frenchman could not understand; and in his anxiety to save the plunge through his bowels, which, with an intuitive perception, he apprehended was sure to be his portion, he offered everything about his person, except his shirt, to that arrant Irishman, in the vain hope of satisfying his demand.

"So you won't give it up, aye? French or English seems all the same to you; and as you can't comestand aither, I'll see if I can't give you a practical difinition ov me wishes."

Here Burns took hold of the Frenchman's under-linen, and pulled it till the tail of it appeared above the waistbands of his breeches.

"This is your shirt. Aff wid it, an' let's have no more o' yer confounded nonsense."

Mounseer, all meekness and obedience, stripped at the instant, and taking off the garment, handed it to the desperado.

Without any more bother, Burns sheathed his sword, and walked off with the full-frilled shirt.

Sergeant Creighton, who saw the whole affair from a distance, went out to meet Burns; and, on escorting him back to the scene of his exploit, made him beg the Frenchman's pardon and return the captured shirt.

It was not long before Burns came again in contact with the mild Gaul; and, after going through a few motions of the sword-exercise, particularly the third point, which had the old design on the Frenchman's tripes, Burns retook the shirt, simply out of revenge, he said, for the humility he had been subjected to in being compelled to ask a Frenchman's forgiveness; and for months after, exhibited the full-frilled trophy in his kit.

EFFRONTERY.—Davy Taylor once wrote a stiff report against Sandy Lauder, for some dereliction of duty, and exposed it on lieutenant Mallock's desk, so that it should receive his early attention when he arrived.

Sandy, suspecting that something was in the wind, paid a visit to the desk before his officer, and seeing the complaint, coolly read it, and threw it into the fire.

"What did you do that for?" inquired Taylor, popping into the office as the report was rushing up the chimney in flames.

"Oot, mon," replied Sandy, "it didna desairve ony better treatment. To mak' sic a complent agin a comrade ye dinna ken what yer aboot. Leevtenant Mallock wad a ruin'd me for 't. But it's done noo, an' there's an end o't."

So there was: for Taylor, driven from his resolution by Sandy's inimitable composure, not only permitted the subversion of his authority, but suffered the defaulter to escape with impunity the deserved consequence of his crime.

TOO BAD TO BE FLOGGED.

Tom Foot had served in many a fight and many a capture in the West Indies, and at last stood on parade in the full-blown consequence of a corporal. It was a wonder he ever succeeded in obtaining the grade; but among abandoned men, whose career was passed in dissipation, he was regarded, though a drunkard, as a model of uprightness. For a while he bore his elevation pretty well; his badges were the yellowest and his breeches the whitest in St. Anns; but, in time, his neatness and cleanliness departed, and his excesses becoming too constant to be screened, it was a virtue to reduce him to the ranks, which was done in June, 1808.

Two months had barely elapsed, during which he was drunk daily, when he received certain orders from lieutenant Bell, of the artillery, which he positively refused to execute. Repeatedly the orders were renewed with the same barren effect. Even this the adjutant might have borne; but when the soldier added insolence and mutinous expressions to disobedience, the subaltern was fairly driven to bring him to trial. In so serious a light was his conduct viewed, that a general court-martial was summoned to investigate it. Fifteen days the court sat; and though "Drunken Tom" bravely defended himself, he was found guilty of all the charges preferred against him, and sentenced to receive *one thousand lashes!*

Strange things were done in those days, and perhaps the strangest was the commutation of a sentence passed on one of the worst soldiers in the army, for other penalties disproportioned to the magnitude of his offences. It seems he was even *too bad* to be flogged. Any drummer, in fact, concerned in his punishment would have lost caste among his comrades. Hence the following remarks, as merciful as true, by the lieutenant-general commanding the troops at Barbadoes:—"Adverting," wrote he, "to the enormity of the offences, and the dissolute life in which the prisoner indulges; considering him lost to all those feelings of shame which admit

of contrition and amendment, he will not permit the drummers of the garrison to be employed in such a punishment! It is therefore done away; and the prisoner shall be kept in the strictest confinement, until an opportunity shall offer of sending him to Fort Duvernette, in the island of St. Vincent, where he is to be employed as a military artificer, under the directions of the stationary engineer, who will report his proceedings monthly. He shall not be suffered to have access to drinking wine or spirits, his allowance excepted, for which lieutenant-colonel M'Nair, commanding at that station, will give the strictest orders; and he is not to be allowed to infest the garrison of St. Anns by his presence whilst the lieutenant-general has the honor to command this army."

These superimposed restrictions were rigidly carried out. Drunken Tom was scarcely ever permitted to stroll beyond the battlements of the fort; and just one year after appearing before the court-martial, he called suddenly for his ration-rum, and, as if he could not quit his wretchedness without it, seized the tot, and greedily gulping the liquor, died miserably at Duvernette, befriended only by his devoted wife, who shared his disgrace and his exile.

A GOOD JUDGE OF FIRE-ARMS.—Admiral Bumpas, who had a knack of abusing everybody and everything except his constituents and cocked-hats, kicked up a row in the House, many sessions ago, about the inefficiency of the government muskets; observing, in the course of his speech, that had it been his good fortune to have had on board his ship a supply of arms such as a Ministry, alive to the true interests of the country, ought to have provided, he could have performed astonishing services in (say) Syria.

Some time after, a box of muskets, collected from the ship alluded to, the same as used by the admiral in a late great war, was addressed, for what purpose we do not know, to admiral Bumpas, who inspected its contents with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, not recognizing his old but well-abused friends. "These *are* something like muskets. With such arms as this splendid sample, I could have done wonders in Syria!"

TOO LATE.

QUIET Sarah received a letter from her husband, who was in prison, giving a pitiful account of his illness, and begging her best exertions to effect his release. He had twice deserted from the corps—the last time under aggravated circumstances; and to carry out his sentence of two years' imprisonment, with intervals of hard labour, he was incarcerated in Fort Clarence. His weakly constitution, undermined by intemperance, was not invigorated by the hard exercises of the prison; and though his spirit was averse to it, he was compelled, in time, to represent his inability to continue the disciplinary routine. It was easily seen he was not shirking, and when admitted into the infirmary he wrote to his wife.

She was a Nova Scotian woman was Sarah, young in years, but old in trouble. Three children were her portion; one in arms (born after the father had been consigned to the fort), a greedy little globe of humanity, that rolled in flesh and fat, and tore away at the breast from morning to night. The mother had a pleasing face, with a clear, open, hazel eye, but was as sallow as a squaw. Well-formed, of middle stature, not too heavy nor too slim, she came up to the idea of many a fancy; but when she moved away, the fascination of a first sight was in great part dispelled. This arose from her enormous feet, adapted to the region in which she was born. Broad, like American rackets, she could have travelled over miles of deep snow without the chance of sinking above her ankles. Her legs, in fact, seemed to rise from the bowels of two chubby infants; and though she tried to hide these abnormal adjuncts from the common gaze, there was always so much mismanagement in the make of her dresses, that not only were her extremities exposed, but critics of the human structure indulged in physiological remarks respecting these *lusus naturæ*.

But let that pass. She was in distress now. Hot tears

were streaming down her cheeks on the panting infant at her bosom, and she looked bewildered between fear and duty.

"It does not signerfy," said she to the woman who read the letter to her (she was unable to read herself); "I must git him out o' that there pris'n; an' I'll go to the orfiss at wanst about it."

"Do. That's right," returned the letter-reader. "They can't harm him nor touch you for it. You may succeed; more than fail you cannot."

This was encouragement. In a few seconds the timid wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and otherwise tidied herself, to appear neat and discreet. Taking with her the babe and her other two children, she waddled to the barracks.

She had friends in the office, who, knowing how exemplary had been her conduct, how secluded she had kept herself, how quiet and becoming had been her unavoidable intercourse with men, and how hard she had worked to support herself and family, soon gained her an interview with the commanding officer. As she entered, she dropped low; and the little demure things at her apron-strings, baring their little heads, looked sorrowfully.

"I've come, sir, if you please," said she, patting to sleep the restless initial in her arms, "to ask you will pard'n my husban'. He's bin near a year in pris'n, an' he's now very ill, sir. I'm a lone woman, sir, strugglin' through pain an' want, with three childer to maintain, without receivin' a penny piece from him to put a bite o' bread into their mouths. If you'll co'sider those things, an' give me back me husban', you'll show both on us mercy, an' make us pray for you as long as we live."

"Poor woman!" muttered the colonel, looking uneasily at the applicant and the two sallow pouting children, who stood as still as mice, with supplicating countenances. "What is your husband's name?"

"James Davison, sir."

"What was his crime?"

"I b'lieve it was desertion."

"How long was he away?"

"Too long, I think, sir, to allow his crime to be called 'abstence without leave.'"

"Ah! desertion! desertion! Dear me! Serious offence! very serious!"

"It was, sir."

"What was his sentence?"

"Eighteen month, sir."

"You see it was a grave offence. Well; I have no power myself to order the remission, but I'll see about it. He was a heartless man to bring punishment, not only on himself, but on you and these innocent little ones. He should have thought of this before, and not have left it to his wife to plead for him. I'll see about it. Yes—I'll see about it. That'll do, my good woman. Good-morning."

Quiet Sarah made another curtsy as she thanked the colonel, and then retired; the children preceding her, caps in hand, till the door closed them from the presence of authority. Here were manners in poverty and infancy. Too soon the children began to feel, at least, so they had been taught, they were at the mercy of some one for favor—even for existence.

A kind man was the colonel. Tears he could not bear to see, nor could he witness, unmoved, the distress of innocence or want in any form. He had known the pangs of severe wounds himself, and had borne himself forward with a stern heart in battle; yet, could feel keenly for suffering. He was not steeled against the emotions of sorrow, but met them with commiserating gentleness. It was the generous impulse of his nature which had closed the interview so abruptly.

As good as his word, he wrote and pleaded for the deserter; but there were official hindrances to a remission which the colonel's influence could not override; and so the poor fellow, daily growing worse, was retained a prisoner in the infirmary.

Davison heard the result. It was a heavy blow to him. His heart well-nigh burst with its heaving, and he turned over on his side, covering his shaven head and his dripping eyes in the bedclothes to soften his anguish. That past, he lay silently, meditating what next he should do to seek forgiveness. It took him the night to determine, swaying on his pillow—bewildered now—calm then—as the thought of success or failure was uppermost in his feeble mind. Whatever it should cost, he had resolved to write to his

commanding officer; and from a sick bed, with a trembling hand and a throbbing brain, he penned a touching appeal to his colonel, acknowledging the justice of his sentence, but imploring, in consideration of his long confinement, his wretched wife and family, and his broken health, an immediate liberation; if not to save his life, at least to enable him to see his partner and his children before the hour, which was approaching, would hurry him from them for ever. He pleaded like one writing from the mouth of an open grave.

The colonel received the letter. It moved him strangely. Not an instant did he lose in the petitioner's grave cause. There were appointed channels to go through, but in less than three weeks the remission was granted, and orders were despatched to release him.

In the following night the wife was troubled with harrowing dreams. She saw her husband struggle as if he were chained to an iron grating, fruitlessly struggling herself to cool his lips, and wipe the thick sweat from his brow. She saw him die, unmoved and unpitied; and when buried, thrown—unshrouded and barely coffined—into a scanty hole among the tread of men, whose heels, sinking into the soil, crushed the thin, unplaned board that was nailed over his remains. She heard the service read over him by a man in irons, with a husky voice and a murderous countenance; and heard the mourners, all in suits of gray, with cropped heads and yellow faces, talk glibly, and swear. Not one said "Amen;" all looked ferocious, and quitted the scene as if the solemnity had been a revel. At these revolting barbarities she shrieked, and lay wild in her thoughts till the morning.

As soon as it was prudent, she appeared at the office, where, telling her dream, she spoke of her apprehensions. It was well that news had arrived to offer her consolation. She was informed, that by this time, her husband was released, and in all probability was on his way home. For a few moments she was almost frantic with delight; but the dream, so unlike in its frightful details the care with which the sick prisoners were tended and the dead were disposed of, still interposing, checked her joy, and so clipped the pinions of her hope, that she hardly fluttered above despair.

While she still lingered about the office, as if unwilling to leave the place where her sinking spirit had been lifted up, an official letter arrived from Chatham. It was delivered to

the colonel, who, after reading its contents, looked thoughtfully on the grass-plot in front of his window. There were some melancholy lines on his old manly face, and a crystal exudation in the corner of his eye, which, spreading like a film over the orb, marred his vision, till the quick action of the lash dried up the moisture. Turning round, he handed the communication to his clerk, with an injunction that the tidings it contained should be made known to Mrs. Davison in such a way as not to bear her down with excess of feeling.

"Take care," he added impressively, as the sergeant was leaving, "that you open the intelligence to her gently. If you do it suddenly, and without preparation, it may kill her."

The colonel spoke mournfully; but his aspect and uneasiness were taken as indicative of sympathy for the unhappy woman; and as congratulating her by anticipation.

The sergeant preferred not to read the letter in public, under an idea that the intelligence of Davison's positive release would be more than his wife could listen to without painful excitement; and to save the exposure of feelings, which she might prudently give way to at home, he requested her to return to her children, assuring her that all was well.

"I'll be with you quickly," said the sergeant, gaily. "This," continued he, holding the letter towards her, "will give you the comfort you have long been seeking."

"I fear it won't. On'y think of my dream! He's as cold now as he'll ever be. He's dead, sergeant, an' that's what you're comin' to tell me."

"You shall know differently directly. Go home and be happy."

And Quiet Sarah, anxious and aching, did as she was desired; her sobs and sighs being heard above the tramp of her feet as she pattered over the gravel and the stones.

Satisfied of the grateful nature of the communication, the sergeant did not even look at it, and ran to the abode of the wife with the letter enclosed in the envelope. In a few minutes he gained her small whitewashed room, which was as neat and clean as a dairy. It was in a back yard, looking out on a rough thick wood which rose in terraces to Sandy Hill. The view, which was pretty, enhanced the position

and appearance of the room. But for this accessory, it was a veritable hovel, though deprived of every particle of wretchedness by the tidiness of the thrifty occupant. Two of the children were in bed asleep, a faint light, struggling through the leaden casement, playing on their long silken locks; and the obese infant, as usual, was tugging away at an empty breast, while, with the unemployed hand, Quiet Sarah was soaking a mass of clothes in the wash-tub.

When the sergeant entered, she wiped her hand and looked strangely—something between grief and awe; but even in her gloom there was a slight trace of hope. So regular were her features, a charm hung about her even in indigence, and her poverty was anything but unsightly.

"Sir," said she, in a broken voice, "I dread the news. You bear me bad tidin's."

"Good news, Mrs. Davison; and none can be more pleased than I am to convey them."

"Ah! I know it all—the wust is over!"

"The colonel has desired me to read this letter to you. Listen, and learn for yourself:—

"*Fort Clarence, May* 18—.

"SIR,—Private James Davison of the royal sappers and miners, a prisoner in this fort for desertion, was removed from his cell to the infirmary ward early last month, and it is now my—"

The next word was "painful." The sergeant hesitated, casting his startled eyes from line to line in silence. It was too much for him, and he drew his handkerchief between him and the poor trembling woman. He expected to consummate her joy—to wipe the tear from her eye, the sorrow from her cheek, and to restore her husband.

But to his indescribable sadness, the letter told the tale of poor Davison's death!

Gathering himself up from the blow, he read, as well as he could, of the repentant prisoner's demise. As if dead, the young widow fell on the bed. Happily, the paroxysm was short. Again on her feet, her features settling into marble calmness, she sighed deeply; and feeling, in her hopelessness, it was sinful to fight against fate, she exclaimed, from the heart of another deep sigh, "I knew there was truth in that dream. It was sent to prepare me: but while I dreaded to hear of its fulfilment, I prayed that, for the sake of me childer, the shock, when it came, would not

tear me to pieces. I knew it must come, and that no letter from the Hoss Guards could alter it. It has come, an' the Lord has strengthen'd me in me wretchedness an' loss. He's gone, poor fellow—God rest his soul!"

And kissing her children as they lay, unconscious of the cloud that had broken over them—two in the bed, and the third in her arms—she added, "You is orphans, my dears, an' your mother's a widder."

There was nothing left her but the strength and the will to work; and she turned to the wash-tub to earn the day's meal. In distress, soldiers are very feeling men. This case particularly aroused their sympathies, and in a few days twenty pounds were collected among them for the widow's use.

Two years after, the anniversary month of her husband's decease, Quiet Sarah changed her name.

How to Rob an Orchard.—Argam had just time to stow away the apples that he had stolen, when captain Gregory pounced on him. Only a few inches short of seven feet, the captain saw from a distance the predatory labours of the youngster. Duty and curiosity urged the former to the spot, but on reaching the marauder, all evidence to convict him being concealed, he stood boldly up, the personification of innocence and honesty. The captain was not to be overreached: searching the locality, he espied a number of apples piled like shot in an obscure corner, the evident spoil of some piece of mischievous ingenuity. It was plain who was the engineer in the exploit; but as the captain was at a loss to conceive how so diminutive an urchin could abstract the fruit from low trees within a brick enclosure, he promised the boy not to punish him, if he would reveal the expedient by which he gained his success. In an instant the simple apparatus was in operation. There was a jerk and a twist, and another rosy-cheeked apple, wrenched from its stem, was added to the pile.

The contrivance was nothing more than a long lath, slit at one end, from which was suspended the young thief's foraging-cap. The slit was also made to play the part of a pair of pincers, and in nipping the apples from their stalks they fell, and found a safe asylum in the cap.

CIRCUMVENTING A REVENUE OFFICER.

A SAPPER, who had been traversing with the theodolite for altitudes, stationed himself on an eminence opposite a country house in which was a good-sized keg of contraband whiskey. The hostess, observing one of the revenue officers creeping up the road with a bent head and a sly eye dispensing its rays towards the illicit quarter, suspected that he intended to pay her a domiciliary visit; and as there seemed to be no opportunity of removing the little cask to a secure place, she was alarmed for its safety and the penalty to which she was liable, of one hundred pounds! The sapper, seeing the woman's perturbation, inquired the reason. She told him the story of the poteen keg, and the impossibility of the officer searching the place without discovering it.

"Well, well," said the sapper, unconcernedly, "there's time enough yet. You should take things coolly. Let us make the best of the few minutes we have, and roll it out here!"

"Why, man," cried the hostess, surprised at the mad request, "'ave ye lost the little raison the blissid Lord 'as givin ye? D'ye want me to roll it roight undher his nose, an' pay the hundhred pounds widout thryin' to do him?"

"Nonsense, dame. You're an old stager in the world, but ye know too little of its ways to be a match for a revenue officer. I'll not give up the keg without a tussle. Roll it out if you wish to be safe. Out with it at once, and I'll go bail, to any amount, the whiskey 'll be as secure as in a cavern."

She yielded. Out came the miniature barrel with clean hoops, smelling as strong as if it had been newly broached. He was a big man was the sapper—of the line of Anak; and tucking it under his arm within his greatcoat, labored up the hill with a drooped shoulder and diminished step, till, with bated breath, he gained the summit. Under the theodolite

he placed the cask with the bung downwards to smother the smell, and covering it carelessly with his greatcoat, resumed work.

The officer at length arrived. Had he desired to pass on he could not, for the odour in the passage tantalized his olfactories. Tracing it by the scent, he reached the recess in which the keg had been concealed.

"Open this," said the authority, certain of finding the illicit beverage.

The hostess immediately touched a spring; open flew the door, and the officer was regaled with a pungent sniff of whiskey and rusty bacon; but nothing was there that he dared lay his hand on.

"An' what did ye think to foind in that ould cupboard, aye?"

"Where is it?"

"What d' ye main?"

"The whiskey."

"Shure there isn't a dhrap in the house, worst luck."

"I know better. Have it I must; an' then there 'll be the divil to pay."

"Fire to his sowl, but he'll nat git a copper from me if I cud mint guineas be th' ton."

"Don't be so sure o' that. *We'll* see."

And the officer with the truest interest in his duty, and the deafest ear to the landlady's protestations, set himself with might, main, and lantern to find the poteen. Every corner and cupboard in the house he searched; every cup and saucer, every jug and basin, he turned over to lug out the cask. Some cheese and bread were even moved aside to look behind them; and failing the discovery there, he made a good luncheon, unasked, of these simple eatables; and judging from the quantity he disposed of, must have been ravenously hungry. The landlady was rather grateful than otherwise for the liberty, and helped him to some of the sweetest milk to wash down the compliment.

This kindness did not prevent the officer from sniffing and suspecting; and so walking in the line of fragrance to the door, he found the atmosphere impregnated with it across the road and up the hill, when, becoming subdued by diffusion, he was bothered which way to take. Another pace took him quite beyond the scent, and he was at his wit's ends. Still

he went on, eyeing with curious intensity the ground whereon the theodolite was standing. The pile within the tripod was suggestive of its presence. To his mind it was evident the cask had been transferred there. Up he trudged to examine it; but when he was within about thirty paces of the station, the sapper politely brought him to a stand with an outburst of professional claptrap.

"Have the goodness, sir," cried he "not to come nearer. You are too near already," continued he, looking through the instrument. "The lens is dimmed by the reflection of your uniform; and there is a fiery streak across it, coming no doubt from your sabre, which will burn the culminating wires. The theodolite stands in a peculiar latitude and on a strange altitude. The slightest motion of the ground, which is very sensitive here, will materially injure the important work I have in hand. At this moment the instrument and myself are on the checks of reciprocal angles, and any disturbance, however trivial, from foreign interference, will render my observations ineffectual for any scientific application. Advance, then, at your peril!"

The officer was a decided simpleton, however extensive may have been his revenue lore. Thoroughly "flabbergasted," the officer instantly went his way, treading lightly, lest, in his ignorance, he might do irretrievable injury to science, and get dismissed. To our hostess he returned, and pitching again into the bread and cheese, as if he had never tasted such things in his life, he satisfied an appetite incredibly voracious, and stalked off disappointed.

Seeing the officer out of sight, the sapper ran down the hill with the keg. It was somewhat lighter than when delivered into his custody, but the pleasure he felt at saving the hostess from a ruinous penalty naturally lessened the weight of his load.

"Here, landlady," said he, "take the cask. Did I not say I would circumvent him?"

"Shure ye did, and well ye've done it. Take a lapful o' me thanks for yer injanuity. Now sit ye down there," pointing to a chair by the fireplace, "an' sthir iv yé dar' till I git the boys to carry ye brimful to yer tint."

The hostess turned over the barrel, and finding the bung reeking with the spirit, was about to remark on the leakage, when the revenue officer, still hankering after the bread and

cheese, stole by a back door into the house. There was too much consternation at his reappearance for any one to exert his presence of mind so as to whip away the keg unperceived; and the sapper unluckily, obscured by clouds of Latakia, was unaware of the intrusion of the functionary. The contrabandista had the hardest work in the world to save herself from hysterics; but motioning the cross as she uttered a devotional ejaculation, she was possessed by a mysterious confidence that calmed her excitement.

"Ah!" cried the officer, whose large eye in a moment caught sight of the cask. "An' so ye'll not give the divil a copper, aye?"

"Sarra the one!" cried the hostess, bold in her trouble; "ye may do yer best an' yer worst, an' take nothing for yer pains."

"One hundhred pounds," exclaimed the officer, "not a penny less, be Gad, is the price of this article; an' I call on all prisint in the king's name to witness the saizure!"

So saying he wrote down the names of the witnesses, steadying the paper with the hilt of his drawn sword, the use of which, in this novel way, was to strike the astonished beholders with awe of his authority. After completing the programme, he committed the record to his girdle, and withdrawing an instrument from his pocket, screwed it into the bung, removing the latter with a dexterous jerk. In an instant his sharp cuneiform nose was plunged into the orifice. There was no occasion for this inquisitorial insertion, for the smell was ardent enough, in all conscience; unless he intended to warm the fiery extremity of his elongated sniffer by actual contact with the spirit. Not recognizing the liquid in this way, he threw his head to a knowing angle and gazed curiously into the hole with his right eye; then his left one peered into it; but he could not catch the sparkle which the admission of light ought to have produced. He lifted the keg. For such a cask it should have been heavier, and he shook his head involuntarily. It sounded hollow as he replaced it on the table. From side to side, from end to end, and over and over he rolled it; but devil the splash, or murmur, or swell could he hear. He dashed it on the floor, starting the staves and the hoops, and kicked it; but the keg was as empty as if there had never been a drain in it. "How is this?" There could be no

answer, for all were as surprised as the officer; and so driving on his hat in despair, and slashing his sword into the scabbard, he rushed from the house amid the jeers and laughter of the evidences, the last of whom, a cyclopean sort of fellow, accelerated his ejectment by a stunning application of force to a tempting spot in his rear—about a foot below the waistband of his breeches.

"More luck to me," cried the elated hostess, "but that was wondherful. It's the natest thing that iver happen'd in the county! How on airth did ye do it, sapper? The divil himself with all his desate couldn't a' done it 'alf so well."

"Hang me if I know. I placed the bung downwards to prevent the smell rising, but little did I think I had taken the surest means to let the liquor run off."

"God speed ye, sapper, for that same kindness o' yourn. It didn't run out as you fancy, for shure the fairies, that dance ev'ry blissed night afther dark on the hill top, sucked the barrel dhry. Lave them alone, the 'good people' for a good thing. They're as keen afther whiskey as a vulture afther carrion, an' as fond ov it as cherry eaters of bigaroons."

"And where do the fairies live?"

"At the roots of the harebells; an' I've hard it said, they clushther round the poles of those things that you luck at the stars wid."

"That must be it. Let's wish them joy of their bargain, and join them in the dance to-night."

"Divil th' one o' them 'll be asthir to-night, for the topers 'll be as dhrunk as bastes."

"Well, after all, I'm sorry for the loss; but it was too much to expect to circumvent successfully a revenue officer and the fairies. You see heaven and earth were against us!"

"And you bate them both—God honor ye for it! It was a miracle no less to defate the schames ov that villain. To win two battles in the course ov an hour, savin' me forbye from the paymint of a ruinous pinalty, is an ivint that only occurs now and thin like baicons on the say-coast."

There was joy in Ballymulriggan that night. It was difficult with the pressure of good things and a keg of screaming whiskey above proof—disembowelled from a

secret hole in the hill-side—to master one's sobriety and equilibrium; and the hilarious boys who joined in the gala, watching with unflickering eyes, the drooping lids of the astute sapper, grouped round him the moment he became completely speechless, and carried him, with triumphant demonstrations, to his tent.

As long as he remained in Ballymulriggan, the sapper was the advisé in all legal difficulties. In revenue cases and other matters where more of tact than talk was needed, he was almost sure to overreach his opponent. It was curious to see his quiet and unostentatious play. There is the object. Take it who can; and the adversaries, each waiting for the opportunity to outmatch the other, looked for all the world like flies playing at hide and seek around a dish-cover. "Whoop!" the game was over—and the sapper, of course, was conqueror.

THE THREE BOYLES.—In the winter of 1836, sergeant Boyle was returning to his home at Boyle, in Roscommon, after buying an ass-load of turf, when he was met by a gentleman who, without any ceremony, asked him to retrace his steps a few paces.

Boyle willingly did the stranger's bidding.

"What's your name?" inquired the civilian.

"Boyle," was the reply.

"I knew that," he rejoined, "and would know you are a Boyle in any part of Ireland, for you are as like the family as one pear is like another."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I'm a Boyle, too."

"Are you?" Both shook hands as if they had known each other for a couple of centuries. "Well, this is a strange coincidence; but stranger still that there should be three of us here."

"How's that?" said the civilian.

"Clear enough. You're a Boyle! I'm a Boyle! and sure and good luck to ye, isn't this the town of Boyle?"

CURING AN ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

SERGEANT FORMAN, of the artillery, who was formerly a bugler in the sappers, was so distressed in mind at Gibraltar, about his reduction from the rank of non-commissioned officer, that he determined to shoot himself. Just as he was about to commit the rash act, a sturdy gunner accidentally went into the room, and seeing the sergeant in a position that left no doubt of his intention, cried out—

"What are you going to do?"

"Will *you* do it for me?" asked Forman, imploringly.

"Yes; I'll do your goose, an' no mistake. To murder such a fellow as you cannot be a crime. At any rate, I'll chance it. Give me that firelock o' yourn, an' let's see if you've put powder enough in the barrel."

Snatching the piece from the hand of the miserable man, the gunner quitted the room with the air of one bent on a desperate deed. Removing the sling which was applied to the trigger, and withdrawing the cartridge, he left for his purpose a sufficient quantity of explosive matter in the breech. He then twisted a piece of paper, grocer fashion, about six inches long, into a narrow funnel, and filling it with a nauseous but unmentionable compound (adapted from the "Ingoldsby Legends"—a great authority for graceful expression in cases otherwise rude and offensive), came into the room again, where the wretched sergeant, dying from grief and despondency, was sitting awaiting his fate.

"Now for it," said the gunner, sternly. "This," he added, showing the long cartridge, "is none of your regulation charges—little sick bits o' powder that won't wing a fly a yard off—but a proper dose for a suicide. Kneel down there on that tub,"—all soldiers know what a barrack-room tub is—"and if you think it worth while to pray, make your peace in a trice."

Forman knelt as desired, supporting his head with his hand.

The long cartridge was at length driven into the barrel with a squash. The gunner seemed to have a tough job

to do his work satisfactorily, and after grating and rattling the ramrod, as if to give the sergeant a full idea of the certainty of his approaching death, threw away the rammer, and primed.

"The Lord have mercy on your guilty soul!" exclaimed the gunner. "Have you made your peace above?"

"Fire!" cried Forman, removing his hand from his forehead, and kneeling upright.

The gunner took a deliberate aim, and fired.

Forman fell at the instant. The contents of the musket hit him between the eyes, and plastered him with the nameless mixture from chin to forehead. Not to kill, but to frighten was the gunner's intention; and on recovering from the stupor in which he had lain for several minutes, the sergeant, thanking the gunner for his kindness, declared himself cured of all notions of self-destruction.

And what is better, he kept his word.

THE COLONEL'S LADY.—A distinguished officer at a certain station, seized by a discreet fit, resolved to make the barracks occupied by the officers and troops under his command a pattern for virtue. Accordingly, he issued orders that no women, on any pretence, were to be admitted within the gates; and the more effectually to carry out this moral instruction, which went further than Plato, with all his solid repose, had ever contemplated, the colonel had the stern prohibition recorded on the boards of orders and dinned into the ears of the sentry at every relief.

Not long after, a lady, in all the elegance and style of rank and fashion, glided up to the gate.

"You cannot go in, ma'am," said the sentry, as amiable as it was possible to communicate a prohibition.

"Why not?" said the lady, smiling, convinced that this interruption was a mistake.

"The colonel has just promulgated a stringent order against the admission of women into barracks. And here it is," added he, lifting the board from the nail in his box.

"I do not doubt your word, my man; but the order could not be intended to exclude an officer's lady?" This was said with such pretty submission, it was a wonder the sentry did not chance a court-martial for her ladyship's sake, and permit her to enter.

"It makes no exception, ma'am; and you cannot go in!"

"But," said she, winningly, with a due appreciation of the propriety of so becoming an order, "you will let *me* pass, I am sure, when I tell you that *I* am the colonel's *lady!*" And the lady stretched herself up (increasing her height an inch or two, perhaps, in the effort), to see the effect of her startling intimation; but the sentry having his own notions of a lady with a waving plume, heard the announcement with soldierlike unconcern.

"My duty is plain," returned the sentry, replacing the board of orders on the nail in his box. "You are a woman; and I dare not let you in, if even you should say you are the colonel's wife!"

A SECOND TORRENS.—Captain —— commanded the sixth company many years ago; and feeling largely his responsibility with respect to its efficiency in drill and discipline, undertook at times, but not often, to manœuvre his men. He was never very successful in these attempts; still his intentions were creditable, if his performances were unequal to them. On a special occasion, he was putting the company through some simple evolutions, when, by some kind of military legerdemain, he threw the sections into confusion, from which it seemed impracticable to extricate them. He pondered to no purpose. He might have given successful designs for a Pantheon, or a tubular bridge, or have surpassed a Parnell in the construction of a road from Nowhere to Anywhere; but it was beyond his soldierly genius to bring the broken, intermingled mass into any formation prescribed in that text-book of combinations and tactics, called "the field exercise and evolutions of the army."

The captain referred the point of difficulty to his color-sergeant, a man who had served two apprenticeships on the recruiting service, and knew far less of drill than a German bandmaster.

"Sergeant Parry," cried the captain, "what must I do to put the company right?"

"Break off the men, sir," responded the second Torrens, striking the sling of his fusil in compliment to his captain, "and order them to fall in again in their proper places!"

Any one, except a clerk and a quartermaster, can see that sergeant Parry was no drill-master.

A BLESSINGTON MAN.

SCARFE was one of those bad Irish Protestants who, by fits and starts, tried to palm himself off on human credulity as a religious man. While his comrades, according to the rules of the army, attended church with their prayer-books only, Scarfe, too intent on devouring the whole of the service, modestly took his Bible and prayer-book—large enough in those days to require a porter to carry them. This pious trait in his character being observed, major —— summoned Scarfe to the office, commended him for his very proper conduct, and ended by hoping, he would continue in the same course.

"Indeed I will, sir," said Scarfe, stammering, and winking his left eye, as was natural to him. "It was from me cradle I was brought up to 'fear God and honor the king;' an' it's not the jeers o' me comrades that'll make me give up me religion."

"Persevere in this good way, my man," rejoined the major, encouragingly, "and your reward will be greater in the end."

So it was. He felt it sooner than he expected; for having absented himself that very night, and remained away four days, drunk, of course, he was subjected to the mercy of the major, who, treating the delinquent as a hypocrite, visited his military sin with deserved severity.

This same fellow had an inveterate habit of getting into debt, and complaining every month, when his accounts were settled, that he was not in credit. He seemed to forget that two pounds of pay would never cover four pounds of debt; and though he was an able mathematician, this axiom could never be drilled into his head; at least he could never be schooled to train his expectations and his reason to jog on sociably together.

"You ought," observed his pay-sergeant, "to avoid this

periodical litigation; try and calculate your own accounts if even you make a hash of them."

"Faix, it's little need there is ov my doin' that, since you *cook* them for me so well."

The clerks began to titter. The laugh being against the pay-sergeant, he changed his ground.

"Mere addition," he good-humoredly observed, "is all that is required to assist you in the matter; and it's strange that you, an algebraist, as you profess to be, cannot do a sum in simple addition."

"If I can't," he answered, with the usual wink, "*you* can."

Scarfe was an old man when he enlisted—nearer fifty, perhaps, than forty—and yet he passed into the corps as only a few years over twenty. He was a large man, with a broad, heavy back, and a red face, as large and round as a tambourine. His shoulders were high, massive, and humped, and his strong muscular legs were lamed, one being shorter than the other. It was his pride to wear his clothes small and bursting; his feet, to make them small, were rolled up in his boots, and his shaco required the nicest equilibrium to balance it. To a vile impediment in utterance he added a sinister wink, which a discriminating man would have taken as evidence that at one period of his long life he must have passed an apprenticeship in the ignoble service of the hulks. When he had been nearly four years in the corps he was discharged, as unfit for military duty; and, a few months after, poor Scarfe, worn out by drink, tobacco, and carrying his big Bible and prayer-book, was found, one gloomy night, bolt upright, with glazed eyes and a drooped jaw, stark dead in a water-closet.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

GRAYDON and his young wife took a walk to Avalon one fine Sunday in May, and loitered for a while in the churchyard. The walls of the ancient fabric were gray and solemn, not gloomy, for the sun gleamed over the tall elms on the square tower, and lit up the tarnished hand and figures of the weather-beaten dial. The vane on the turret stood still, for not a breath of air was astir to move it, or even to shake a leaf of the deep-green yews, which assisted to impart a sacred aspect to all around. Birds, fond of graveyards, were chirping merrily in the trees, whilst others, hopping in and out of crevices in that time-eaten pile, were busy providing for the nurture of their restless and noisy broods. Sounds now burst from the church organ, so sweet, so full and impressive, that the young couple, riveted to the spot, bent their heads and listened. The music ceasing, they passed under the shade of some yews, likening them to lone widows in the sad weeds of mourning; and then, stepping over some carefully-sodded graves preserved by osier-work, moved into a neat path, edged by monuments and tombstones. Down this avenue they walked slowly, reading a few quaint epitaphs on either hand, till they reached the shell of a huge gnarled trunk, grown, from the added excrescences of eight hundred years, into a shape of indescribable grotesqueness. It was the chief mark to indicate the immemorial boundary of the churchyard. So large was the cavity, the children of the village school might have taken shelter within its walls. It stood by the side of an old stile and a rustic wicket, and was arched by the spreading branches of a neighbouring elm. Here again they lingered, gazing with feelings of awe on that venerable stump, and then, with a hanging pace, retraced their steps.

"What a pretty place this is, James; and so quiet and old," observed the wife, leaning more heavily on the arm of her husband.

"Few churches have such an air of calmness and repose,"

replied the husband. "How clean and neat everything appears. The graves are trimmed, the paths tended, and the grass is cropped and lawn-like. If we except the sage-like trunk and the old tombstones, whose inscriptions, disfigured by the canker of years, no longer identify the living of the past, there is nothing wild in the place."

"When I die," she returned, as if a foreboding had suddenly flitted through her mind, without the power to disturb its equanimity, "I should like to be buried in this churchyard."

"So would I. Here we could, methinks, be happy together, even in death."

"We could, James;" and pointing to a level piece of sward covered with thick, short grass of a velvety summer green, she exclaimed, "There is the spot where I should like to rest, when it pleases God to take me from you. Is it not beautiful?" And a gentle flutter of the trees, put in motion by a light wind, gave vent to the sun, which threw its softened rays on the admired enclosure.

"A pretty choice, certainly; but many years, I trust, will pass before it becomes my melancholy duty to attend to your last wishes, or you to mine."

"Mark it, love. The time of our separation may be nearer than we expect. You know that struggles new to me are approaching, and I fear it may be my fate to sink under them."

"You must bear up, dearest. Do not cherish the impression, and all will be well."

"Ah, James! Could I shake it off, I would do so only too willingly. It plagues me like a presentiment. Yet you never could have known it had I not told you. I wish I had mentioned it before, for with your encouragement I might then, as I do now, thank God, dismiss the thought. Is it not strange that although I have been long and secretly sad, it does not at this moment in the least trouble me?"

"This shows you have some strength of mind, love."

"Very little, I'm sure. Still, remember that little spot, for my sake;" and she again pointed out the interval between two tombstones, looking silently and calmly for a few moments at her selection.

The affectionate couple went home; and though the wife was never again visited by a thought about the beautiful

spot in Avalon churchyard, she had some misgivings of an interesting event which was hastening to present her with new ties and new feelings. As usual she went about her domestic duties, exercising a pleasing earnestness in every detail; but the sands of her glass had nearly run.

It happened that a hedgehog was in the house—the pet brute of an eccentric landlady. Mrs. Graydon had never seen the forbidding thing, and was therefore unprepared to come in contact with it; but unexpectedly it was crawling at her feet. Affrighted at its touch, she took ill, her over-sensitive mind gave way, and—she died.

Within twenty days after her visit to Avalon, her remains filled up the interval she had so mournfully chosen for her grave; and on her bosom reposed an infant, which, had Providence seen it good to deal otherwise with her, would, in nature's own time, have been given to the fair young mother as her firstborn.

AN OBJECT.—Sergeant Craig was a hunchback—another Quasimodo—and altogether so forbidding in face and figure, as to be left without trace of any one feature or action bearing the slightest pretension to comeliness or a soldierlike mien. He was, however, an able drill-master; and it was to his success in training recruits that he was indebted for toleration. In carrying on his duty he was always impressive and explanatory; and, to give his instructions the best practical effect, it was his custom to throw his poor, misshapen body into some cardinal position, at a ridiculous distance from the required attitude, and exclaim, "Look, men! look for an example to the object in front of you!"

He was an object indeed. Worn, through sickness, to the very bones, he was driven at last, much against his will, to beg a furlough to renew his health. It was readily granted, and the gaunt sergeant, marching to Bell-water Gate, with the measured pace and precision of a drill-master, was just stepping into the boat when he fell dead on the causeway.

QUID PRO QUO.

A NON-COMMISSIONED officer and a sapper, employed in the examination of Westmoreland, in (never mind the year), were returning from the mountains, after a toilsome day's work, to their lodgings at Malber, when their fatigued and hungry appearance attracted the notice of the venerable clergyman of the village. He met them, spoke kindly to them, and with genuine goodness of heart bade them, if they were so minded, accompany him to the parsonage to partake of a little refreshment.

Under such circumstances the invitation would have been unhesitatingly responded to from a much less exalted personage; but coming from a quarter so unaccustomed to acts of hospitality (as far as they knew), it was accepted with cheerful alacrity, not unmixed with astonishment.

When conducted into the vicarial residence they were delighted to see before them a practical reason for altering the harsh opinion they had entertained about clerical generosity. They had known a hard-fisted, niggardly clergyman (whom they regarded as the type of his class), who, in tenths and commutations, netted some fifteen hundred pounds a year —a handsome stipend, certainly; but little of which went in loaves and fishes to the poor. Out of so much he might have applied a trifle to keep in repair the stately edifice in which he preached, instead of calling on his people for church-rates. He called, but they declined; and so the antiquated clock, in the face of the still older tower, was permitted to stand for months, incapable of indicating the true time, with one hand on its blistered dial, pointing rigidly to two, and the other rotting on a grave below, hidden by the grass. A few shillings would have put it in order; but that old man, who had enjoyed this world's goods for more than seventy years, fifty of which as the pastor of a small but capitally-paying parish, had not the heart to withdraw the small sum from his abundance to set the clock a-going.

From such shameless parsimony the two sappers drew

their dislike of clergymen in general. Now, however, the feeling was dispelled. The spontaneous, open-handed liberality of the vicar of Malber removed, by a single act, their long-cherished prejudice, and even the miserly pastor of Hamling was regarded as a philanthropist.

The sappers, unbrushed and stained by travel, took their seats in front of the vicar. Over and over again he told them they were welcome. Before them was spread, in a plain way, not only substantials, but delicacies. It was such a collation as a hunting-party would have sat down to with undisguised relish and delight. Hunger and hard work had given our two friends enlarged appetites; and energy and will were not wanting to minister to the cravings of their clamorous stomachs. While showing how they appreciated the vicar's "mercies" (so called by him in the purity of Christian sentiment), the pastor made the most of his mild eyes, gazing benignly at one and then at the other, as if to analyze their characters and learn something of the position they relatively held, from the badges they wore on their arms. The elder sapper had *two* distinguishing marks on his right fore-arm, but no chevrons higher up; the younger one had a chevron above the elbow, but only *one* mark below. These distinctions, so different, and apparently so arbitrarily placed, somewhat puzzled the vicar.

Of an inquiring mind, he was ready to devour any topic, from the dry details of castramentation, to the sturdy, hard-moulded assumptions of archeology. Tactics was his foible just now—not doctrine and ecclesiology. Though a divine and a godly man, naturally desirous of snatching every opportunity of doing spiritual good to his fellow-men, he refrained on this occasion from boring his guests with subjects whose legitimate arena was the pulpit, or Sunday-school reading-desk.

Marks of distinction, or badges for good conduct, would do well as an introduction. Between them and tactics there was a vast field to explore. That was of no consequence. To understand the subject thoroughly, the vicar thought it proper to begin with the elements of the science; and then slide to its developments by the easy gradients which connected each to the other, as links in a chain. Of course there could be no tactics without distinctions of rank, any more than there could be church government without a con-

catenation of spiritual guides. Rank, too, was indebted for its distinctions to merit and conduct.

Such was the reasoning of the vicar.

"It is upon this point," said he, after taking wine with his guests, "that I wish you first to enlighten me. To know how a well-conducted soldier is selected from his less-deserving companions, is a feature of the service that, if explained, will interest me deeply."

The sappers took their own cases to illustrate the principle. Acton, with two badges, the son of a master butcher, and tolerably well-educated, was the spokesman. Lance-corporal Ledger Drake, with one badge, interposed at intervals with a brief remark of the interjectional kind. Curious and speculative, the reverend host asked an interminable string of questions to ground himself in this phase of military usage. Thus the conversation expanded into a discussion, and involved so many points of consideration—such as discipline, rewards, length of service, favor, conventionalism, &c., that the subject of tactics was only brought, at last, from the shade into the foreground, to be ignored.

However, the good vicar was well pleased with his guests, not less with their intelligence than the willingness they evinced to tell him all they knew to extend his stock of professional military information.

"If I rightly understand you," said he, addressing Acton, the elder sapper, after the subject of badges had been exhausted and almost forgotten, "the marks you display on your arm, in testimony of your excellent behaviour, do not correspond with what you call your length of service?"

"They do not."

"A soldier, then, may earn his first badge after five years' service, and wear it, if he maintain the approbation of his officers, till within a day of the completion of the second term, each term being five years, you say."

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Then how long have you been in the service?"

"Upwards of ten years."

"Ten years!" echoed the vicar: "your badges *exactly* represent you, both as to character and service. But," added he, dropping his eyes on the table, and dissecting a slice of meat, which was coated with a greater proportion of

fat than was agreeable to his taste, "by this time you ought to have been a sergeant."

This was said in a commendatory tone, yet so emphasized as to reflect upon the discrimination of those who ought to have discerned Acton's worth, and rewarded it. There were reasons, however, why he had not been promoted. The presence of a much younger man at the same table, already a step above him, was a proof of this. Acton believed he was the victim of ill-luck and disfavor. Ledger Drake knew differently. His want of success was attributable to an inadequate surrender of his acquirements, inaptitude for steady labour, and tedious inaccuracies in his work. Still, had the vicar's observation been made interrogatively, Acton would not have shrunk from it, though in replying, he would have diverged somewhat from the orthodox rules of truth, relying on the honor of his comrade not to embarrass him by contradiction. As, however, he was not pressed to say why he had not been promoted, he did not volunteer a statement in defence of himself, but covered his silence by forcing his knife and fork and his jaws to do double duty, during which the edibles were hacked and disposed of with assiduous zeal and zest.

Nevertheless, Acton was dissatisfied. While he ate he reflected. It occurred to him that the observation of the vicar, though not put in the interrogative form, was suggestive, and ought to have been followed up. Allowing it to go by default was a mean evasion; he therefore determined, if he could create the opportunity, to repair the omission, not by fictions that would affect his veracity, but by analogy, which would fully answer the purpose and save his credit.

"I suppose, sir," said he, breaking the hiatus, and speaking with becoming deference, "you have been a clergyman a great many years?"

"Judging from your appearance," responded the vicar, "I should say I was in holy orders before you were born."

"Indeed!" cried Ledger Drake.

"Very likely," said Acton.

"Most of my life," continued the pastor, "has been spent in this parish—always at work for the good of my parishioners and the glory of heaven."

"I believe it," exclaimed the interjectional corporal.

"How long may it be, sir?" asked Acton.

"Thirty years I've been the Vicar of Malber," he replied, drawing himself up with dignified pride.

"Thirty years!" ejaculated Ledger Drake.

"Then," said Acton, with the ends of his knife and fork slightly elevated, and resting his hands on the table, "if I, who am only a few months over ten years in the army, should by this time have been a sergeant, *à fortiori*, you should have been a bishop many years ago."

Whether the vicar thought his endowments and usefulness had been unjustly overlooked, the government of the church unfairly administered, or that bishop-making, like kissing, goes by favor, is not known; but he certainly looked as if he felt he had been grievously wronged by discountenance, or chilled into the compressed functions of a village pastor by inappreciation and neglect.

"We cannot," said he, in a crest-fallen tone, bending towards his guests, "be all bishops, you know."

"More's the pity," returned Acton, bending towards the vicar; "nor can we, you know, be all sergeants."

A SERGEANT SENTINEL.—Sometime in 1820, Ned Edwards was posted as sentry at the rear gate of the barracks at Woolwich. He had been *tasting* that morning, and was itching to indulge his throat with another tickle. On sergeant Townsend approaching his post, Ned, doubling himself up as though he had got the colic, screwed up his features into woful grimaces, and pressed his hand on the epigastric region.

"What's the matter, Edwards?" inquired the sergeant, dolorously.

"Ah, Tommy!" said Ned, familiarly, throwing himself into outrageous contortions, "I've bin takin' dhreadful bad wid the Fransh gripes. Will ye be so obleegin' as to hould me firelock for a minnit, till I go round the corner jist?"

"Certainly," said Townsend, good-naturedly. "Be quick, now."

The sergeant took the musket, and paced on the beat better by far than the original sentry ever did; and Ned stole "round the corner," as if to relieve his solicitude. Presently Townsend saw Ned making his way with all speed

for the arch; and suspecting that he was tricked, called authoritatively to the sick man to return; but Ned, quickening his pace, manœuvred himself out of the gate. After the lapse of several minutes, the sergeant, in due form, was relieved; but Edwards was not found till evening, when, rolled up like a hedgehog in the tap of the "Earl of Chatham," he was trundled out into the street, and, drunk as a drayman, was wheeled home in a milkman's barrow.

Edwards was a disgusting fellow, and in time was turned out of the corps. Townsend became a captain in the rifles.

THE SEACOLE BURNER.—We had two performances at the Rochester Theatre in August, 1857, in aid of the "Seacole Fund." A sapper—F. Laidlaw—chief of the amateur troupe, played Poynet Arden, the charcoal burner, very well, except that he had a rather annoying provincial enunciation, and a voice strong enough to crack the beams of the building.

On each occasion, before the interlude, he made a speech, directed to the officers, heavy with flowers and flattery. Among other things, he thanked the commanding officer for granting him and his comrades the privilege of acting—a privilege, he felt assured, would be again extended to them, if he and his friends proved by their conduct to be worthy of it.

It was thought that one, at least—the speaker—would endeavour to deserve the favor. Man, however, is frail, and so was the Charcoal Burner. His purpose was not a resolve springing from a manly recognition of moral right. It was an impulse merely, passing away with his breath, used, perhaps, to hoodwink suspicion, which it effectually did.

After paying all debts, there was a balance of ten pounds and odd, which was handed to the Charcoal Burner to present, in the name of the amateurs, to the great Crimean Vivandière; but Laidlaw, regarding himself as a far more becoming object for pecuniary sympathy than Mother Seacole, buttoned up the proceeds in his deep pocket, and bolted.

To "strut and fret his hour upon the stage" was his ambition; and if all accounts be true, he follows the "sock and buskin" business in a land where extradition cannot touch him. This probably is a blind—the stratagem of an astute rogue. So look to it, detectives! the Charcoal Burner, alias Seacole Burner, may be at your elbow.

THE TWO JOLLY BUTCHERS.

At a period not very remote, certainly within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, there were rival agents for supplying the troops with carcases and sheep at a place somewhere between London and the Lizard Point. It was a large garrison town, and two agents were not more than enough to carry out the business efficiently. The parties engaged by the county contractor were Mr. Tricky and Mr. Dunfor.

Dunfor, wishing above all things to establish himself in favor with the great people who managed the commissariat service in those days, made an important communication, (under the rose,) touching some oxen—or, rather, bulls—which Tricky intended to provide for feasting the troops. The administrative department was amazed at the tidings, and at once despatched an officer with orders to enter Mr. Tricky's grounds, and by a personal inspection of his live stock ascertain the truth of a report which, without authoritative confirmation, was too shocking to be credited.

Meanwhile, as it often happens, the clandestine conduct of Dunfor leaked out; and Tricky, not to be beaten in that shabby way by a stab in the back from a dark hand, rode in hot haste to his grounds, where the interesting animals were grazing; and picking out the bulls, marked their old lank sides with a staring D, which might have been seen by a purblind eye in a fog from the field gate.

One of Tricky's drovers was in the meadow at the time. This was fortunate. Him Tricky desired to remain, with instructions to say, should any questions as to their ownership be asked by the officer who was hourly expected to examine the animals, that they belonged to Mr. Dunfor. At a glance the servant divined his master's object. To stand well with him and save his name from infamy, the drover volunteered most bravely to tell any mortal fib, and stick to it.

The time came when the commissariat gentleman prowled into the field, looking with rueful calculation on all around.

He was anything but a colloquial man, nor what is called civil: his purpose, then, was not to be very complimentary; and so he set to work as if he had served a long apprenticeship to the money-making trade of a carcase-butcher, singling out the bulls with a certainty that rather astonished the attendant.

"And what," said the officer, when he had completed the survey, "is the meaning of the D chalked on the sides of the bulls?"

"That, sir, si'nifies the fust letter of the gen'l'man's name they belongs to."

"Who may he be?"

"Muster Dunfor."

"Mr. Dunfor? Tricky, you mean."

"Lor' bless ee, sir, d'ye think he'd kape sich cattle? Why, sir, ee's agint to the troops, an' daresent 'ave sich critters in his groun's for fraid of injurin' the sogers with tough, good-for-nuffin mate, an' spoilin' his caracter with the commidgerat ossifers in Lunnun."

"And isn't Mr. Dunfor also an agent?"

"Well, ee is, sir; but ee's not a patch on Muster Tricky: he can't do nuffin, sir. It isn't in him, sir."

"Very likely; but you're sure the bulls are not Mr. Tricky's?"

"Sartin, sir; Muster Dunfor's."

"Oh!" exclaimed the commissariat officer, contemplatively; "that's it, is it?" and with this remarkable wrinkle in his mind, without waiting for the drover's reply, he hurried from the field to make his report.

The upshot was, that Mr. Tricky was regarded as an agent of unimpeachable commercial virtue, and Mr. Dunfor, the real honest man (if it be possible to find that quality in a contractor's agent), though an informer, was blackballed. It is said that the bulls afterwards regaled the strong and unfastidious appetites of the convicts. Whether this be a fact or no, certain it is, as far as one can judge of the future by the past, that Mr. Tricky, tricked at last, was taken to a troubled rest, to account for a long catalogue of rascally deeds, and for doing Mr. Dunfor.

THE AMATEURS.

SOME histrions at Gibraltar undertook to give a performance in aid of the civil hospital there. Among them was Geordy Hutchison, a tragedian by profession, who was regarded by the dramatic corps as a star of the first magnitude. He could do the sword-trick in all its complications, dance the sailor's hornpipe even in shackles, tread the stage with the majesty of an approved Londoner, and do the dumb business of sheering to the slips to hear the prompter's intimation so as to impose on the intelligence of the acutest observer. In an emergency he could vamp with any one, put in by-play of his own when other actors had forgotten their cues, and enact those choice specimens of dramatic pathos, which have ennobled the English "Speaker" into a text-book of the schools. Like a Timon, he could rave; like a Hamlet, philosophize; and act his part as much like a Kemble or a Kean, as it was possible to expect from a strolling-actor, and that actor a sapper. Under the leadership of this chief, the pieces were selected; the rehearsals perfected, and the day fixed for the performance.

The next step was to publish. The printing was a display of typographical art. It was magnificent in variety. Architectural and rustic, block and perspective were the predominant types. Beulah Spa in the days of its brilliancy never produced an announcement equal in grandeur to that submitted by the amateurs. There were satin bills for ladies; florid ones for officers; the usual things for soldiers and common people, and gigantic posters, as large as blankets, for general information.

Into the literary "get-up" there is no need to enter further than to mention that the bills were not extravagant with expletives or long gorgeous words. Military bills are customarily short. There is no nonsense about them. The sapper bills were supremely simple. In them, her majesty's subjects made known that they intended D.V. (how curious to employ these religious initials in a secular undertaking!)

to perform at the Theatre Royal on Saturday next ——— the admired melodrama of

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ;

OR,

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

The whole to conclude with the laughable farce of

HUNTING THE TURTLE.

Such was the nutriment offered for the humour and edification of the residents of the fortress.

The day arrived; but unfortunately the clouds, looking as black as a tarpaulin, threatened with savage malice to open their sluices on the rock. Thicker and lower they fell and blacker grew, when something heavier than a mighty hand above squeezed them together, as a terrestrial would a bathing sponge, and out gushed the rain in a tempest. Every one regarded it as too violent for continuance, but the pour was ceaseless and drenching, and the theatre royal deserted.

True to the bills, the *dramatis personæ* rushed through the rain to the theatre. There were many misgivings about success; but relying on popular sympathy and a temporary sacrifice of comfort, they had the courage to anticipate a tolerable house. Of spirit they mustered a fair share. Wit of its kind was as cheap among them as wine. The green-room pealed with laughter; and every fresh addition to the costume, every added touch to the countenance—the quaint queues and beards, the lively wigs, the droll dresses, the marvellous cocked-hats and boots, and the old-fashioned war equipment of muskets, swords, and accoutrements, produced its individual bit of pleasantry, or its outburst of mirth.

When the last click of the clock told the appointed hour, the bell rang, and up went the curtain. What a scene was presented to the astounded histrions. The light was dazzling: the place was a-fire with tapers, chandeliers, and colored lamps. If a spider had been working its web in a dusty corner, or a centipede crawling anywhere to sting one, it could easily have been traced. The same effulgence that exposed the minute proportions of a buzzing mosquito,

displayed the limited extent of the audience. The boxes were tenantless; every head in the house could have been counted by a pulmonic sufferer in a breath. Beyond some fifty or sixty people, the theatre was empty, and the rain, still clattering against the windows and the walls, threatened to keep it so.

But did this untoward incident refrigerate the ardour of the amateurs? Not a bit of it, for with all the freshness of winning men they commenced: As if playing to an overflowing house, they carried themselves through the first act. Now and then a few self-denying admirers dropped in, and though well ducked for their pains, joined in applauding the performers with boisterous clamours.

But the applause of friends could not crowd the theatre. It was evident the entertainment was a failure. The rain still pelted down, rattling against the glass like an incessant shower of nails shot from a machine at the windows. In the streets there was no noise or motion. They were forsaken as if a plague pressed on the rock. That storm! Every one had his own execration for it. The mildest epithet was in the worst possible keeping with the Christian D. V. of the play-bills. What had they not lost by it? The governor would have been there in his uniform and stars; so would the staff with their orders, and the other officers of the garrison with their swords. The amateurs did not reckon on the Jews, but they had an eye on the Hidalgos. Not a lady who had a proper respect for herself, or any charitable wish for the prosperity of a humane institution, would have been absent. As a levee, it would have been brilliant with uniforms and beauty. Rank and fashion would have been there. Since the great siege there would have been no event in the history of the "big stone" to come up to the splendour of that night; and the "Gibraltar Chronicle," the stalest and most insipid of colonial journals, would for once in its existence have had a gracious opportunity of redeeming, if that were possible, its uninteresting character. But that storm threw everything into the shade. It took away the only chance of achieving respectability for the barren "Chronicle." It took away another incident from the history of the rock, and robbed the civil hospital of no end of funds intended to be thrown into its scanty coffers. So dreamed and thought the once-sanguine amateurs.

The ardour of the first act was gone when the second commenced. The players began to murmur. Depression was at work with some; with others, anger and fury made them bitter with everybody. Save one or two, none were calm. With haste and unsteadiness, one act after another was scrambled through. Not a few personated characters of a very different stamp to the heroes of Austerlitz. Some were knocked over in the battle, not by the prowess of their enemies, but by their own excesses, for drunkenness was the order of the stage; and when the curtain fell on the last words of "Hunting the Turtle," if two or three could stand firmly on their feet and bow to the audience, it is no libel to say that the others could not.

Defeated and drunken, the players reeled home to sleep on their discomfiture and folly.

Of the number, there was one who, in the battle of Austerlitz, bore the proud name of Everard St. Louis. He was a fair actor, felt something of the dignity of his assumed character, and maintained it, ephemeral as it was, with the ostentation of a vain noble. Very sparingly he drank, so that at least he might, in his own person, cover a moiety of the indiscretion of his comrades. Grieved at their conduct, he vainly endeavoured to check the extravagance of their potations and excitement. A diminutive man was he, with a broad amiable face, well warmed with color, and brightened still more by a pair of glistening eyes. Until that wretched night, he always wore one of those soft smiles that betoken an uncankered heart and kindly feelings; but there was now a change in his look. The slovenly way in which the pieces were performed wounded him; the rash conduct of the players chafed him; and he was, moreover, displeased, after all his trouble and solicitude, that instead of having a full purse to hand over to the civil hospital, he would have to empty his pockets to pay his share of the liabilities of the night's entertainment. He left the theatre weighed down and silent.

Next day saw Everard moody and worn. One set of ideas harassed and perplexed him. The smile was gone, and so was his money and fame. It was his weakness to be sensitive, to worry himself with imaginings, and to stare, only too steadily, at the dark side of a trial, without trying to trace a gleam of sunshine to break the gloom. Every

picture, however black, has its streak or flake of light; but Everard could not discern in his the faintest glimpse of either. Evening came. There was no change. His temper had taken up the dark stamp of his mind, and both were beyond the counsellings of reason. His idea was suicidal, and he approached its issue as if it were irrevocable.

There was a strange quietness in those moments. He appeared cool, not pusillanimous, like one who, afraid to gaze at death, dashes into it with his eyes shut, in the vain desire to find it instantaneous. This was not Everard's plan. He took time to go through the preliminaries. His friends had noticed his listlessness to scenes which before had always awakened his interest, but they had no notion he was troubled with destructive contemplations. To the arm-rack he went, withdrew his carbine, and loaded it. All this was seen; still not a soul dreamed of his object. On the floor he placed the butt, on the trigger his toe, in his mouth the muzzle. Even yet were his comrades in darkness. There was too much deliberation in his acts—too much tranquillity in his conduct—to think he was possessed of any suicidal design. In fact, it did not strike them.

Bang! went the carbine, and Everard St. Louis was stretched on the floor!

Clustering round him, his comrades, aghast, lifted his bleeding body, made frightful by the gore spreading and clotting like lava over his cold face and long hair. Soon at hand, the doctor consulted the patient's pulse. It was still moving—the heart was still feebly fluttering; and though the ball had made a dangerous wound, there was hope. Remedies were instantly applied to serve the moment, and he was borne quickly to the hospital.

The bullet had pierced his cheek and broken his jaw!

It was wonderful the energy and skill that were exercised to save that life. In less than six months Everard was a hale man, cured alike of his wounds and desperate intentions. He lived to fight in the Crimea, to wear a medal in proof of his presence in that terrific war, and to gain promotion by his correct conduct both as a man and a soldier; but the scar remained—an ugly cicatrix it was—a gloomy epitaph of a wild but forgetful interval.

Another of that little corps—a well-made man, with a Roman cast of face and a nose of aquiline pretension—was

of warm temperament and abstracted habits. As a player he was respectable, but he never could disremember the failure of that night. It settled in mental aberration, with the added torture of believing that a violent death was hastening to overtake him. Though longer in making up his mind to put an end to the interminable thought that haunted him, it came at last; and the next that was heard of him was, he had gashed his throat in a horrible manner. Such was his maddened distraction, his neck was cut and hacked in all directions; but the last fragment of sanity having left him, his hand fell, or he would have nicked a bared artery, and thus streamed his life away. After months of care, even he recovered and was sent to England. During the voyage home he moped the greater part of his time, sitting on his berth. The most exciting scenes did not take his attention. Ceaselessly he gazed at one spot, without forming a smile or uttering a word; and on arriving at Woolwich was discharged, and sent to Ealing. Such was the close of the military career of poor Tinham.

One other allusion and the dramatic company may be dismissed. Strolling players make bad soldiers. Possessing the loose habits of a loose profession, they cannot drill themselves into the neatness and polish of military regularity and cleanliness. The stage-manager—an Argyle man—was a sloven. He was no acquisition to the parade—no credit to his comrades. He had a wizen face, like an ogre, patched with scars, as if it had been badly scalded and indifferently cured. The edges of the cavities had a lemon tint, and large flakes of freckle, abundantly distributed over his countenance, augmented the characteristics of its coarseness. His eyes had some softness in them, for they were blue; but whatever intelligence they possessed was marred by a gross crop of dry stubble on his scalp that defied arrangement, and a scanty whisker—every hair being as isolated and stiff as the wires of a bird-cage. In time, he returned from Gibraltar to Woolwich; from whence, dissatisfied with the quiet routine of a sapper's life, he deserted.

Clever as a tragedian—*after a fashion*—he soon obtained employment. Like other *great* men, he took his tour in the provinces, won the affections of a lady of the stage, treated her with inhumanity, and discarded her. He was a simpleton nevertheless. In the warmth of his tenderness, having

confided the secret of his desertion to the lively actress, retaliation was now in her power. Too base a man to provoke even an atom of remorse to dilute the bitterness the jilted girl felt against him, she *peached* on the vulgar wretch, and had him captured by a policeman, at a moment vexatiously inconvenient.

A scene at the —— theatre in which Geordy was the hero had just closed, when the functionary touched the actor on the shoulder as he was stepping from the stage between the slips.

"You did your part excellently," said the policeman, by way of introduction.

"Thank you," returned the actor, bowing.

"I think I've seen you somewhere?"

"Probably. I'm not aware when I may have had that pleasure."

"Geordy Hutchison, I presume?"

"Not professionately, but privately."

"The same. Then *you are a deserter!*"

"I? Nonsense?" replied the fugitive, smiling. "Some one's been hoaxing you."

"Do you know Miss ——?"

"She be drowned. She's no better than she should be."

"Mind what you say, or a defamation of character will lie against you. She has given me information of your desertion from the service."

"Don't believe her. You'll have a pretty job to run about to find proof for her tales. She can no more speak truth than German. The thing that amazes me is that she didn't charge *you* as a deserter!"

"Well, I can't help that. The charge is against you, and I must do my duty."

"God bless you. You're far too funny for a policeman. Come, let's have a draught of mild ale together."

"When you've shown yourself innocent, *I'll* pay for as much as you can swill."

"That's good. Chaff and generosity go hand in hand; so give us your flipper, my boy."

"Certainly," said the policeman, drawing his hand from his pocket; "and these captivating little ornaments into the bargain;" and with a short struggle, and a dexterous series of jerks, the darbies were affixed to the tragedian's wrists.

"Well, that's a good joke," exclaimed the actor, humor-

ously. "Come now, you've carried it far enough without any loss of temper on my part, and I'll thank you to unfetter me."

"No man should complain when he's safe; but answer me in confidence—between ourselves, you know—were you never in the sappers?"

"Snappers? What the devil are they?"

"Oh! you know."

"'Pon my honor, no; and I wouldn't pledge *that* for a trifle."

"I don't question it; but you may be mistaken. I said sappers."

"Sappers! Still dark as a tunnel. If sappers are riflemen, I never was in the rifles; nor in the cavalry, if that's what the sappers call themselves."

"How green *you* are. How green *I* am; aint I?"

"A great deal more blue than that."

"Your ignorance tells too much. There's no mistaking what you have been, and what you are. You have the look of a sapper."

"Why? How can you tell that?"

"You seem as if you've been in the trenches at Brompton."

"Ha! ha! That's capital. I never knew a better. Hang these bracelets. Take them off, like a good fellow. Trenches! I've only been in a pit with the gravediggers in Hamlet. What a droll fellow you must be to keep the game up so, and my wrists in these confounded cold shackles. Well, you're a jolly dog," said Geordy, nudging the policeman's sides with his elbow; "a rum un for duty, but this, I think, exceeds it."

"Right or wrong, I must take you. So come along."

"What! In this suit?"

"Just as you are."

"Do consider—now do, there's a noble soul. It's all very well here, but ridiculous elsewhere. To pass through the streets in these togs I might as well be in the pillory; and how every one will laugh at me!"

"It 'll be gay, certainly, and keep your spirits up. Depend on it, it 'll be an advantage to go as you are, for the magistrate may see so great a difference between your present costume and what your past must have been, as even to disbelieve the very truth of the 'Hue and Cry;' and

then, you know, you can, in retracing your steps through the same streets, laugh at every one for laughing at you."

"That'll be very consoling, won't it? But when do you intend to end this farce?"

"Oh, the magistrate must come on the stage before the curtain falls; and the sooner you appear, the sooner you'll be free. Move on."

"Well, mind, so that there may be no mistake hereafter. I denounce this proceeding as illegal. Infringing the liberty of the subject is a serious thing; and in the queen's royal name, I protest against your limiting mine."

"Oh, certainly! I never knew a criminal that didn't."

Such was the free-and-easy colloquy that passed between the deserter and his captor. There was no difficulty in the apprehension, and no attempt on the part of the culprit to offer opposition. So in this way, of mutual spirit and forbearance, each leaning to the other's humour, the thing was done with so much quietness, that few were aware of the abstraction of the hero, till the time came round for him to appear before the audience.

Stage straits are incidents of common occurrence, met, in a sort of way, by duplicates. Thus was Geordy's place supplied.

Meanwhile he was lugged away, in boots, tinsel, and feathers, and lodged in the station-house till morning; when, pushed into the dock, before the magistrate, the judicial investigation that followed proving satisfactorily that Geordy Hutchison was a deserter, he was committed. In a few days, under an official order from the war-office, he was escorted to Woolwich, and lodged in the lock-up. A court-martial was then ordered to try him. He heard the decision with a resignation quite placid; and on the corporal of the guard bolting and barring him within his cell, he laughed fit to kill himself.

On the third day the prisoner was directed to come forth, to appear before a garrison court-martial.

"Where is he?" cried the adjutant. "Order him out, corporal."

And the corporal of the guard unbarred the door, and called the deserter.

No answer.

"He may be asleep," said the corporal. "Go in, sentry, and rouse him."

"Hutchison!" cried the sentry, "Hutchison!" But there were some bricks and a couple of bars on the bed-head that gave ominous intelligence of the prisoner's activity.

"Come, look alive there!" cried the adjutant impatiently. "Go in, corporal, and shake the prisoner to his feet."

The corporal went in, kicked in the corners, and looked under the bed, thinking it possible he may have been seized with a fit, and taken an eccentric roll under it; but searching was useless; orders to produce him were of no avail; for bricks and bars strewn on the bed, eloquent in silence, proclaimed that the deserter had escaped.

MIND, AND CUT YOUR HAIR.—Sergeant Fierce found fault with young Pepper, on a Sunday-morning parade in Antrim, on account of his hair being long. The admonition was not unreasonable, for the covering to Pepper's head swept his coat-collar like a horse's mane, and was coiled up in front of his ears, for all the world like a couple of buoy-lines. Not content with administering reproof, Fierce added, "Mind, you have your hair cut, sir! If it's not shortened by the next parade, I'll bring a pair of shears, no less, and clip it myself in front of these good people."

The good people were a group of wondering cotters, trimmed off in the characteristic costume of Irishmen, with rimless hats and flapping crowns, displaying dingy pipes and bits of shamrock; loose stockings, with thumping holes in them to assist the escape of infragrant gases from the feet; a few bare toes holding cold companionship with the rough stones beneath; big sticks, with fearful knobs, pressed under their arms; and torn pockets, ript and gaping to the knees.

At the novel threat, the lovers of stirabout seemed to be much amused, and muttered something which fell on the ear like the expression of a wish to be present at the operation.

"I repeat," said the sergeant, with annoying distinctness, "that at the next parade, if you dare come in that indecent state, I'll give your head a crop that'll bare it like a hearthstone."

And the cotters laughed again, and so did the men in the ranks.

Pepper was chafed and impertinent. He was not a man to brook even mild discipline. Of course, this insult was altogether out of the category of endurance, and he turned the laugh against the sergeant.

"Faigs!" cried he, "it's time now, considering your advanced years, that you gave up the business of a barber, for you've been a *shaver* long enough."

In truth, he was a shaver—in other words, a martinet; but Fierce did not take the hint, for, clinging to the muster-roll for a dozen years after, he shaved many a man by his severity—and Pepper, in particular.

THE BITER BIT.—"Please, sir," whispered a convict of the Justitia to a non-commissioned officer who was passing, staring, at the same time, in every direction to guard against danger, "will you be so kind as drop a poor fellow a bit o' backer?"

The non-commissioned officer was a great smoker, and, besides, constantly had his cheek plumped, like a Saxon tumulus, with a ball of the weed, to save him, as he said, from toothache and pains in his jaws; and thinking it very hard that even a felon could not once in a way enjoy a whiff of the universal luxury, readily acceded to his request.

"Yes, certainly," said the non-commissioned officer, pulling out a small iron box, and throwing back the lid on a corroded hinge. "Here," continued he, "take this." And the corporal handed the man in shackles enough to fill a couple of pipes.

"Ah," said the latter, greedily, seeing a sixpence at the bottom of the box, which caused his ruffianly blood to steam in his veins, and his thievish fingers to tingle, "if you don't give me that sixpence, I'm blest if I don't peach."

The non-commissioned officer was astounded. He knew that "gentlemen in gray" were bad enough, but was not prepared to hear the expression of such an atrocious intention. Had the convict been equal in presence of mind to the corporal, and made the threatened report, it would have ended seriously, for the orders against giving convicts tobacco were so stringent, that a court-martial would have assuredly reduced the non-commissioned officer to the ranks.

"You will, will you?" replied the corporal, disgusted with the fellow's perfidious purpose. "You're a clever wretch,

no doubt. And so you'll sell me, or even your father, for a paltry sixpence, will you?"

"By G—d! I will, if you don't give it me," said the penal man.

"Very well. Now I'll see if I can't trick you. Mind, you have brought what may follow on yourself, and, by Heavens! I'll have no mercy!"

A policeman having come in sight, the corporal beckoned him; and the functionary in blue, with a glazed crown and ribs to his hat, quickly appeared, anticipating a case.

"I charge this villain," said the corporal, strongly enunciating his complaint, "with stealing some tobacco from me!"

"Indeed! Have you done so, sir?" asked the policeman magisterially.

"I declare to my Saviour I didn't!" said the convict, alive to his dilemma.

"Why, you thief!" cried the corporal, affecting surprise at his denial, "you've got it in your waistcoat-pocket!"

His pocket was searched by the peeler, and there was found the quantity for loading two pipes.

"I asked him for it," exclaimed the convict, "and he gave it to me. He did, indeed!"

"That's *very* likely," said the policeman, knowingly. "Come with me, and prove your innocence, *if you can*, to the superintendent."

But as no excuse of the culprit's could be relied on, the corporal was, by consequence, believed, and the convict flogged.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In the early days of the Irish survey it was impracticable to carry out the discipline of the companies in the way it had been customary in the service from the time of Marlborough. The men were too detached, away from access to military cells, and far removed from the multiplied correctives of a barrack. A sapper was a sort of citizen, at large on his means, so that the nature of his duties required the application of other modes of punishment to bring him to his senses when he had lost them.

One of the substitutes for the old penalties was marching to long distances; and one of the early offenders subjected to this species of retribution was Aleck Newman, a sprightly fellow, of small stature and unbounded airs, wearing trumpet-shaped trowsers, a jacket with the narrowest skirts and the closest buttons, and a cap with a cupola crown large enough to do duty for an umbrella on a stormy day. Aleck had long, jet-black, inflexible hair, that fenced a wide, open forehead like a stockade, and deep, hazel eyes, well fringed, scattering light over an intellectual countenance, which possessed but one drawback, in the shape of a prominent, indefinable nose, that Sterne, had he seen it, would have promoted to the dignified dimensions of a well-filled chapter. It was of the aquiline type, taking a place between a pea and pumpkin, consuming no end of oxygen, and producing a sound, when blown, like an echo of the bass-drum at Strasburg.

Sandy was called upon to append his name to an official document for some pay he had received. It happened at a moment when, full of blood and fun, the humour to do strange things was on him.

"What's the use of a name," said he, "if you don't make the most of it?"

And so he did; for seizing the stump of a quill with a broad neb, he dashed off his signature like a Sultan. Every stroke was as broad, maybe, as a crowbar, taking

nearly a bottle of ink and a sheet of foolscap paper to do anything like justice to his "discriminative appellation." When dry, the letters stood up, as if embossed, so that a blind boy could, without difficulty, have traced with his sensitive finger the elements of Aleck's wonderful name.

For this specimen of bold autographic skill, Newman was ordered to march to Dublin, carrying his knapsack, and arms and accoutrements. He was about ninety miles away from the Irish metropolis, laboring in a snug little locality in the province of Ulster, and was directed to accomplish the journey in four days. This was hard work, for the roads were bad and hilly, and the season hot; but young "Five-foot" did it easily, "for the fun o' the thing."

Arriving in Dublin, he reported himself to an officer of known strictness, who, having heard of the doings of the light-hearted trickster, ordered him, tired, sweating, and thirsty as he was, to show his kit. Off went the pack by the side of the grounded musket, and his "duds" being paraded according to the routine of a general inspection, the officer at a glance saw that Sandy's pocket-ledger was deficient.

Quietly looking at the offender, he asked, in tones of decided amiability, "Where's your Tommy Atkins, my man?"

"Some miles beyond Belfast, sir."

"Then go back for it," said the officer, calmly.

Sandy was amazed—almost petrified, indeed; and that promontory of his countenance which pushed ever so far into space, sniffling an unusual quantity of oxygen, expanded laterally to his cheeks, parting his lips in the stretch.

"I can send it to you, sir, if you please," suggested Newman, profoundly submissive.

"No, you must bring it yourself," replied the officer, profoundly amiable.

Sandy stared again, thinking the punishment out of all proportion to his offence. It was useless, however, to offer excuses, or beg relief from the performance of a tiresome journey; the order was irrevocable; and, furnished with a new route, without the chance of taking "bite or sup," young Cheerful was again on the road for Ulster.

Within four days he rejoined his station, foot-sore, melted, and stewed, with foam working out of a mass of thick hair

which, while it served as a shield to his head, saturated his coat-collar.

"So," said a subaltern of the corps, to whom he reported himself, "you've arrived, aye? Where's your route? Have you any letters for me?"

"Yes, sir;" and Aleck handed to him his route, and a note from the strict officer.

"Quite right," said the sub, after reading the note. "Mind, now; to-morrow morning, at daybreak, you recommence the march to Dublin; and be careful that you not only take your pocket-ledger, but your entire kit. The duration of your punishment will depend on your complying with this order."

Next morning, at dawn, Newman, duly paraded by the senior non-commissioned officer, was marched off. Buoyant as an air-balloon, he trudged along without one harrowing thought, singing his hours away and leaving mile-stones and finger-posts rapidly behind him. At night he slept soundly, without a dream to trouble him, and, rising with the early birds, was afoot again before the watchman had quitted his beat. At Dublin he arrived, hot, excited, and fatigued, and, on presenting himself to the strict officer, was straightway subjected to the same ordeal as before. This time the inventory of his kit was complete, and with as much coolness as if he were sending a man to his room, the strict officer ordered Sandy to pack up his things and return immediately to his station.

Sandy was an elastic fellow, prepared for anything. It would have taken a great deal to discourage or anger him. Still he cursed his "Tommy Atkins" in every page as the cause of his corns and stiff joints. Once packed among his shirts and brushes in the knapsack, the innocent pocket-ledger passed into oblivion, and Aleck now only thought of completing his pedestrian tour with as much despatch as possible. Re-equipped, he was directed to slope arms, and march; when, bearing up in his pride, as if a journey round the world would not be a step too much for his spirit and energy, young Cheerful moved off at a martial stride, and at the proper minute of the hour halted at the office some miles beyond Belfast.

Sixteen days was thus the measure of his punishment, during which he trudged over about four hundred miles of

execrable road and moor, burdened with a full pack, arms and accoutrements, a chaco of extravagant altitude, and a feather of swinging height, loaded at the top with lead, which reeled him over from side to side at every breath of passing air, like a struggling ship wearing in a gale. Perspiration had colored his coatee under the arms as if a painter had daubed it with mazarine blue, and down the back were tortuous markings and stains, like the boundaries, rivers, and shaded mountains of a county map.

"If this is the punishment," said he, gaily, "for making one's signature indelible and indisputable, I'll not try it again." And he never did, for he abhorred the sight of a bold signature as much as he did an attempt at forgery.

Sandy at length became a sergeant in the corps. He never grew an inch above his youth, and, although his head was almost a third of his structure, and his nose a third of his head, no man was so cocky or more respected. As he lived, so he died—still cocky, still esteemed.

BETTER TIMES.—In Leeds, many years ago, corporal Garnham was observed by a rural policeman, endeavouring, at several shops, to obtain change for a five-pound note. Suspecting that he had not acquired it honestly, the "man in blue" unceremoniously took the corporal into custody, and escorted him with legal promptitude to the station-house.

On making the charge, the policeman (reasoning like a logician,) stated, that he had been twenty-one years in the army himself, and *never* saw a soldier with so much money. Therefore, it was impossible that a sapper could have as much *now;* and he felt justified in securing the prisoner, to give any one who had been robbed of the note a chance of claiming it.

The inspector, strongly impressed with the notion that "better times" had overtaken the service, dismissed the charge as untenable; when Garnham, turning on his over-zealous friend, washed him down with a shower of rebukes, and finished by informing him, in his coolest manner, which grievously stirred the policeman's bile, that it was pretty evident he had not made as good use of his money while in the army as William Cobbett had.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT, with the country around, is just the locality for lovers. Past it flows the classic Dee, meandering, as it courses to the sea, through a delightful district of hill and dale, arable and pasture fields, embosoming woodlands and fragments of forest. Shady avenues, coaxing nooks, and cooing retreats are there; and there, too, are innumerable rural walks, winding among stately trees, and grassy plots of park-like sward, which, at every bend and turn, present views so different and enchanting, that one loses himself in delectation as he gazes on the sylvan sublimities of the varying panorama.

Beautiful as are its general features, it is not less remarkable for its memorials of antiquity and romance. On yonder bluff point, overlooking the sea, stands a bold, Scandinavian fort. Of the prowess and vigilant watch of its slender garrisons, traditional reminiscences still linger hazily in the minds of the people. On an eminence, in another direction, terminates a parallel range of fortifications. One line, consisting of a number of rectangular forts, was constructed, it is said, by the Romans, and indicates the northernmost point reached by the famed Julius Agricola. The other comprises a series of crumbling structures, opposite the Roman fortresses, erected, probably, by native warriors, who, under Corbred II., the supposed Galgacus of Tacitus, valiantly opposed the aggression of the Roman invader. A little further on is the eastern extremity of a vast barrier, called the Devil's Dyke—a proud, age-worn, gloomy relic of an era only dimly seen in the historic page.

It was the habit of Roderick M'Vicar to loiter among those old works, not so much to extend his information as to be alone. Solitude was grateful to him; it suited his nature, harmonized with his reflections, and accorded with a temperament as morbid as bashful. Still he was soft, sensitive, and open to gentle impressions.

While sitting one day on those grown, moss-mottled battle-

ments, a young maiden, taking a midday ramble, was tripping over the lines with a vivacity almost aërial; and M'Vicar's heart began to leap. As she skimmed towards him, he motioned his hand over the dilapidations and began to moralize—

"These are the living recollections," said he, "of colossal energies, exhausted nearly two thousand years ago—"

"I beg pardon; did you speak, sir?" interrupted the lively girl, in quick accents, ready to take wing as soon as he should reply.

"Well, I did, miss," rejoined M'Vicar, agitatedly. "I simply made an observation about these warlike ruins—a fit place in which to meet a soldier."

"Do you think so? why?" asked she, looking at him with a dancing leer from the corner of her eye.

"Because here," rejoined Roderick, shaking his right leg as was his custom, and tugging at the sleeve of his jacket, "are the vestiges of old fortifications and dykes, traces of camps, and evidences of honorable combats and glorious deaths."

"It is picturesque, certainly, to see a modern warrior surveying the martial wrecks of remote times; but," added she, in a playful interrogatory, "are *you* a warrior?"

"I wear the uniform of one."

"Primâ facie—you *are* one, then?"

"At my country's call I am ready to show myself, if not a champion, at least a dauntless man." Roderick's right leg evinced more uneasiness, and his countenance received a touch of color as he modestly claimed for himself the attributes of a soldier.

"That's as it should be," lisped the maiden, with a patronizing nod. "It's quite to my liking; but I cannot exactly see what connection exists between the Devil's Dyke and a *sapper*, unless, indeed, you have dealings with the old sinner." The fair creature started at the thought, and opened wide her eyes to see what effect her irony would produce.

"Oh! miss," cried he, glancing sheepishly at her under the peak of his cap, "did you ever? Never as I live."

"Yes," continued she, with affected alarm, slightly concealing her humour, "you are—you must be, if I judge aright, one of his imps."

"What, in a red coat? Do not think me rude if I say

you are mistaken." M'Vicar nervously tugged his sleeve again, and stretched his stature to its greatest altitude.

"Possibly I am; but—"

"But what?"

"Good-morning!" And she tripped away as if her form were too light to tread the earth.

"Eh, but that's a bonny lass, strange as she seems!" mentally exclaimed Roddy, as he followed the myth, on foot, and in contemplation. "Like all girls who are lively, she's pert, and censorious. Doubtlessly, she's a shrew, wickedly mischievous, and a vast deal too candid for most people; but I admire the merry thing all the better for that, and should like to join my diffidence with her confidence—my future with hers. It strikes me," proceeded he, reflectively, "that that pretty face, those illuminated eyes, and that blithe little step, have awakened this heart of mine before. Where on earth could I have seen her? Good dear, how shallow my memory is! Well, it's useless to struggle with a defective recollection, or try and rake up from oblivion a forgotten incident. In truth, she's a darling woman, and would suit me fine."

Roddy rubbed his hands with an energy sufficient to peel the skin off his fingers, as he persuaded himself of her suitability to match him; and, feeling as ethereal as it was possible for a mortal to feel, pursued, at a distance, the lightsome thing, till his soft eyes, moistened by staring, had the agreeable satisfaction of seeing her home.

That was one point gained. Others soon succeeded; and it was marvellous, considering M'Vicar's natural shyness, how he managed to bend the young will of that effervescent will-o'-th'-wisp to his own wishes, and to make an inroad on affections which, apparently, existed as much for others as himself. But in this affair of the heart, Roderick was beside himself—bold even to rashness.

After a few accidental meetings, at which a few words only were exchanged, enough had passed to show that Roddy had made an impression. In the bosom of that giddy girl the tender passion had taken root, and expanding with the growth of her feelings, she accepted his attentions, and for the first time linked her arm in his, as one clear, dry, summer's day, they strode away for a long walk.

As may be expected, Roderick was fastidiously courteous,

watching his charge with happy but nervous solicitude. If a stone stood in the way of her foot, he kicked it aside; if a cart-rut broke up the road, he led her gently to the choicest track to avoid it; if anything offensive dared exhibit itself, he delicately invited her attention to some passing object; if a branch, or a wild piece of thorn-bush, stretched itself over the narrow path, he pressed it back into the hedge, of course tearing his hands in the effort. To dogs and cows he hallooed to keep out of the way—a dog might bark and frighten her—a cow playfully swish its tail, draggled in manure, across her face; both probabilities were awful to contemplate, and Roderick did his best to prevent them. To approaching vehicles he indicated the necessity of inclining to the opposite side of the road, for the friction of a lumbering wheel might smash his arm, or thrust Janet violently into a prickly hedge. And when, too, the dust had covered the tips of her trim little cream-colored boots, he swept them clean with his white pocket-handkerchief, and wiped his nose after. In all these offices he was awkward. The wild flowers he plucked from the hedges and formed into a bouquet were either too long or too short in the stem; and his virtuous familiarities, both of action and expression, were characterised by submissive faint-heartedness. Janet could not be displeased with these features of embarrassed concern for her comfort, though his mode of doing so amused her. Commiserating his timidity, she threw off her reserve, and becoming amiable and warm, was unrestrictedly communicative. Roderick caught the influence. He felt less the shackles of restraint—less the fear of giving offence. Thus free in instinct and will, he shot off showers of vows and sentiments, amid flights of mild flattery, that won her sympathies, and betrayed her into the womanly weakness of reciprocating his fondness by pleasantries and promises.

"Ay, that's well thought of," said Roderick, having just offered a tribute to Janet's beauty. "Do you know where you are, dear?"

"I should be a silly if I didn't. Am I not near Kirkcudbright?"

"Yes, pet; but this road is a remarkable one." M'Vicar looked as if he could interest her.

"Why so?" asked she, suddenly jerking his arm.

"Here," replied he, fiddling with Janet's thin fingers, "Burns—our poet—moved by martial inspiration, composed his 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!'" and Roddy, to do honor to the poet, declaimed the soul-stirring stanzas, as if Janet had never heard them.

In time they came to a limpid stream, called Black Morrow, named traditionally after a grim giant. The story runs, that he fired the water with whiskey, drank ardently of the mixture, and falling asleep over his toddy, was despatched by the villagers.

"For aught we know," said Roddy, in a tone of mingled humanity and horror, "he may have devoured young children, as wolves do pullets, and dragged young ladies by the hair of their heads to his den, like another Bluebeard, to satiate his sanguinary appetite."

"The monster!" cried Janet, clinging like a tendril to Roderick's arm. "Had he touched one of mine, I should have strangled him myself, had he been as big and terrible as Goliath."

"I believe it. A woman's courage in such an extremity is madness. Revenge is not only sweet, but a virtue. So, I am sure, I should feel it, were it my duty at any time, to avenge an atrocity. Wait a little," proceeded he, with a calm sentimental gaze at Janet, "and then you'll see, dearest, that the finger which in anger touches one of *ours*—"

"Of *ours!*" interrupted she, dwelling on her pace, and looking surprised at Roderick.

"Ay, Janet! Would it not be right to protect *my own*, when the occasion dares me?"

"Nothing more natural," returned she, resuming her step. "I did not exactly comprehend you; but do not let us revive *that* subject."

They sauntered back through a lovely country, teeming with relics of interest, on which M'Vicar expatiated with the fullness of an itinerary. In the distance was St. Mary's Isle, where stands the unique and picturesque castle of the Earl of Selkirk on the site of a long lost monastery, and the rock on which Paul Jones, the buccaneer, landed in 1778, and robbed the mansion of its plate. Notwithstanding his predatory habit, Paul had a good heart, for he returned the stolen articles to Lady Selkirk, some five years after.

"Not excepting the tea-leaves which he had captured

with the teapot," interposed Janet; "and like a true knight, even paid for the carriage of the things."

"You seem to know the story, dear. Was he not a generous privateer?"

"Truly; and perhaps was rewarded with the hand of the earl's daughter."

"Would you have given him yours, under the circumstances?" said Roderick, trying what effect a touch under the chin would produce.

"I wouldn't have minded." And Janet tossed her head.

"And then where should I have been?" asked Roderick, playfully.

"Where you are," replied Janet, carelessly.

"But without you; what then?"

"Oh! that, I presume, would give you the smallest possible concern."

"Ah, Janet! You give me poor credit for feeling. Without you, the world would have no brightness—no capacity for giving happiness—nothing to inspire even a thrill or an emotion. All would be unvarying gloom, tears, and despair. With you—unvarying sunshine, delight, and bliss."

"What insipidity!" exclaimed she, reprehensively. "It's always the way with you *modest* men, when trying to steal a march on the affections of a simple girl. You never can speak rationally; it's either all sweets and sunshine, or bitters and clouds—a middle course you seem to have no idea of steering. If I am worth winning, you must use other means to succeed, or give up the fatal hope of uniting your future to mine."

"Indeed, Janet! you jest surely?"

"I'm serious. So now you know my will. But I have not come out to be grave; I want to be as light as air, and as warm as a sunbeam; so shoot off into any subject but love."

"Gladly, if it only please you. Do you see that bridge?"

"Where?"

"There, love," said he, pointing in the direction in which he desired to attract her attention.

"Now, don't *love* me."

"I swear I'll love no other," exclaimed M'Vicar, with his left hand pointing upwards.

"Oh, what a rash man! But where's the bridge?"

"There," replied he, motioning to a rocky part of the

Dee. "Those slippery stones which rise from the shallow stream, with time-worn heads, have received the name of Queen Mary's Bridge."

"Of course *you* know why?"

"The unfortunate queen passed over those stones to escape pursuit. It must have been a perilous adventure; but this eloquently explains how much we really can master when danger, in its ruthless exactions, is determined only to concede a triumph through a gantlet like this. The wonder is, in leaping from one stone to the other, she did not miss foot, and fall into the stream. In safety she crossed the bridge, sped on in search of an asylum, and found sanctuary in the cloisters of Dundrennan Abbey—now one of the grandest ruins in Scotland. But calamity followed in her royal wake. An imprisoned life of nineteen years she spent in the Tower, and was then murderously beheaded by Queen Elizabeth."

"How can you speak in that way of good Queen Bess?"

"I could not, if I would, speak so of good Queen Janet."

"Very beautiful, indeed!"

"Is it not apposite? Can you command audacity enough to say it isn't deserved?"

"I wonder the compliment didn't lose itself in hisses through your teeth!"

"Had it been false it would."

"Then I don't feel flattered by it."

"Still, believe it true."

"If it were worth anything, I would, but I have no heart for sentiment; such trash sickens me. If you wish to save me from a bed of sickness, or retain my presence, which you stupidly say gives you pleasure, you will cease to trouble me with such nonsense."

Roderick could not but submit. It was a disappointment to be so peremptorily checked in his purposes; but following the conversation as she led, drinking of her spirit, having none to spare of his own, he talked on every subject she proposed, with an assumed but stiff gaiety, which made the little aëreal by his side, enjoy his awkwardness with jeering cheerfulness and rattling laughter. Nevertheless, he had deepened the impression it was his aim to establish; and on returning to the town as the evening was falling, they parted, promising, when the occasion offered, to renew, as M'Vicar

hyperbolically termed it, "the sweet recreation of this delightful day."

While they wait for an opportunity to link arms in another ramble, let us take a survey of the person and character of Janet. A beautiful girl she certainly was; few could excel her in those attractions which fetter a man's heart before he is aware of it. She was neat in dress, had refined tastes, and a sparkling intellect. Not exactly tall, she was slender and gracefully formed; but her mien, the sprightliness of her nut-brown eye, and the freedom from care that enlivened every feature of her smiling countenance, told of the provoking playfulness of a disposition set more on enslaving an unwary heart than toning itself down to the settled simplicity of a single and sober attachment. Her young life was wild and flirty, spent in alluring advances and then rejecting them; and it was a marvel how M'Vicar, shy, pale-faced, moon-eyed, and tremulous, contrived to preserve her esteem, accompanied by all those indications which, though not enthusiastic, were still loving; while others better favored in the accomplishments of an exterior, were only accepted to be ridiculed and thrown aside like the useless shreds from her work-table.

To court so flighty and insecure a creature was a labour for Hercules. It required tact, skilful manœuvring, and a placid temper to deal with her crochetiness. M'Vicar, however, did not fret himself about her caprices, but hung on day by day, with immovable perseverance, condemning, as a duty incumbent on him, her coquetry, her instability, and her waywardness, yet showing his admiration of her by an unbroken devotion, which, feeding her vanity, added to the legion of her airs and whims. At last he won her—at least he thought so.

On a warm sentimental day, when the bright sun was shedding its effulgence on the trees, and lighting them up as if burning lamps were hung among the boundless foliage, M'Vicar, with his *spirituelle* fiancée leaning on his arm, walked as far as the holy cross, near Dundrennan Abbey. From this spot, itself the record of a romance, the landscape was enchanting. M'Vicar was aware of the incident which had given the locality its name; but too fine in feeling, he did not refer to it, for its details, as ordinarily recited, expose one of the depraved aspects of human nature. At the holy

Cross, so runs the tale, in brief, a sensual monk, stifling the upbraidings of his religious vows, made unchaste proposals to the wife of a sturdy blacksmith, who blazed his days away in hot industry at the forge. Whether she succumbed to the priest's overtures is not distinctly stated; but the name of the place is applied, not to mark the site of a holy cross, but as an opprobrious epithet, to indicate the spot where the monk had lewdly conducted himself. Whether due to fact, or the strong prejudices of the Scotch against Catholicism, tradition asserts, that the monk, who had disgraced his order, was subjected to corporeal dishonor at the Cross, and that a portion of the personal estate of Kelly is still amerced in the annual penalty of five pounds, for the scandal thus brought on the church.

Strange that M'Vicar should have made this place the terminus of his love trip. He was innocent of any intention, beyond sharing, with Janet, the pleasure which the landscape around afforded. While lingering here, the idea, that he had seen Janet some years before the present attachment had taken root, recurred to him. The same conviction struck him, when he saw her tripping over the old fortifications. Curious to know whether such had really been the case, he deferentially mentioned his impression, glancing coyly at her, and passing her slim fingers playfully through his own.

"I have been taxing my memory," said he, "to recall the circumstance."

"If it ever occurred," remarked Janet, "I think it plain, it was accompanied with disagreeable particulars."

"Why—Miss Sibyl?"

"Because the mind is vividly acute in remembering creditable incidents."

"That does not tally with my experience."

"Very likely. Your experience obviously corresponds with nothing."

"That's very cruel. Well, I'd sooner bear anything than contradict. Still, deceived I cannot be, though years may have timed away since first I had the pleasure of seeing you. That sweet voice, and those charming features, occur to me with all the fullness of an old, but transient, familiarity."

"Now that I call to mind, I crossed from Liverpool to

Carsethorn with a party of your corps, about three years ago—"

"Three years ago!" exclaimed M'Vicar, pausing. "That must be the time."

"Were you on board then?"

"Probably. What was the name of the vessel?"

"*The Maid of Galloway.*"

"The same."

"One Avenell and one Baird were also on board—both kind men."

"They were comrades of mine."

"There was also one whom Avenell called Roddy."

M'Vicar had a quiet chuckle to himself, and looked inquiringly at Janet.

"Do you think you would know him again?"

"The recognition, I fancy, would be easy," said she, raising her eye for an instant, and covering it again by its elegantly-fringed lid.

"Then Roddy presses your hand, Janet!"

"You! good gracious, how curious!" cried she, with a startled gaze.

"I am he. I was sure of having met you somewhere."

"Yes," continued she, in a less surprised tone. "I perceive it's the same pale face—the same sheepish eye!"

"Sheepish, Janet!" interrupted M'Vicar, perplexed.

"Quiet, I mean," rejoined she, with an arch leer and a softened expression. "But, Roddy, if that be your name, I do not recollect anything of the incident just revived, which permits me to give you the smallest credit."

"Oh, I am sorry for that." M'Vicar felt and looked uneasy.

"If my mind is not treacherous, I think you declined to share in the cost of the morning hospitalities to which your friends had invited me; and, moreover, when I was bewildered by harpies, who demanded a ruinous recompense to carry my box from the steamer to the omnibus at Carsethorn, you unkindly refused to free me from their tyranny; but, a warm-hearted man with a rough exterior, named Baird, promptly did the service for me, and I was glad to thank him instead of you. Did I not tell you, there were disagreeable particulars in the way of recalling the incident?"

"And did I really perpetrate those incivilities?" asked Roddy, red with confusion.

"Ask yourself," replied she, with a composed but teazing smile. "I have given your retention sufficient expansion to recover a full view of those unhandsome occurrences, which, with very proper disgust, no doubt, you had effaced from your memory."

"If what you state be true—"

"If true, sir!" interrupted Janet, indignantly.

"Pray, pardon me," returned M'Vicar, bowing, and drawing the glove of his right hand nervously through his left. "I did not mean to doubt you. Your recollection is far superior to mine, and I accept what you allege against me as true. But, while I admit this, I must urge that I had reasons for acting so apparently gross. The refusal of assistance, in both cases, must have been due to insults offered to my pride."

"Who offered you insults?" asked Janet, imperiously. "If you mean me, you speak as falsely as impertinently."

"Do not be harsh, dear," said M'Vicar, subserviently. "Remember, I am endeavouring to defend myself; or, at least, to submit an excuse for what I own to be very ungracious and rude. *You* did not offer me an insult, but the men whom you honor by your approbation."

"You spoke of pride just now: what had that to do with assisting a lone woman?"

"Nothing. Yet one, you know, likes to be solicited, not commanded. To Avenell I was under no subordination, and he should not have assumed authority."

"Authority! Well, I must not dispute a matter of this kind with you, knowing, as you do, its phases so well; but this I do know. If our trifling affairs are to proceed with any favor, you must respect *my* authority."

"Oh! certainly. Petticoat despotism is a very mild form of government."

"I fear you'll find it more absolute than agreeable."

"What you will, Janet: sweet or bitter, I'm content, if I may bear either with your countenance."

"Submissive man! You seem to know your place; now let me see that you keep it."

And the lovers, after this episodical snarl, parted.

Subsequently they frequently met, often teaed together, and

often walked—going sometimes as far as the Scandinavian fort, and tracing their way back by the fringed margin of the winding Dee. At times she was sharp, pettish, and disdainful; at others, warm, clinging, and affectionate. Never, however, could she forget M'Vicar's coarse illiberality to her in the "Maid of Galloway." It tinged her conduct and her confidence, even in her most passionate aspects. "The course of true love never runs smooth." M'Vicar always regarded this as an idle adage; but in his own chequered experience, he had found it painfully true. It had its brilliant lights and gloomy shadows. Alternately warm and cold, according to the quality of their tempers, there was now much promise, and now an indefinite postponement of the end. In every possible way, Roderick submitted, with apparent cheerfulness, to her caprices and behests; but Janet, airy as thistledown, given to paroxysms of humour, resentment, and inconstancy, threw the trusting and shivering Roderick into a wavering state of hope and despair. Yet, through all the changes of his courtship, he persevered, and was exacting and pressing in his suit.

Strange to say, he possessed incomprehensible power over the fickle Janet. She had her volatile partialities—too many of them in fact; but, whatever was genuine in that fly-away creature, was centred in Roderick. So far had he gained his point, that he wrung from her a consent to marry him.

Suddenly the genius of derangement stood in the way. This was Avenell, whom Janet esteemed highly, for the disinterested kindness he had shown her on board the "Maid of Galloway." He was well-looking, and not without those outward accomplishments, which fasten on unestablished minds. Avenell, however, was not the man to wed. Roguish and rattling, he was a general lover. His idealization of the married state was an unhappy one; and he was content, sooner than subject himself to connubial restraints, to take life as he should find it, of course, preying on the simplicity of unaffianced women. On the score of marriage, then, M'Vicar was safe, but a wicked feeling against Roderick created a determination in Avenell to prevent the union.

"I hear," said Avenell, surprised, meeting Janet one evening in Kirkcudbright, "you've been carrying on a

stupid intimacy with Roddy M'Vicar, and that you are actually going to take him for better or worse!"

"Well," rejoined she, with the smallest possible blush on her cheek, "I have certainly promised him."

"Can you forget," cried Avenell, laying his hand impressively on her arm, "how he treated you in the steamer from Liverpool to Carsethorn?"

"No, indeed, I do not," replied she, firmly. "I almost despise him for it." Janet bent her head in thought.

"And yet, with this knowledge of his antecedents, you have suffered yourself to be enticed into a promise to marry him! I could easily have thought of a thousand improbabilities being probable; but never have dreamed of so unwise a connexion as the one you have foolishly sanctioned."

"I can withdraw it, Avenell," returned Janet, quickly. "It would cost me no compunction—not even an emotion. It was a lip consent, not a heart one; and if *you* say it would be advisable to throw M'Vicar to the winds, I'll do so."

"Not for *my* sake," replied Avenell, "but your own. You must judge for yourself in a matter so delicate, and take the responsibility of its issue."

Janet was silent again.

"But can you," said she, raising her head and gazing searchingly at Avenell, "assign any other reason why I should withdraw my unfortunate promise? Of his unhandsome treatment to me in the steamer I have known all along; and I fear this pretext would be a dishonorable one to urge against him now."

"Do you know," he exclaimed, with a significant glance, "that M'Vicar is as much a world's wonder as the sea-serpent?"

"What do you mean?" cried she, impatiently, anxious to find a substantial reason for the severance she contemplated.

"I dare not explain," said Avenell, darkly; "but, I repeat, he's a world's wonder!"

Janet, quick in apprehension, put her own construction on this occult communication. She always regarded Roderick as a molly-coddle; driven into spirit, less, by the instincts of his nature than the circumstances in which he accidentally

found himself. Never for a moment, however, did she entertain an idea that anything even in mystery could be insinuated against him. An objection like this was all she wanted to settle her purpose. A world's wonder, whatever that was, she would not have. Alienation set in strongly; and speaking detractively of Roddy, as if years of spite had established her aversion to him, she expressed an unchangeable resolution to have nothing more to do with him.

To break off the match, Janet went on a visit to Liverpool. Thither Roderick wrote to her in terms full of esteem and hope. For more than a week the banns had been over-called—yet Janet was away. To fulfil her nuptial engagement he affectionately invited her immediate return, even sending her money to pay her passage back to Kirkcudbright. Both remittance and letters she received without acknowledging either. Weeks passed, and months rolled by, still Janet was away. Obvious it was, from her continued absence and silence, that the true and trusting Roderick was jilted.

"Well, well," said M'Vicar to himself, "it's no use to trouble oneself about her. She's gone, and joy go with her, if that be possible. It will not be me that 'll bring her back, while others, far better looking, and far less fitful and coquettish, can be had with infinitely less difficulty, and far less expense."

He was right.

Janet had a younger sister, named Ella, a sedate, prepossessing maiden, of retired habits, girlish ways, and an untainted mind. Her slender figure was set off by a presbyterian hauteur, more benign than religious. Roderick had often spoken to her, treating her in every respect as a sister. When the rupture between himself and Janet had become decided, he presented himself to Ella as a friend of the family. The family gladly welcomed him, for they had a high opinion of his character, his constancy, and probity. Ella had no objection to his attentions. At first they were simply friendly, then fraternal, then loving. The growth of the intimacy was rapid. She was grateful for Roddy's efforts to cater to her pleasures. He made it an article of his courting creed, to take her everywhere. No spot of romance did he leave unvisited. To Ella the walks were intellectual treats,

not less *instructive than amusing*. Together they lounged on the verdant hill-side, sat on the same rustic stile—on the same meadow gate, and rested in the same sheltering retreat. At home, they frequently supped at the same table—often side by side, nudging knees, mingling feet, and stealing mutual pressures of the hand, under cover of the bounteous table-cloth. Taking lovers' liberties, they whispered while the company rattled away in conversation; and spoke, in all the richness of highland purity, of true hearts, married happiness, the pledges which spring from it, the beauty of confidence and constancy, and the thousand and one tender subjects which only lovers are wont to talk of. In time, the gentle Ella and the delighted Roderick, were one.

Seven years after, they were not well off. Misfortune and privation had brought them very low; but they enjoyed a little heaven of their own in their mutual regard and struggles. Roderick, if anything, was more nervous and bashful than when he commenced to tackle the fickle Janet; but Ella was as pretty and girlish as ever. To look at her, one would have thought she had never known trouble, but she had already gone through an old woman's share. Her spirit was good, and she was not crushed. Late and early she worked hard, wringing the strength out of her arms and her heart, and for the best reason—she was the mother of three of the fairest girls in Christendom.

Janet returned twice or thrice to Kirkcudbright, and visited her sister, but never saw Roderick, nor did she ever allude to her broken vows, or the unrestored remittance. When last heard of, she was in New York, still vain and capricious, unsought and unmarried.

HYMENEAL MATTERS.

EULIACK was a soldier of the Peninsular war. Present in Sir John Moore's retreat, he arrived at Coruña little better than a scarecrow. His shoes were worn off his feet, his breeches held together by skewers and cords, and having lost his cap during a revel in the wine-vaults of Bembibre, his head was turbaned in a ripped-up sleeve of an old shirt. After the battle he returned to England, was shipwrecked in a storm, and losing everything but himself, arrived at Portsmouth in such a state of misery, rags, and vermin, that the coldest commiseration could do nothing less than re-equip him. This was quickly done; and the polish of the parade having soon restored his military bearing, he was granted a furlough for three months to renew his youth at Drumdoolan.

Reappearing among his old associates, he was received like a hero. He had lashings of money, but it was of no use to him, for all his wants were liberally supplied by his open-handed countrymen. Could he have disposed of as many meals as there are minutes in the day he would have been welcome. From gray dawn to black night he was pursued by his friends; and wherever he spent the evening, numbers met to pass the convivial hour and hear his tales of war and wave. He did not tell them yarns, but real twisters. His indifference to hardship, his privations, his toils, achievements, and single-handed combats, were the subjects on which he chiefly dwelt. With these, he usually worked on the susceptibilities of his warm-hearted schoolfellows and companions till his power of utterance was grossly interrupted by his exhilaration.

For one snug cottage in Drumdoolan Euliack felt a more than common regard. It was Brian Boswell's, the father of an only daughter, named Bridget, who was a tall, tidy, engaging girl, with a glowing heart, a sweet tongue, and an eye sharp set for a soldier. In his visits to old Boswell, Euliack had perceived certain tender civilities in Bridget which claimed his attention. She would smile graciously,

look tenderly, express sympathy for his sufferings, wonder at his privations, applaud his endurance, and speak in admiration of his personal conflicts and valour. Smitten as well by her sweetness as the interest she evinced in him, Euliack, like a prompt soldier, revealed his passion for Biddy. Old Brian was proud of it; and Bridget, easily coaxed to sit by the side of Euliack, yielded by gradual stages, in all virtuous respects, to his advances, finally giving her consent to be one with him in state, as she was already one with him in heart, sentiment and sympathy.

As his furlough was drawing to a close, there was no time to lose in securing his betrothed; and accordingly, at the suggestion of Brian, Euliack paid a visit to the priest of Drumdoolan to make arrangements for the marriage.

It was seven at night, and raining, when Euliack, knocking at Father Keary's door, was ushered before a stout personage, with a plump, colourless visage, shaven to the ears, and a bald head. He was seated in an oaken, high-backed chair, in rear of a gloomy light, a decanter of whiskey—the eternal associate of social people—and a tumbler half-filled with the genial beverage. He had on a long black dressing-gown, girdled below the waist with black cords and tassels; a sable ribbon round his neck; and his heavy legs, cased in black stockings, pushed between the folds of his gown in the direction of the fireplace. To add to the comfort of his seclusion, he was drawing solace from a long pipe, with a bowl as big as a teacup, which reclined in dignified state on his full, round knee. Father Keary had an amiable name for courtesy. To strangers, particularly, soldiers, he was very kind. In gossip he was a communist; in generosity, eccentric. It needed such a man to give scope and toleration to the rude familiarities of Euliack.

"May I be permitted the favor ov axin' if y'er at home, yer rivirence?" inquired the soldier, doffing his cap and making a reverential bow.

"Can't you see me?" replied the priest, snubbishly.

"Shure I can, beyant the whiskey-bottle; but me manners, good father, bid me ax first."

"Manners become every one," responded the priest, blandly.

"They do, sir; an' niver purtic' thin whin a soldier uses thim."

"Truly; you are a mannerly fellow. Come in," cried the father, looking ineffably good-natured at the visitor.

"The top o' th' mornin' to ye," said Euliack, politely, as he entered the little sombre study, musty with old ecclesiastical books, bound, for economy's sake, in black baize.

"The tail of the evening would be nearer the mark, my man," said Father Keary, smiling.

"Bad cess to me for the hole I've made in me good bradin' a'ready."

"Don't let that trouble you," interrupted the priest, soothingly.

"Heart alive, that's a marcy all out, yer hanner; an' may I approach ye wid me consarns, i' ye plase?"

"Unreservedly; say all, and I'll hear."

"It's a little business I wish ye to do for me clane out ov hand."

"What is it?"

"May I sit down on the stool there, jist to make meself aisy afther the long walk I've had?"

"Certainly, and draw up to the fire."

"Me heart's thanks to ye, father!" said Euliack, seating himself, and placing his cap on the floor by his side. "Well," added he, glancing at the priest, and locking his fingers on his knee, "as I was going to say— It's comfortable I'd be, out and out, wid the pipe in me jaw, if ye'd allow me that Masonic privilege, yer rivirence?"

"Smoke till your black in the face," rejoined Father Keary, as kindly as if the stranger were his brother, "but blow the fumes up the chimney."

"I will, an' no blame to me, holy father;" and Euliack, with unabashed freedom, extended his legs to the fender, drew a dusky-looking pipe from his pocket, and consulted his iron tobacco-box. "Divil the bit is there in it," continued he, staring at the priest and shutting the lid with a snick; "but I'll ingage, yer rivirence 'll give me lave to fill this ould dhudeen wid a shake from yer own big backy-box."

"Surely; there it is. Make as free with it as if it were your own."

"All sorts ov joy an' long life to ye, father. Manny a friend wouldn't do that same kindness for a soldier. May be, you've a brother in the army?" And Euliack, having

filled the pipe, applied it to the flame of the candle, and puffed away till the tobacco presented a heated surface. "No doubt, he's an officer—a brave man at the soord."

"No; he's in the ranks like yourself, and a wild tearing dog he is too."

"Well, that accounts for yer goodness. Now to business. As I was sayin'—Hang these ammunitions; they cripple me so, they do, yer rivirence. Allow me, i' ye plase, for the love ov comfort, to take them aff to aise me corns?"

"By all means. Off with them, if by so doing you gain an atom of relief."

The boots were pulled off and placed by the jamb of the mantel-piece; when Euliack, to complete his thorough homeliness, tugged his horny stockings by the toes and heels to refresh his feet with a current of consecrated air.

"Now that is aisy. I'm jist as if I war at home, barrin' the slippers I niver wear. Well" (puff, puff), "as I was about to tell yer rivirence, I've bin on furlough for two months." (Here Euliack pushed forward his head and spat in the fire.) "Has yer hanner a spittoon I can use, for a few minutes, to save me manners in yer rivirence's prisince, an' yer rivirence's Kiddyminsther an' hearthrug?"

"Use mine," briefly returned the priest, not displeased with the rough originality of the man, but rather excusing what would be intolerable impudence in another, by believing that Euliack's habits, unchecked by the conventialisms of society, to which he was a stranger, impelled him to an easy, outspoken intercourse, that made his ill-manners appear less as liberties than permissible familiarities. This is only saying that Father Keary was an over-kind man, and subject to imposition.

Euliack drew the spittoon towards him, and spat in it instinctively. He then cast his eyes wistfully at the decanter and the priest, and puffed away most soldierly.

"An' so ye've a brother in the army—an' in the ranks, too, yer rivirence?"

"Indeed have I."

"Dhrink to his good health thin, sir." This was a hint as broad as a Quaker's skirt.

"By all means," said the reverend lover of native distillation, who simply used the spirit to encourage the trade. "Here's to my rollicking brother," toasted the priest, diminishing the contents of his tumbler very considerably and

cordially smacking his lips. After a slight pause he added—"Perhaps *you'd* have no objection to oil your tongue with a taste."

"None in raison," replied Euliack, thinning his lip with a smile and looking somewhat embarrassed. "That is *too* much for the likes o' me. I can't think of it widout feelin' yer goodness all over; but sarra the man I'd be, ev'ry hour o' me life, to go conthrary to the wish ov a pillar o' th' church. A taste at the bottom o' th' glass jist, divil an inch more, 'ud refresh me, so it would, in yer hanner's marcy."

Father Keary procured a tumbler, and, priming it, handed it to Euliack.

"No wondher ye've got sich a name in the parish for absolution whin this is the way ye behave. (Puff, puff.) May ye be a bishop *in partibus* (spit—puff, puff) is the prayer o' me sowl; an' may ye niver want a dhrop whin yer dhry to wet yer troat wid! that's it, good father." And Euliack, leering at the tumbler, smacked his lips in anticipation of the coming pleasure.

"Thanks for your good wishes," said the priest, enduring, with Christian patience, the development of the interview, and throwing mild clouds of fume between himself and Euliack.

"Well, as I was goin' to say—shure, I'll take a taste o' th' glass to murdher the chill aff me spirit a little."

"Do, with my blessing."

"Long life to yer rivirence's brother in the army, an' to yer rivirence's good self!"

"To the aforesaid," cried Father Keary.

Both drank deeply.

"That's a stiff un," said Euliack, drawing the sleeve of his coat across his burning lips. "It's hot enough to frizzle the leg off a jack-boot. Forbye that, egad, it 'll make us cheery and pious, for ye tuck the divil out ov it wid yer holy words. Like new milk it went down, in a manner o' spakin'. Maybe ye can see, yer rivirence, how me intarnals appraciated yer goodness, for hang the dhrop's left to moisten the flure o' the tumbler."

"You've not spared it, I see; but come, my man, we shall make rather a long evening of this business. What do you want with me?"

"Be the holy crook, I want to be married, God help me," said Euliack, rushing to the goal at once.

"Married!"

"Tare-an'-ouns', good father, there's no harm in axin' that favor, shure."

"Not an inch; but who to?"

"Bridget Boswell—the darlint o' Drumdoolan, an' me heart's love all over."

"D'ye mean it in absolute earnestness?"

"Be the lace o' me coat, it's downright dyin' I am for the pet; an' d'ye know annything ov her, yer hanner, but vartue an' gintility?"

"It's a good character she deserves, in every sense of the word."

"A mitre to yer rivirence for that same word; an' if I may make so bould—only this onst—I'll fill another tot, i' ye plase, to dhrink to Bridget's charms, wid yer blissin'?"

The good-natured priest permitted the glass to be replenished, and Euliack, without ceremony, toasted the father and fair Biddy. More moderate than before, he only took three or four gulps, and replaced the vessel on the table.

"It's bin my lot, Father Keary, to dhrink as much in my time as 'ud float a siventy-four; but sarra the mouthful iver crassed me lips as plasin' to the taste as the sup forninst me."

"You have drunk too much then."

"On me oath I swear it, sir, I niver dhrank more thin raison 'ud sanction, barrin', ov coorse, an odd time now an' agin, when I own I was a little delarious wid th' dhrop. No matter how-an-iver, it's another affair I would be spakin' about jist now."

"Well, as you are a stranger in these parts, it is necessary, to convince me that you are a true son of our holy church—"

"Divil burn the man that says I aint, in ev'ry breath o' me body!" interrupted Euliack, with some warmth.

"I doubt it not; still our canons require, in a matter of such grave importance, that some questions be asked to show that there exist no reasonable grounds of objection to the step."

"Let thim be asy ones, yer rivirence, for the party's outside on the door-mat."

"I shall be brief. What is your name?"

"Euliack Dinnis, so it is, from the good ould days of Hugory the Great, beyant the flood."

"So you boast an antediluvian pedigree, aye?"

"If the racords are not lost, there's thradition for it, an' a crozier for *you*, good father."

"Let that pass then. I suppose you know that matrimony is one of the holiest sacraments of our church?"

"It was bred an' born wid me, yer rivirence."

"And have you well considered the step?"

"Nights o' throuble an' open eyes it's cost me. I can't sleep more thin a sthray wink at a time for thinking ov it; an' who could, Father Keary, whin Biddy Boswell, no less, is always mixt up wid me dhrames?"

"A wife in the army, I should think, would be more of a curse than a blessing."

"Whin her caracter 'll tare to tatters, like a bit ov ould gauze, an' her daccncies are as loose as the sands in an hour-glass."

"You are single, I suppose?"

"Ev'ry place I made sarve itself, good father. Some vanial frolicks I've had wid the girls whin abroad, an' couldn't help it, but niver got marrid yet. Scores ov the dear crayticrs banther'd me to do the job for thim, an' I promis'd, so I did; but, like the glass cover to a bed ov cowcumbers, they war broken wid the first shower of hail an' tunder, God forgive me."

"Ah! Euliack Dennis, I fear you've done more than your duty to God an' the church."

"Ev'ry word's thrue, yer rivirence, for they wouldn't let me alone, all I could do."

"Nothing mortal happened, I trust."

"On me Bible oath, the most I did, an' it was all in the heat o' timptation, was to tickle the beautics anundher their oxsthers, an' taste the rose o' their swate lips. So don't think so hard o' me, plase yer rivirence, for be the wars; love is a law o' human nature, an' I only attinded to the law."

"You soldiers, I fear, are wicked men, and have no dread of the church."

"Nor the inimy aither, glory to God!"

"The church you should fear. It's responsible for your spiritual life; but as you are about to begin a new life, I expect you'll commence to rub off old scores."

"Oh, murdher right out! Havn't I bin rubbin thim aff

all me life long. Look at the rubs an' thumps I got in the Pennysoolar. It's pace an' quietness I want, an' Biddy; not rubbin' aff ould scores, for divil the slate betune the poles has got a chalk ov a penny agin me."

"Very good, a few more questions, and then you'll have passed your novitiate. Are you prepared for the state and its consequences?"

"An' ready to pay yer faes, yer rivirence."

"It's not fees, but spiritual matters, that concern us just now."

"Me heart warms to ye for yer kindness. It's jist the ould throot I've heerd so aff'en about yer goodness. What wid the backy, the whiskey, an' the faes—all free, grattis, for nothing, widout paymint or expictation—be the bone o' me elbow, it's fairly kilt I am, as near as may be."

"Don't mistake me. I don't absolve you from the fees, if I do from your sins. How can the priests exist without the means of living, any more than soldiers without their rations?"

"It's raisonable, so it is. You must excuse my quick apprehinsion. It's a rough an' cute soldier I am, wid yer blissin', an' a taste o' th' native jist now. May ye have the golden keys one o' those days, an' a sate in the chair o' Sint Peter is all the harm I wish ye." And Euliack tipt the remains of the tumbler into his throat without a wry face or a tear starting in his eye.

"Of our holy religion, as set forth in the catechism, I presume you have a general knowledge?"

"Niver a word missin', yer rivirence."

"Have you got your catechism?"

"It's not an article o' me kit, good father; it's other things I had to think ov in the wars."

"What more important?"

"Lalleppin' the French an' difindin' me counthry."

"But you might have carried yer catechism to remind you of your salvation."

"Arrah, but I was so weak at times, I could no more carry the catechiz than a hay-rick."

"Although you've lost your catechism, I hope you've not lost its teaching?"

"Sarra the praecepts gone from me, yer rivirence. I know

it from ind to ind, an' many a page forbye. It's orthodox I am to the back-bone."

"Then, who made you?"

"Bud-an-age, but me father an' mother have the credit o' the job; an' it 'ud be strange iv anybody else had a finger in the pie."

"God made you!" exclaimed the priest, solemnly; "God! mind that."

"Thrue, he did, yer hanner," returned Euliack, taking a long pin from the cuff of his coat, and raking the tobacco in his pipe, to ventilate his indulgence.

"Who was the first man that God made?"

"The giniral, sir!" cried Euliack, with some warmth, emitting an extraordinary quantity of fume from his mouth.

"The general! Whom do you mean?"

"Sir John Moore! the ould an' bould, the thrue an' brave, that scorned the vanities ov a pompious funeral, but dropped like a haro into the airth, coverin' his dignified face wid his unsarviceable greatcoat, an' kickin' coffin an' sacophagus to Ould Nick."

"My man," said the priest, removing the pipe-stem from between his teeth, and using his left hand with an impressive action, "you are not with your regiment now, remember; nor fighting your country's battles, looking only to your general for guidance, and to your generous impulses to insist upon his honor and greatness above all others. That day is past, and you must now attend to the solemn business we have in hand, thinking of nothing else under heaven."

"Barrin' Bridget—mavourneen dheelish—the pulse ov my heart that she is!"

"Adam!—not the general—was the first man," ejaculated the priest.

"It was Adam, shure enough. I've heerd it aff'en."

"Now tell me who was the first woman?"

"The first woman, did ye say, yer rivirence?"

"That's it, and a simple question it is."

"Misthress Adam, ov coorse!"

The priest laughed joyously at the reply, for his vein was more humorous than sacerdotal, and his eyes sparkled and danced, as he thought of Euliack's biblical profundity.

"Not the less new than true," said he; "the fact

certainly, but not the letter;" and he laughed again, placing his stately pipe, with its basin-bowl, across a few old tomes, which, at some time of the day, he had been studying.

It was not, however, very satisfactory, that Euliack could not remember the name of our common mother—the name lisped by every child from ten months old and upwards; but Father Keary was not a man to be hard on a rough soldier, who, away in a foreign land, thrashing the French, and gaining honor and glory for his country, was necessarily deprived of the spiritual teaching of the church. In such a case perfectibility was impossible. To differ by the shade of a syllable from the text—a mere slip, perhaps, of recollection —was not a Catholic hindrance to a great purpose; and the good father, radiant with smiles and kindness, and an eye a little bleared by the absorption of an undue quantity of liquid liveliness, not only informed Euliack that he was admissible to the holy ordinance of matrimony, but that Father Keary himself was ready, at any moment, to seal the bridal contract, as soon as the mutual will of the lovers, and the payment of the fees, permitted.

Euliack was cordial and delighted. He was fit to leap out of his skin at the idea of passing the ordeal so triumphantly. Jumping from the stool, he pitched his pipe into the fire, shook the priest's two hands with dislocating violence, pushed his feet, corns and all, into his ammunitions; and throwing his thanks, like a shower of pearls, at his reverence, made a bow to his toes, nearly capsizing himself with humility, and vanished from the gloomy study, running every foot of the road to old Brian's.

A short interval followed, when Euliack Dennis and Bridget Boswell were bound in a perpetual union by the hospitable Father Keary in the little church of Drumdoolan.

RECRUITING DODGES.

THOROUGHLY Irish, with but little chance of refining his nature by Anglican associations, Euliack, whose interview with the priest of Drumdoolan is narrated in the preceding sketch, was, in the lapse of time, appointed recruiting-sergeant. Garrulous and noisy, he could never pare himself down to the simplicity of giving a brief answer to a naked question, but so extended his reply, by epithets and extraneity, as to render it an enigma, and himself a bore. Nevertheless, he was an honest fellow, valuable as a soldier, and influential with his countrymen.

Considered far wiser to dispose of him across the water than packing him off to the Peninsula, he was despatched with a roving commission to the county of Tyrone, to recruit within forty miles of his station. He had two privates with him, genuine, but well-looking paddies, adapted to the peculiarities of a coarse service.

No sooner had they reached the district of their future labours than the apparatus for enlistment was in active operation. To gain popular attention and sympathy, they knew the process well. Recruits turned up by sections, official applause followed, and what was better, there was hope of making their fortunes, for gold tumbled into their pockets, as if shovelled there from the counter of a thriving bank.

This was more than forty years ago (1814), when the premium for a recruit was nearly on a par with the price for a horse.

Euliack was well built and portly. His countenance was unmistakably Milesian. He had a flaming eye, florid cheeks, a large mouth, and a head of hair frizzed and pomatumed. Dressed in a suit of blue, trimmed and epauletted with gold, white breeches, a hat with a gilt frontispiece as large as a sun-dial, and brazen scales, surmounted by a long slashing white feather, he looked like a prince among savages. Courtly in his way, he wore a bright plate to his

belt, and his glave had a silver net-wire gripe, and a gilt pommel. On his breast was a large satin rosette of divers tints. From the fuming grenade of his "bang-up" a profusion of colored ribands danced in the wind; and over his left shoulder was passed a crimson sash, overlaid with silk ribands—blue, scarlet, and yellow.

The two sappers were some six feet in height, with ruddy countenances, bright eyes, and pleasing features. They were apparelled like the sergeant, only not so costly. Bows, as large as wedding favors, covered their breasts, and streamers of the gaudiest hues decorated their hats, lying on the air for a yard and more.

In this style they traversed one of the towns in the district. It was a sort of invasion for which the rustics were not prepared. The general spirit was aroused, aspirations for military service were kindled, and a number of heavy-boned fellows, with all sorts of faces—from one between a savage and a satyr to one of the handsomest of Erin's comely sons—fell by the "subtle tempter's snare," and took the shilling; but Euliack thought his success was "*rayther* slow." He sighed for a richer stroke of business. There was, he conceived, a lack of ardour in the people. Additional excitements were needed to stir them up; and, devising measures to inflame their latent fervour, he determined on a grand day of display.

At ten the following morning, Euliack paraded his recruits, and marched them from the rendezvous through the town in procession. All looked happy, smiling, and cared-for. They were as gay as peacocks, in rosettes, bows, and streamers—at once the symbols of their enlistment, and decoys to the wondering spectators. It was an impressive sight to see a batch of hale fellows, with mended stockings, clean shoes, washed faces, tidily dressed heads, without a hole in their coats, a rent in their breeches, or the presence of any of those uncivilized insignia with which Irishmen are wont to decorate their hats. The brims were ironed, the crowns sewn in their places, and devil a stick or shillalagh was borne by any hand in the cortege.

There were not wanting in the demonstration other allurements that strongly appealed to the five senses, and to the stomach in particular. Though not exactly an exhibition of magnificence, it was at least a reproduction, in a novel way,

of what has been pictured to us of the generosity of feudal hospitality. One sapper carried a gorgeously dressed-up pike, polished like a mirror, at the top of which a small pig was transfixed. A number of clean pipes radiated from its mouth like scimitars on the panel of an armoury; and an artificial tail—as long as a waggoner's whip—curled up from its baked body far away into space. The other supported a halberd, with burnished axe, bearing aloft a loin and leg of mutton, bestuck with sheep's trotters and bunches of shamrock and roses (Euliack had a mortal antipathy to thistles). A donkey belonged to the party, across whose back—on a board properly fixed—was lashed a round of beef, fresh from the spit, reeking with gravy, and embellished with rows of kidneys, plumes of celery, and strips of horse-radish. On a tea-board was carried a huge suet-pudding, boiled in the fork of a pair of breeches, which turned out plump, with amputated legs, abdomen, and seat. To enliven its cadaverous appearance, it was freckled with uncooked raisins, and moderately studded with excrescences in the shape of apples, onions, oranges, and candied peel. On a truck was chained a barrel of ale and a keg of whisky; and this moving hotel was closed by a couple of recruits, bearing an ample tray of bread, and the usual condiments for making the viands palatable. All these agreeables were garnished with ribands, roses, and evergreens. Knives and forks were suspended from the ass's saddle and mane, inviting hands to use them; and, as if it were impossible to find a more becoming place to lodge a supply of indispensable seasoning, a canteen of mustard, already manufactured, was lashed up tautly to the root of its frisky tail. To crown all, the sergeant, seemingly made of bank-notes, pinned a few of them, new from the press, on his breast, and, holding up a bag of money, as long as a bolster-case, shook its metallic contents, till the staring crowd sighed for a fairy to come and rip up its seams, and afford them the benefit of a scramble.

Euliack repeated these displays occasionally to sustain the military fever; but was prudent enough to keep the rein-hand over his expenditure. Those were days when recruiting extravagancies assumed a phase of professional honor. One sergeant-major at Cambridge, involved in the infatuation of distinguishing his proceedings by feasting and luxury, steeped himself in debt to the amount of [redacted]

pounds;[1] and a gay sub-officer dashed, like a gambler, a few hundreds beyond a thousand.

"Halt!" cried the sergeant; and the procession came to a stand on the brow of a knoll, where Euliack, with a banner unfurled overhead, inscribed with the grateful motto, "No more stirabout!" gave a vivid picture of military life. Of its good pay, splendid uniform, first-class rations, and noble pensions, he told a "flattering tale." When speaking of campaigns, battle-fields, long marches, the forlorn hope, and the hard vicissitudes of military life, he declaimed like one who knew something of the terrific work. Then followed a gasconading oration about glory, blood-money, medals, and commissions, which was wound up by an exciting invitation to his hearers to join him.

"Who'll list for all this, and a great dale more?" he exclaimed, waiting for a reply.

"I will!" roared a score of voices, elbowing to the front, "I will!"

"Will ye take me? and me? and me?" cried others.

"Hooray! hooray!" shouted the mob. "God save ould King George! and good luck to the sergeant this fine day!"

"Thradesmin," resumed Euliack, "thradesmin an' gintlemin, ov ev'ry grade an' perfission undher the gray heavens, from five feet four an' up'ards; an' not over thirty years ov age by yer baptismal sartificates, if anny ov yeez can projuce thim; ov fine limb an' martial aspict, wid good caracters, an' no mortial disase, I want yeez."

"Long life to the sergeant!" shouted the mob.

"Fathers ov fam'lies," continued Euliack, "I'll take yeez too, so I will, if yer as ould as the mountains, pervidin' ye

[1] This was Cutteridge. In his more careful days, he promised to do well. On the Plumstead road, not far from Deadman's lane, he built a rather good house. When I was a boy, the story was, that the house was haunted. It was either never occupied or had been deserted. There were no windows or fixtures in it, and the flooring was partly removed. Certainly, it had all the appearance of a proscribed building—dreaded for some tradition that belonged to it. What that tradition was, I never could learn. It was haunted—that was the most the villagers could tell of it. About seven years ago, when trade had become brisk at Woolwich, an enterprising party, less scared by ghosts than impelled by profit, turned the grim old house into an inn called "The British Flag." During the Russian war the land on which that and other houses were built, was purchased by the government and incorporated with the arsenal, since which, the haunted house and its fellows, have been pulled down. Cutteridge was discharged in 1824, at which time, and for years before, he was insane.

bring yer sons, an' intilligent sons-in-law, with their purty wives!"[1]

"Be Gorra! ye shall have mine," interrupted an old man, whose deeply-rutted face and flowing silver hair proclaimed him a patriarch.

"An' mine, so ye shall; the thrue friend that ye are to us," chimed in a second.

"Take me thanks, boys. It's me that knows the value ov thim. A manny ov yez I see forninst me are flyin' away wid bits o' rags and good sinse, tired, hungry, an' worn in belly an' boot; but I regard ye all wid sthrong affiction, for the manner ye've shown yer appraciation for the darin' an' dignity of a noble sarvice. But let's to bis'niss. Boys! d' ye hear me?"

"Who could be aff it wid sich a fine voice?"

"Is it spakin' loud enough I am?"

"Och! but yer a brave hand at the tongue."

"Thin, ye can all hear, an' so no excuse. Listen now. (We will.) Let me astonish ye. (Ay, do.) I want good min—fine min, fit to work at a palace or a forthriss, to paint a Madonna or a marble mantel-piece; to dig a thrench or make a model; to dhraw a map or print like copper-plate, wid courage enough to mount a braich, sthorm a citadel, fight single handed wid a giant, or capture the soord ov the prince o' the power ov darkness! No schamers, mind, 'll do for me; (Divil the one.) but gallant fellows wid strinth, haroic minds, an' indurance, ready to go annywhere—to freeze to death in the arctic ragions, or to simmer on the burnin' heights ov the aquator. There's a little larnin' here I grant, but it was got in the army. Counthrymin! (What d' ye want?) All this for glory an' ould Ireland! Me bould counthrymin! (Hooray!) Cast off yer ould coats an' hats, an' put on a shuit like mine. (We will.) There's no holes here (Divil the one.)—no patches, mind ye, an' both feet

[1] Dennis actually enlisted a whole family—Patrick Gorman, the father; James, John, and Hugh, his sons; and Patrick Alexander, his son-in-law, bringing with him a rising brood of little Alexanders. His wife—a beautiful woman—was introduced by Dennis at head-quarters, as the "Pet of Omagh." When the reductions were ordered in 1817, old Pat and John were turned adrift. Two years after, Hugh, and Pat the son-in-law, with the Pet and all the young Pats, ceased connection with the corps. James, a talented fellow, who had gained the rank of sergeant, remained; but an heir to trouble, he cut short his days in December, 1825, by blowing out his brains.

covered in morocco ammunitions—all as sound an' tight as the coronation robes of his majesty, God bliss him."

"Hooray! God bliss him!" cheered the populace.

"There's manny a betther man than meself here," continued the sergeant, "working for nothin' an' livin' on less. (That's thrue.) Most of yeez, so yer gintlemanly behaviour tells me, have bin raired through a tindher infancy wid ladies' maids for nurses, an' silver spoons to do justice to yer delicate appetites. Divil a mouth forninst has bin distorted wid a horn spoon. There's a great change in ye now! (That's thrue.) How d'ye account for this rack an' ruin? What's the cause ov the astoundin' differ betune us? Just this. I belong to the sarvice o' the king, an' ye to yerselves. I have entherprise; so have ye—to be exercised. My bread 's as shure as the mornin'. Yours, if it come at all—and that's a question—is a raven's male, as thrue an accident as if ye broke yer leg. Thin why bemane yerselves whin sich a chance as this is freely offered to yeez? Don't be blinded counthrymin. (We won't.) I was meself onst, so I know all about it. Whin I listed, bedad, I hadn't as much coverin' to me back as 'ud make a mop for a barrack room. (I belave ye.) Me faitures war as long as a ropewalk, an' me cheeks war as bilious an' dhroopin' as a dyin' sunflower. But, boys! luck at me now! I'm no object, am I? nor the min there? Luck at thim—the picthers ov good livin' as they are, an' spacimens ov what you'll be yerselves in no time, if ye'll come anundher my perticution. Now, boys! I'm ready to list as manny as likes on the conditions specified, an' thrate ye like gintelmin as ye are. There's no compulsion. Not a mother's son that don't want to come, nadent offer. Ye must all be free an' willin'. Here's pervission for ye all to commince wid. Young an' ould fall too. Ate yer fill wid my consint; an' ramimber that ev'ry brave fellow as joins our corpse—the honorablist in the univarse; with the best officers in the army (Hooray!) 'll get double pay; double clothin'; tools for nothing; shuparior beddin'; an' three males a day; wid small mountin'; (Hooray!) oil an' emery money; (Hooray!) long hair an' bear's graise; no floggin'; (Hooray! "That's yer sort;" and more cheering, which continued for a minute and more;) consolidated allowances; (Hooray!) manners an' ixparience; two holidays a wake; two pair of gaithers an' ammunitions a year; beer

money; musther onst a month; (Hooray!) and God save the king!"

Acclamations and shrill whistlings rent the air. Old king George was cheered and blessed by every mouth; and the sergeant was almost trodden under foot from pure kindness and respect.

Famished men in the presence of plenty need but little inducement to move them to accept of proffered hospitality. The moment the sergeant had yielded his place, and given the invitation "to feed," the crowd gravitated towards the *pièces de résistance*, and laid siege to the bread, beef, and other sipidities. Within a quarter of an hour, the diminished appearance of the provision showed how heartily the mob had relished the luxuries. The little pig with its pipes and tail; the mutton and trotters; the torso pudding and accessories; the beef and kidneys, had absolutely vanished. Nothing was left but bones, ribands, and evergreens. All drank as much ale as they could swallow; and such of the gathering, as accepted the king's coin, were also favored with a swig from the keg, and a new one-pound note! The result of the fête outstript expectation, for some four or five dozens enrolled themselves as recruits, and clustered, in wild joy, round the sergeant's homely standard, conveying the lovely promise of "No more stirabout."

There was one in the group, a handsome, well-appointed man, who said he preferred indigence and liberty, to competence with discipline. It was an insane sentiment, but one that furnished ample reason for venturing a trial, not so much to convince him of the misery of his opinion, as to secure him for the corps. He was not to be despised and lost for want of a stratagem; and Euliack extemporized a plan on the instant, to test the strength of the young gentleman's convictions. Three of his wiliest recruits he ordered to pocket their ribands, to encourage the stranger's company, and entrap him into an engagement. The intriguers were passably attired, witty in their way, committed somewhat to the vernacular, but shrewd enough to make a casual salutation as polite as was necessary to save them from repulsion.

Off they started, overtaking the stranger in a frescade, to whom they naïvely introduced themselves without giving occasion for suspecting they were accomplices.

was too polite not to acknowledge attentions apparently so kindly meant, arising out of the circumstances in which they all had recently shared. One word drew on another; and by degrees the party dropped into an argument on the merits of the service. The discussion was interesting to the stranger. Though he had got three wild fellows to do him battle, there was too much sharpness, too much newness and independence in their several views, to treat them with disrespect. The emissaries adopted the line of calumniating the army, intending to veer by degrees to its praises should they find such a course necessary; but the elegant man, though he did not himself desire to be a soldier, felt, in the country's extremity, he would be doing a patriotic act to vindicate its character, opposed to his convictions, and so prevail on his three sturdy friends to join its ranks. Pretending to be vastly taken with Foster's courtesy, the recruits gratefully invited him to finish the debate at the "Conaire Mor Arms."

Foster—this was the name of the elegant man—started at their kindness. How could he submit to accept favor from three men only a few degrees removed from barbarians? The thought was horrible. Yet, between himself and his stiff-necked self-esteem, there was but little altercation. The personal combat was short; and the elegant man, whose pockets were as empty as his ears, stamping his foot on his pride, accompanied the intriguers whither they led.

The "Conaire Mor" happened to be the rendezvous, and the disputants entered a back room where Euliack, his soldiers, and some thirty recruits were already seated enjoying themselves. The sergeant was in a position of distinguished ease. He was partly resting on his broad shoulder-blades, with his heels extended to a hardly discernible projection in the wall, some twelve inches above the topmost hair of his brutus. As Foster and the three plotters pushed into the apartment, Euliack, politely nodding, expressed a hope, that a common attachment to soldiers had induced them to come and join the corps. Foster bowed and smiled as he passed on, but the intriguers shook their heads in contemptuous dissent, and huddled themselves, with the stranger, in a corner, turning their backs to the company, and discharging oaths as full and round as shot from a siege-gun. A large measure of whisky, with a liberal quantity

of tobacco, was placed before the little group, who renewed the dispute in an earnest undertone.

After a long discussion, carried on joyously, one of the recruits, anxious for the issue, spoke out manfully:—

"Well, me friend," said he to Foster, archly; "as ye seem so fond o' the sarvice, an' nothin' we can say can alther yer good opinion ov it, it's a wondher, so it is, ye don't join it?"

"Can't one speak in honor of the army without necessarily enlisting into it?"

"It would be a sthrikin' proof that yer convictions are not shams; but I don't blame ye for holdin' out, damn the bit. It's a cruel sarvice that same army—all discipline, an' restraint, an' not an atom ov lave."

"That's it. Liberty I love. Barter away that, and what do you get in exchange? Still I would not say a word against the army. For men who can do nothing better, it's a splendid resort. It creates ambition; gives occasion for distinction, and leads, through duty and valour, to promotion and honor. Heroes are not found among peasants; but, in the ranks, rustics may achieve fame. For such as you, the service would be a fortune; and in these troublous times, war being the soldier's pastime, there is nothing to prevent you, in a few years, filling your purse to the mouth with guineas, and winning your broadsword and your spurs."

"To blazes wid the sarvice an' its spurs," returned the second recruit; "nothin' comes ov it but taxes an' stharvation."

"Exactly so. You feel it. Decidedly, you are the very man to jump into a soldier's uniform, for then you would be completely clear of the rent, the cess, and the tax, and always have your little money coming in, and a taste of meat once a day at least; and that's more, I'll answer for, than you can possibly get now."

"Maybe that's thrue," said the third recruit.

"Divil the one o' yeez can say it ain't, d' ye persave," interrupted Euliack, shouting from the other end of the room.

"An' we know it," replied the first; "but I tell ye what, Misther Lawyer," continued he, addressing Foster, "I was goin' to say something, but—"

"Out wid it," cried the sergeant; "offind or not, out wid

it. It 'll do us no harm. Say yer best an' worst; the sarvice can stand aither."

"Out it shall come thin. I'll make a purposial to ye, me friend, jist to thry the strinth ov yer racommindation—jist to see like, whether yer honest in yer opinions. I'll join the corpse this moment iv ye will!" Here he struck his fist on the table, drawing the attention of the whole company to the corner. "D' ye hear that now," he added, fillipping his fingers. "Are ye game? What d' ye say, yer hanner, an' good luck t' ye?"

There was a pause.

"An' so will I," shouted the second, bestowing a yet more deafening blow on the deal, which made the blood spurt from his knuckles.

There was another quiet interval, like the stillness after a thunderclap.

"An' I'll make the third," cried the last recruit, making a violent sweep with his arm, as if it were a sickle, that sent the burden of the table whirling and clattering to the floor.

"Hooray!" cheered the recruits.

"That's yer sort," cried the sergeant, rising with excitement. "All pluck to the last inch ov ye. Yer brave spirits, so ye are, and dhrink. It's honor I do meself in askin' the favor; so drink, an' God's blissin' be wid ye, an' the young goslin's here, that clushther anundher me wings."

So they did as deep as Dutchmen; but it was not deep enough for Euliack.

"Arrah, now," shouted Euliack, "jist see the glitther ov yer eyes in the bottom o' the glasses," and the three recruits emptied their tumblers.

"What d' ye say?" asked the first, staring at Foster.

"Have ye manhood an' courage to make one wid us?" questioned the second.

"We'll join iv ye do; not unless, mind ye," said the third.

Foster looked calmly, and smiled as he hesitated.

"Come," shouted Euliack, "time's up; stay but another moment, an' yer dead bate; an' ye'll have the mortification ov knowin' yer the only cause undher the bright hivins ov pervintin' the sarvice bein' recruited by four ov the very best min in the 'ole county!"

"Thus appealed to," said Foster, with quiet animation, "nothing would justify me in holding back."

"Nothing on God's earth," shouted the first.

"Except heart-sickness," said the second.

"An' cowardice!" roared the third.

"Of such weakness I never knew the emotion," said Foster. "You seek a decision, and you shall have it. That the army may be strengthened by the enlistment of three such admirable men, I'll make a great sacrifice. In society I have position, and friends, who will think me mad for deserting them; but it must be; and so, sergeant, I consent to join your corps, if there exist any chance of my acceptance."

"Bravo!" roared the sergeant. "Yer jist the boy I want. Be the Lord Harry, there's not a gintleman in all Ireland that does me greater honor thin yerself by selactin' the royal corpse for yer future career, an' me as the grand masther ov yer initiation. That's plain spakin', and divil a letter unthrue."

"My word is past," said Foster, "and to show that there is earnestness in my determination, and that I covet the honor of being the means of securing these three men, I'll offer myself the first for acceptance. Now seal our resolution in your own way."

Amid the cheers of the company, the king's shilling had changed hands, binding the elegant man irreversibly to the service; while the three plotters looked sinisterly at the ordeal, kicking with glee.

"Now, sergeant," said Foster, stretching himself up to his height, and looking like one who had effected a patriotic immolation, "do the same for these three sensible men. To their public spirit, at variance as it is with their personal views, the service is certainly indebted for my enlistment."

"Make yerself aisy about that little matther," replied the sergeant, "for they're as fast in my intherest as iv they war chained to me. But niver mind thim. They're a set o' rascals, so they are. Dhrink, comrade, for yer one ov us now, and damn the—— no; God forgive me, don't injure any counthry in thought or wish, but sing Garry Owen with the chill aff."

Foster heeded not the offer, but turned, with a scowl, on the arch intriguers, who were sniggling and writhing in

rugged joy, fit to split themselves. Seeing too plainly he was the dupe of a conspiracy, he asked for an explanation, but none was conceded; he demanded to be released from his engagement, on the ground that his acquiescence was unfairly obtained, but he was laughed at, and made a butt for taunts and ribald jests.

The most complacent Christian would have angered at such coarse treatment. It was only natural, therefore, that Foster should show it; and, in the foam of his passion, he sprang like a lion on the leader of the cabal, and would have wrung his windpipe from its place, only that the recruits crowded to the rescue.

To another place in the room Foster was forcibly removed. He was seated next the sergeant, working in his wrath, and brooding over his misfortune. But Euliack was not still. He had a soft and wheedling tongue when occasion required its use. At blarneying he was an adept. Coarse though it was, he could allure anger into smiles, transform ill-feeling into friendliness, and allay, as with appeasing oil, the irritation of festering wounds.

Vulnerable to adulation, Foster sucked it in like a babe its milk. From a lion, under the wrongs of deception, he calmed to a lamb under the blandishments of flattery. Euliack glazed him with praises, as if he were coating the front of a structure with cement. So much, indeed, was the indignant gentleman subdued by its influence, he was deprived of the ability to suspect its hollowness; and, as may be expected, in a few rapid minutes, Foster was found, not only applauding the success of the plot, but reciprocating civilities with his deceivers.

READING THE MUTINY ACT—AFTER A FASHION.

ABOUT a fortnight after entrapping the gentleman, Euliack was journeying with his recruits to Woolwich. Some miles beyond Coventry, two of the party, old enemies, quarrelled. At a bend of the road, where the hedges had grown to the height of young trees, and were in full foliage, Paddy Burns and Charlie Monachen dropped to the rear with their seconds and friends, and fought, in all the plenitude of strength and bitterness, for the fiftieth time, to settle an old grudge replete with delicate particulars.

Paddy, it seems, had courted Charlie's pretty sister with all the warmth and honesty of a true admirer; but, not liking the match, Charlie assiduously opposed it, sought for Phillis a better companion, and had the satisfaction of seeing Paddy so completely supplanted, that the rival bore away the gentle prize. Prince Brice was the happy man who had wedded the beautiful Phillis; and having enlisted, like every one else, stood by his spirited brother-in-law to encourage his purpose and bear him in triumph from the rencontre. As it turned out, Monachen was an easy victor, though he got well punished; and he quitted the field, bearing his honors very meekly for an Irishman.

Such an exhibition, among recruits so respectable, as Euliack insisted they were, did not improve the sergeant's temper. It is only fair to say that he did not witness the chief incidents of the combat, nor was he aware of the existence of any misadventure, till, looking back, he could see, with half an eye, that some of his men had either deserted or were straggling. It would not do to go on without them; and so, retracing his steps, he soon came on the assailants and their attendants. Two or three avenging blows were administered in his presence, and the fight ended, because Paddy Burns, winded, broken, and beaten, succumbed.

Euliack, collecting his men, determined to strike them with *awful* terror. He would not tolerate such irregularities. By the heads of a score of friars he swore he would [redacted]

his duty and inflict on any delinquents the utmost severities of the law. While, moreover, he threatened to visit them with worse than the ten plagues, he eulogized the manliness of those who supported him, and added a wish they would stick to his skirts as long as he wore "a bit ov goold" on his coat to betoken his rank, and a gray hair in his "ould head" to show that his age and orders were entitled to respect.

"But some ov yeez are ignorant o' the laws," shouted he. "That shall be no ixcuse. I'll insthruct yeez what behaviour is on the highway. Any crime committed on the line o' march is a crime agin me and the king. Ye don't know that. I believe ye; or that disgraceful abuse ov yer respictability would not have taken place. But now ye know it, an' ye shall have it, forbye, from the book itself." Here Euliack withdrew the Mutiny Act from his haversack. "This is martial law—good an' honest law, none betther this side the law ov Moses. Widout openin' the book jist now, I'll tell ye what it says to begin wid. The first law o' the army is riverence for the state afore religion; officers afore praists; P's before Q's; and sergeant Euliack Dinnis, in his compacity ov commandin' officer, before annybody—the king an' commander-in-chief not ixcepted.

"That's to begin wid. Ye'll see it, if I show it yeez, in the first page of the first chapter of Book No. 1, afther the index. I know it aff be heart. Now, thin, are ye ready for the remaindher?" cried the sergeant, looking at the combatants, who were busy mopping up the blood from their scored countenances.

"Yes," mumbled the pugilists.

"An' it's a wondher, that same. Bad cess to ye, who can tell which is Burns, and which Monachen? Yer so alther'd, with the batin' ye've got, that I don't know meself! To the fore, Monachen. Step out, sir, an' save time."

Charlie advanced to the front with a lively jump.

"Is that Monachen?" cried the sergeant, widening his eyes to their utmost limit.

"Ye may ax that same, sergeant," replied Monachen. "What's left o' me is afore ye."

"Faix there's more ov ye now than there was an hour agone. There's hills ov bruised flesh on yer cheeks, an' pits ov black blood anundher yer brows, an' a pair ov' rollin' lips

swellin' on yer big chin, that show ye know divilish little ov the science ov attack an' difince. Hell to yer sowl, are ye yerself or somebody else?"

"Charlie Monachen us'd to be me name onst; and if anny ov yeez answers to Charlie, thin ov coorse I must be nobody but meself, that's sartin."

"Is Paddy Burns among yeez?"

"Throgs an' he is," was the reply of several.

"Forward wid him to the front. Och! is that craythur forninst me Paddy Burns?"

"It is."

"It is, aye? Be the mother ov the defunct Jonas, it's flattherin' ye I am, whin I say yer an ugly brute. Shure Charlie's quilted ye well. Answer to yer name, sir. Pathrick Burns from Portglenone, or somewhere else?"

"That same's meself, sergeant, at yer sarvice."

"Arrah, thin I don't know ye. Charlie's made a baste ov ye intirely, so he has. Ev'ry faiture ye've got 'ud do fer a monster in the haythin mythology. Did ye ever read it?"

"Niver."

"Little blame to ye, fer ye'd be scar'd be yer own porthrait, so ye would."

"Would I? No fears."

"Don't acho me, sir, or be the sin o' yer sowl, I'll suffocate ye wid the articles of war! Now, thin," continued the sergeant, "I must go a step in the right direction, an' tache ye yer juty an' discipline. Fall round there, ev'ry mother's son o' yeez. Fosther Lacy, arrange thim in their places. Ye ought to be a giniral, so ye ought, an' ye will, mark my words, if ye've luck to the fore. Campbell Hutton, assist him. Reddison, help thim both, an' all o' yeez do somethin'. Single rank, Lacy. Let's have none o' that hidin' one behind another. Quick, there, in the form ov a moon in her first quarther. Terence M'Quaid, plant yer big fut on the right horn, and Pether Carbery, jist press yer weight on the left."

In a minute or two the recruits were arranged in a crescent-like shape, with the delinquents in the centre. Silence was commanded, and not a man moved or spoke. All eyes were centred on the sergeant, betraying at once

their interest and impatience to witness the next stage in the proceeding.

"Fosther Lacy, lave the ranks, an' attind me."

Lacy did so.

"Stand there," said the sergeant, placing him. "Now take the sword—dhraw it wid a sweep an' a flourish. That 'll do. Put the glitterin' side out—hould the hilt in yer right hand, and let the pint come up jist agin yer left ear. It must crass yer body at an angle ov lord knows how many degraes. That'll do. Hould the pint wid yer left hand. Be gorra, take care it don't cut yer hand off! An' I warn ye all it's as sharp as a razure, so it is. It was turn'd on the grindstone for sarvice in the Pennysoolar, so it was. On'y say the rebellious word of insubordination, an', at one sweep ov this powerful arm o' mine, aff goes the head of the utterer wid far more aise than a giant 'ud nip a dhroopin' harebell from its stim. Campbell Hutton, are ye there?"

"I am sure. Did ye want me?"

"To the fore immadiately. Here now, take me cap. Hould it wid both yer hands in front ov yer brave breast. Not too high—not too low. That's it. Ev'rything on the line o' march must be done dacently. Show the goold ornamints and feather outwards. That's nate. Steady now, all o' yeez."

Here Dennis withdrew from his pocket a spotted handkerchief with a red ground, and hooded his head to preserve it from the cold.

"Are ye there, Jimmy Craily?" said the sergeant, tying the Turkey handkerchief at the back of his head. "Shure ye are. Attind here wid yer big head and broad shoulhers. War's the man in the party like Jimmy for strinth, an' bone, an' muscle, an' narve? He's a complate Harkalus —all be himself, begad. Now stoop, Jimmy. Aisy; not another inch. That's jist the thing." And Euliack, placing his legs very gingerly across the Atlantian shoulders of the man-horse, bore down on his thick neck, as on a saddle, the weight of a twelve-stone corporation.

"Riz me into the hivins, Jimmy," resumed the sergeant, "till I prache a bit. Man alive, be steady, or I shall be sprawling on the road, Mutiny Act an' all."

"Yer proper level," said one in the crescent.

"Me what?"

"Yer thrue affinity," said another.

"Me 'finity! is there a rascal in the batch that dar' say so?"

"Yes."

"What! another blackguard spakin'? If I knew the villains that had the audacity to beard the king's represintative on the royal highway, I'd make small crumbs ov him in no time. If it's mutiny yer afther, I'll tache ye its ignominious consequences. Let me hear another man spake, an' God help us all, amin! a moment 'll be more than enough to make him as still an' breathless as an antadiluvian. Look at the soord there, an' thrimble!"

"It's a sham!"

"A sham? My God! who was that? Will none ov yeez name the infarnal blackguard that insults the sergeant in all the pomp an' awe ov office an' command? Give up the wretch to me, just vingeance!"

"Och! don't prate so. Let's have the Act!"

"Will no one tell me who that fellow is? Ye shall have the Act, an' the rasponsibility of its disobadience. I did think to let ye aff it, but ye shall have it now in full, fig an' ixplanation."

So saying, Euliack thrust his fingers through his front locks, filled his eyes with fire, and his face with more severity than nature designed it should wear. No anger was in his heart, but he seemed displeased. In this judicial manner he sat for a minute or two, moving his head from one horn of the crescent to the other with an assumed solemnity, more stiff than alarming. Then the marble-covered book was presented; a whang from Euliack's heavy hand started the dust from its pages, and, turning over the dog-cared leaves with forensic pomposity, at last stopped, as though he had found the section from which he purposed to read.

"'Tintion, all ov yeez!" cried he, in a voice loud enough to be heard in a hail-storm. "Not a word out ov yer heads, good, bad, nor indifferent; nor a luck in anny direction but to yer commandin' officer. Listen now wid yer ears an' brains, if ye have anny, an' niver forget the larnin' o' martial law. Whisht, Jim Connellan! Two ov us can't spake at

onst widout dividin' attintion. Be the Powers! Mr. Willard, but I'll make ye laugh wid a kink in yer jaw if ye thry it agin. Whisht, now. *Section five hundherd, clarse number one, ov the Mutiny Act for* 1813."

"This is 1814!"

"What of that? Isn't one year as good as another, an' all Mut'ny Acts alike?"

"No!"

"Who dare's conthradict?"

"Me!"

"Jist name that fellow? Will anny ov yeez jist name him—that's all? Now be quiet, boys. Hould yer gosther, Pat Griffin. *Offinces on the march.* Aisy wid yer hands, M'Gilligan. Shure ye can be still for a moment while I insthruct yeez. *Anny officer*—that manes me—*or soulger*—that manes yeez. Off wid yer kaubeens, the 'ole o' yeez, whin I'm radin' the sacrid articles o' war. Shure Father O'Gorman M'Guigan larnt ye manners betther nor that at the church, so he did. Now whisht. *Anny officer or soulger*—Pether Carbery, I'm luckin' at ye. Is it sport yer makin' ov the Mutiny Act? Not a reply out ov yer lips, ye blackguard, or Fosther Lacy 'll be among ye wid the soord, flashin' it about yer backs, like Gabril ov ould, who was Archbishop of Armagh afore the world began. Not a cruck in anny ov yer faces—mark that now, an' luck to me! *Anny officer or soulger who shall think annything, spake annything, in anny manner whatsomiver, or niver, agin another*—listen now, ev'ry one ov yeez—*or shall inflame, igsite, hag on, cantankeriz*—no buzzin' there! I hear ye, Misther Hasson. Ye can't desave me, though ye may the divil—*cantankeriz a recruit, to fight wid another recruit of the same corpse, no matter how big he may be, an' how great the cause of offince, shall be punish'd accordin' to the articles o' war made an' provided on that scoore.*—Is it whisperin' ye are, Misther Davie to Tom M'Callum? If ye can insthruct him betther than me, here's the book for ye. War are ye luckin' to Misther Kadden? Is it down the road I am, that yer luckin' afther me? Arrah, but ye must hould yer tongues whin the king's parogative is spakin'. Am n't I that same? Whisht! *An' anny recruit who shall quarrel, insult, grave, offind, luck black, luck blue*—Bud-an-age! M'Neelins, it's a

bad-luckin' man ye are. Is that the sort ov face ye shud wear on parade?"

"What's the matther wid it?"

"Ye luck like a puff-adder frightened, an' as blue as the rim ov a bloody canster. Hould up, man, an' no remarks, if ye hope to git clear ov pardition. Well, as I was saying—*Anny recruit who shall luck blue, luck black, or anny mortial color that aint natheral, at another recruit, an' thereby pervoke him to do the likes, an' maybe demand physical satisfaction, shall be punish'd more sevarely nor the articles o' war perscribes.* What's that buzzin' there? Lave the bees to do their own work. We want no counterfaits here. Shure, I'm not done yet; for there's a mighty dale ov larnin' in the book on the scoore ov offinces; an' sarra the day to ye if ye offind, afther my warnin'! 'Tintion agin—*An' anny recruit so offinded, or anny recruit not offinded*—ye see it pervides for all classes—*who shall square his fists, screw up his mug, grin his teeth, make pervokin' spaiches, or onbecomin' gistures*—M'Stragher! is it shuttin' yer eyes ye are in me prisince? an' is it Prince Brice, promoted to a post ov honor on the horn o' th' moon, I've to spake to for blinkin'?"

"There's wather in me eye, sir," replied Brice.

"Don't reply in the ranks. Ordher is heaven's first law, an' silence on parade the second. That includes obadience an' allagiance, jommethry, abjuration, an' fidality. Not a word out ov anny ov yer heads but blissin', an' avin that is more thin ye dar' do by the Mutiny Act. Wather in yer eyes, aye? What for? Is it cryin' ye are to see the necessity that's laid on me to rade the articles o' war to pervint mutiny, desartion, and death? But whisht agin. To make it plain to yeez, I'll rade the last insthruction onst more. *An' anny recruit so offinded, or any recruit not offinded, who shall square his fists, form a ring, get backers an' friends to aid his anger, or his invy, or consate, or who shall screw up his mug*—Fosther Lacy, let the glitther ov the soord shine on the min—*grin his teeth*—riz me higher, Craily; me toes are nearly on the ground."

"I'm tired."

"It's a falsity. Widout a bend in yer stubborn neck, ye cud carry, wid as much aise as a pitchfork, a load o' dung."

"That's what he's bearing now!"

"Who says so? Let me see the man. Be the holy Exodus! I'd show the craven blackguard the force ov the Saladin sthroke, an' cut him down at a blow, from the skull to the starn-joint ov his raballious chine!"

"Stuff an' nonsense!"

"What, agin? another interruption? Oh, for the chance to prove me skill in anotomy! I cud shiver sich a rascal wid a knock ov this onconquerable fist as aisy as a rock 'ud wreck a brig driven on it by a surgin' say."

"All flam an' gosther."

"Is it? Jist thry it. Sink all rank, an' give me the opportunity to make the wind blow through yer ribs. It's as transparent as a lantern I'd make ye afore I had time to take off me coat. Are ye quiet an' obadient now?"

"Go on."

"Well, thin, I'll take up the last word—*grin his teeth, make pervokin' speeches, or onbecomin' gistures*—is it spittin' ye are, Misther Guy, an' me radin'?—*or inflict injury*—kape the ornamints to the fore, Hutton—*or convey insult, or shall use a cudgel, shillaly, black-thorn, or kippane*—what are ye so onaisy for, Connellan? I'm luckin' out o' me eyes at ye, Gorman—*or shall use his fives, or his fists, or his feet, or shall wound, or bruise, or dhraw blood*—what have ye got to sneer at, Pether Carbery? Jist let yer pipe remain war it is, M'Gin. Is it yer garther yer luckin' afther, O'Toole? Whin did the likes ov ye wear one? Not in my time, nor anny one else's. Steady, Brice, on the horn o' th' moon, for if ye spring an inch from the ground, the bow ov the arch 'll snap like a dried stick, an' thin war shall we be? All attintion now for the finish. Did I say dhraw blood last?"

"Yes."

"Silence in the ranks, M'Connell. Not a word among anny ov yees, mind. Dhraw blood was the last—*or wrastle, or fight*—no mutterin'; that's a cowardly way ov spakin'; whisht—*contrary to the sacrid articles ov war an' the royal Mutiny Act, shall, for the first offince, be reported to the major*—"

"That's too bad, sergeant," cried Tom Curran. "What 'll become ov us, if this is the way we'll be sarved?"

"An' sarve ye right, too. Milithry law is strict, an' ev'ry mother's son o' ye will be dealt wid accordin'. Now don't interrupt, but bear yer feelin's like soulgers—*for the second offince, dhrink cowld wather instid ov porther, an' niver taste nor smell annything sthronger than wake tay*—"

"Tare-an-atoms! but that's worse nor murther," murmured Donachy, despondingly.

"*For the third offince*—now mark, boys: all the larnin's here—*for the third offince*—whisht; let me hear a pin dhrop if ye dar'—*for the third offince, flogged on the bare semi-circumference*—"

"What's that?"

"A little jommethry, picked up at Chatham—one ov the sates ov science—war ye'll all git a dose ov Euclid and mathewmatics that'll stick as fast to yer intilligence as rats and poor-rates to a flourishing city. *For the third offince, flogged an' scarified on the bare semi-circumference ov that part of the human structure just below the concavity ov the back, wid a sargent's soord-knot*—Lacy, let the min see it, but don't, man alive, alther the lay ov the soord—*an' for the fourth offince, suffer corpler punishmint, an' condign flagellation, wid a cat-o'-nine-tails*—"

"Who cares for the cats?"

"Tell me that man, till I circumvallate him! Who cares for the cats? Jist git a scratch ov the insthrumints, an' it wouldn't be a thunder-storm that 'ud hould yer cries, nor the hoops ov a jibbit kape yer poor body from wrigglin'. Was it you, Pether Carbery, that insulted the cats? Take that, ye rogue, that ye are," said Euliack, throwing the Mutiny Act at the suspected culprit, "an' bring it back to me with all obadience an' submission."

"I want the day's pay ye owe me."

"Divil the penny will ye git till ye finish the march, ye blackguard."

"Well, thin, on the honor o' me conscience, I niver said a word," continued Carbery, returning the Mutiny Act to the sergeant.

"An' I b'lieve ye."

"It was me."

"Who? Jist mintion yer name? Arrah, but ye know betther. Cowards slink into insignificance whin the thryal

comes, jist like dastardly toads which crape into cravises in cowld weather; an' forgittin' to come out agin, live in torpor for centuries!' Does anny ov yeez know annything ov natheral history?"

"No."

"Who's that that spakes in the ranks? Nothing 'ud plase me betther than to cram the Mutiny Act in me pocket, an' smash his nose. Thin if yer ignorant of natheral history, what in the world can tache ye the differ betune nonsinse an' a brace ov parthridges? But Chatham's the place war ye'll larn all, from the construction ov a rifle-pit to the colossial ponderosity ov a mountain. Now let's make way agin. *For the fourth offince, suffer corpler punishment wid a cat-o'-nine-tails, an nine knots in aich tail, an aich knot as big as a gaither-button; or be annigulated be the commandin' officer outright intirely!*"

"That's a cruel code, sergeant," said Lacy.

"Yer right, Fosther. It's inflexible, an' won't budge the hair ov an inch from truth for duke or diamonds. 'Tintion, boys, and hear me out. Sargeant Dinnis has no favorites; in coorse not, for why shud he? *This book*," said he, thumping it on the side heavy enough to force its body from between the covers, "*is the thrue an' solemn Mutiny Act ov the king an' parlymint—God bless thim both! Therefore, not a sowl afore me this fine day must be over bould to thrangress agin its clarses; an' mind ye, too, an' don't forget, that Euliack Dinnis, his majesty's sergeant-in-chief on the Coventhry road,* — flourish me soord now, Fosther; an', Hutton, lift me cap in the air, an' down wid it to yer breast agin—*sergeant Dinnis*, as I was sayin', *'ll bring yeez all to punishmint if ye offind*—"

"Who cares?"

"None more thin the scoundrel that grunts his insaneous defiance—*an' flog ye*—"

"He's a baste that 'ud do it."

"Name that man. Five pounds shall be the informant's raward, if I have anny spare cash after settling me accounts."

"Don't ye wish ye may get it?"

"No I don't; an' he's a marcenary vagabond that says so —yes, *I'll bring yeez all to punishmint if ye offind, an' flog ye till yer comrades can't see a bit ov yer broad manly backs*

for stripes an' sthrokes; or, if the law must take its extrame coorse, annigulate ye to the last man if ye desarve it, an' the Lord have marcy on your guilty sowls, for I won't.—Now, boys, for a giniral amnisty an' a futur joy (feu de joie); also, a runnin' fire from the right horn to the left of the criscint. Hooray! Hooray! for King George the Third, ov immortial mem'ry, an' the glorious constertution!"

A strange display of feeling and sentiment followed. Some denounced—some defied the powers of the Mutiny Act. Others, whose unsuspecting innocence fed their credulity, trembled for the consequences of any irregularity they might commit. Several there were who had the intrepidity to smile both at the ceremonial and the law, but who did not care to arraign either the wisdom or legality of the farce; at least, they were sensible of the sergeant's good intentions, and could brook imposition for the general benefit, though it was difficult for them to repress the laughter which, pent up like a flood, was straining their ribs with a pressure intensely hydraulic. These dispassionate fellows readily seconded the sergeant's appeal; and, breaking forth in ringing acclamations, the more insubordinate of the party, carried away by example, fused their indignation into respect and screaming cheers. Such a burst of concentrated loyalty was scarcely to be expected from a batch of disorganized recruits—little better than fugitives. Euliack was not a little proud of the demonstration. Waiving his Turkey handkerchief, he shouted at the top of a strong voice, splitting his throat with enthusiasm. Lacy flourished the sword; Hutton beat the air with the sergeant's "bang-up;" Craily bellowed lustily, performing circles with his extended arms, and nearly capsizing the sergeant in his mad zeal; Reddison, in the midst of the group, led the rounds with a powerful pair of lungs; Prince Brice danced a wild jig, with piercing vocal accompaniments; and even the pugilists, whose eyes had swollen like overgrown tomatoes, were not backward in the general expression. One cheer followed another till the rejoicing died away, from exertion, into hoarseness; and thus the fatigues and disagreements of a seven miles' march were unfelt and forgotten in the fervency of better feelings and a better understanding.

Euliack now descended from the lofty shoulders of his

Atlas; the cap and sabre-bearers returned the insignia with which they had been temporarily invested; the crescent was broken up; and, with a warning to mind the terrors of the Mutiny Act, the march was resumed, unbroken by any pugilistic mishap, till the party arrived at Woolwich.[1]

[1] At one stage of his route, the jovial sergeant, lavish of his guineas, ran so short of money he could not proceed. Thus pinched, he despatched Foster Lacy on an embassy to head-quarters, to borrow sufficient cash to enable him to resume the journey. So unprecedented a proceeding rather startled the authorities. Perilous days were those, and strange things were done to get the better of them. Lacy, with the acumen of a lawyer, removed the scruples of an almost impressionless quartermaster, obtained a liberal loan, and, returning to the party by relays of horses and quick stages, released the sergeant from his difficulties.

By profession, Lacy was an architect. Well educated, he soon became a sergeant; was schoolmaster and draughtsman for a while at Chatham, and, seeing a better opening for his talents in the royal staff corps, was transferred to it as sergeant-major. In the course of his after service he was sent to Gibraltar. The architecture at the rock did not meet his advanced views of art. Entertaining proud ideas of improving it, he was shortly introduced to an ancient sapper, named Halliday, discharged from the corps, who had some houses at the fortress, and intended to build another on a piece of ground placed at his disposal by colonel Fyers. Lacy, readily entering into the old man's wishes, provided plans for the new residence, and undertook to superintend its construction. Greatly taken with the architect, Halliday, unsuspectingly handed him the sum of 500 dollars to commence the work, but he never received the worth of a brick for it!

DEER-STALKING.

CAPTAIN CALMOR, when stationed at a pretty little village in a country far more sublime, it is said, than Italy, divided from England by a narrow strip of sea, was sometimes annoyed at the presence of four-footed strangers on his grounds. He had an elegant plot—a few perches perhaps less than an acre—in front of his residence, laid out with horticultural taste, aspiring to be a model of the far-famed Chiswick. It possessed many botanical rarities, all rich and beautiful, of home or exotic growth, producing inextinguishable envy in rival florists, and no end of greed in those omnivorous ruminants which, capable of chewing anything from a sprig of shamrock to the burr of a thistle, enjoyed with epicurean relish all sorts of magnificent buds and blossoms, from the gorgeous dahlia to the sweetly-scented carnation.

To the captain's mortification, he found at times that one or more of his favorite beds, formed after some of Euclid's axiomatic geometrical devices, were despoiled of their gaieties by deer straying from the park. To such a pitch had the destruction arisen, that the captain, losing all heart, expressed a wish, in one of his tantrums, that the deer were all shot!

"All shot!" thought Erssock, who was within hearing. "I'll see to that business."

A hint from a captain is as good as an order to a good soldier. So it was, at least, with Erssock, who, having a *carte blanche* to fire at anything, always kept at hand a fowling-piece and shooting materials, by which, from the constancy with which he used them, became as dead a shot as the notorious captain Scott. Erssock never fired but he had something to bag, either as a specimen for the museum, or a delicacy for his stomach.

Next morning Erssock rose at the peep of day, and sallied forth like a fowler, accoutred with gun, bullets, flask, and belt. He had not been stalking long before he observed a

beautiful doe, breakfasting in the distance on some tempting verdure made greener by the dew. Miss Venison had her head in the direction of the sergeant—an indication sufficiently conclusive to Erssock that she had a base design on the captain's flower-beds.

Erssock always wore his chin in a black-leather stock; his eye askance, like a detective; and his nose, as long as a constable's truncheon, was usually plugged with Lundyfoot. It was a great occasion this, and that itching organ drew largely on a colossal box for a supply of the irritant, without which it seemed impossible for Erssock to steady his leg or nerve his arm. The indulgence was also necessary to take away the opacity of his sight; and even then, spectacles with glasses as large as doubloons, secured in iron peripheries, were locked on the ridge of that powerful feature to improve his visual ability.

Thus charged and assisted, Erssock, bearing tenderly on his lame leg—for the left one had been broken or sprained at some time of his life—threw his piece from "the slope" into the ready position, and waited while the guileless doe took a few more mouthfuls of grass. Erssock did not smile as cruel people would have done at a chance so brilliant. Oh, no. Sorrowful he felt on principle. Though he took snuff with all the zest of a sugar-tooth eating tarts, and was now and then thick in the tongue from the medicinal use of particular liquids to keep out the cold, he was certainly a Christian, sympathizing with human misery, and keenly feeling, (to the extent of an amber tear or two from his nose,) for the poor quadruped which was nipping the last twin-simples of his breakfast—a buttercup and daisy.

"What a thing necessity is," said he, drawing his breath in a heavy sigh and cocking his rifle. "To kill is a law o' nature; and a sad law it is," he continued, as he adjusted the sights and sighed again. "There can be no doubt of its wisdom," added he, raising the weapon slowly to his shoulder; "the more so when destruction, following trespass, gives occasion to verify its majesty." In this way, calming his regret, he took aim: snap went the detonator, and the innocent doe, jumping high in the air, fell dead where she was feeding.

Erssock was not proud of his success. How could he be? With such a soft heart as he possessed, he felt a great deal

more for the doe than, of course, he would for himself had he been killed. Tears again came to his relief, not rolling from his eyes, but dropping from the emulctory of the brain, in buff-colored streams. Mournfully sloping his musket, with his right hand thrust in the huge pocket of his shooting-coat rattling some spare bullets and wads, he turned his broad back on the fatal scene.

"That's one less," said he, as he strode sullenly away, leaving the doe where she had dropped, "and I trust to heaven the hint 'll be taken. It will not be my fault if it's declined, for, as sure as another of the captain's beds suffers, I'll shoot the whole herd—I will, by—Juniper!" Erssock wished to avoid blasphemy in any shape, and thinking there was something irreligious even in coupling the name of Jupiter with the oath, he did full justice to his piety by an approximation as pretty as his conscience was tender.

The affair was a secret; but Erssock, who never kept his better-half uninformed of passing events, whispered in her ear the result of his morning's excursion. Too much inclined to speak of incidents to others when there was matter for boasting, she let the "cat out of the bag."

Soon the doe was found by the rangers; and as she was a lovely creature, heavy at the time with a fawn, there was a great hubbub in that pretty little village across the water. By degrees the secret spread like oil on a carpet, and Erssock, too honest to fabricate a falsehood, ultimately acknowledged his guilt.

Fortunately, the matter was hushed up; but it was said, that captain Calmor, to protect the sergeant from the consequences of his savagery, had to pay a fine large enough to buy a park of deer!

SPARE THE TREE.

"WHAT a nuisance that tree is!" soliloquized the captain one day as he surveyed (say in the absence of more definite information) a sturdy oak opposite his windows. "It obstructs the light and breaks the view. I wish to God it was down!"

"Down!" muttered Erssock, reflectively, who had a knack of repeating the last word of the previous speaker as if to assist his thoughts. "That's easier said than done; but down it shall be!" And in a minute or two he had all his plans mentally matured for its removal.

Next morning, while the captain was yet deep in sleep, Erssock appeared at the Arcadia with ropes, axes, saws, and wedges, and also a party of men to help him. The tree stood proudly up where it had taken root and grown for a century, perhaps. Strong in age, and stout in girth, it nevertheless had moments of weakness; for the dew which sparkled on its leaves, dispersed by the rays of the sun, fell in tears on the soil beneath.

There was a slight breeze astir, sufficient to impart a tremor to the foliage, which, as it rustled, seemed to say, "Sapper, spare the tree!" But Erssock, deaf to sentiment, and unmindful of age or majesty, applied the axe with strange heaviness and energy; while his men, tugging furiously at the ropes, made the stem sway with their strength. Creak, creak, crack, crack, went the oak; the saw shrieked in the kerf; the struggling boughs bent to the haul, sweeping the air into a wind; and the workmen, bathed in sweat, steamed with their exertions. With every rush of the saw, every drive of the wedge, every blow of the axe, multiplied by many hands, who hacked, and cut, and slashed, to make the job a short one, the gap enlarged and deeper sank till a long and a strong pull broke the forest king from its root, and laid it on the ground like a giant log, shivering in its vastness, gay, green, and healthy.

"Up, up, men; there's no time to lose," shouted the

sergeant, the first to show his vigour. "Gather round there. Away with it! All hands ready—ready, now!—lift! lift, ye devils! and run off with the load, as if the grass were in flames at your heels!"

Every man pushed his strength. Risen fairly from the ground, the tree was in their hands, and away it went. It took a detachment and more of stalwart fellows, all muscle and sinew, to move it from the spot after the branches had been lopped off.

Four hours after, the captain, who was not a devotee of the bed, as may be inferred from the remarkable fact of his rising as early as eight o'clock, drew his curtains, and looked out on nature.

"Aye! what!" cried he, rubbing his half-opened eyes as if the scene were too lovely to be anything but a delusion. "This is beautiful—perfectly charming! How is this?" asked he, in the extravagance of his astonishment. "*Before*, I could scarcely see beyond my nose—now, miles of country are exposed! How is this? How is this?"

And casting his eyes among the row of trees in his front, standing up at wide intervals, he saw a vacancy not observed by him at first. Lifting the window, so that he might with indubitable certainty ascertain the cause of the phenomenon, his amazed vision stared at the bare stump of a tree looking up gloomily at the sun.

After breakfast, the captain sped to the office, and mentioned to his right trusty sergeant the disappearance of the tree.

"To my unutterable surprise, Erssock," exclaimed the captain, "that tree in front of my quarters is gone. Can you find out how it was levelled and removed?"

"I did it, sir," rejoined Erssock, calmly, without evincing the slightest symptom of fatigue or concern.

"You! Impossible! How was it done? Why *did* you do it?"

"I heard you say it was a nuisance, and wished it cut down. Quite agreeing with you, I had it felled and carried away."

"Don't you know it's crown property?"

"So are you, sir; but I have yet to learn that a crown servant is to be eternally annoyed by a crown nuisance."

This was a view of the case irresistibly convincing, and the captain changed the character of his interrogatories.

"But where is it?"

"A cart-load of the branches, stripped and chopped, is in the detachment coal-hole."

"What for?"

"For firewood, sir."

"And where's the stem?"

"Lying lazily enough in the yard for the commissioners of Woods and Forests—if there be such people in this country—to claim as a perquisite; or, if you prefer it, we can give those gentlemen the cold shoulder, and saw it up for stools, desks, and knick-knackeries."

"Some months after," said my informant, with libellous waggishness, and an arch leer in his eye, as much as to say, 'You may believe it or not, as you please,' "Erssock's cottage luxuriated in oak. The furniture was of the mediæval stamp. Everything was of oak, from the platter on the oaken table to the four-posted bedstead on the oaken floor, and the domicile more resembled a tenement of the time when Henry VIII. was chopping off the heads of his queens, than one when George IV., having discarded his royal spouse, was living the life of a rollicking celibate."[1]

[1] In this and the preceding adventure, the sense is given, if not the words of the Irish hyperbolist who told me the anecdotes. In both, the main features are facts, but the secondary details were probably introduced by the narrator, to veil, in a measure, the real incidents.

THE DARK DEED.

WALCOTT was an Irishman, over six feet in height, loose in his familiarities, and indefinite in his attachments. Though married to a woman of fair education and unblemished virtue, he had a superabundance of tenderness, which he bestowed on any gentle creatures who had the folly to accept it. Emaciated as he was, he was still the wreck of a handsome man. The sash which girded his waist seemed less a badge of rank than a ligature to bind up his structure and save him the catastrophe of falling to pieces; while his pale wasted face, sharp projecting nose, and sunken eyes, clouded by drooping lids, told a tale of declining energy, which he had not the morality or judgment to improve. Nevertheless, there was something in his mien that acted as a charm on the susceptibilities of weak women. His address was soft and his manners insinuating.

At a pretty little town in Fife lived a tailor, a pinched-up sort of a fellow, scarcely broader or taller than his sleeve-board. To a fine girl, prepossessing and vivacious, he was married. As his business was not of a nature to keep him at home, particularly when he had friends to meet, his wife, left much alone, was exposed to the attentions of men who only waited for opportunities to win her favor.

None met with encouragement, except the mild but dissolute Walcott, who, with sagacity equal to his artifice, tempered his assiduities with suavity. It was not his game to be in a hurry. Guarding against impetuosity, his progress was slow, but sure. At last, the young wife, enmeshed by a net from which she could not free herself, gave the *roué* her smile, with unrestricted access to her solicitous lip, and engaged his society whenever the coast was sufficiently clear to permit the interchange of compliments and caresses without the chance of detection or disturbance.

In this way matters had gone on for some weeks, when, one evening, by invitation, Walcott made a call on Arlette. She had never looked more fascinating. The tailor, beguiled by his friends, had repaired to a distant inn to enjoy his

accustomed revel. This time it was a convivial meeting of the craft. So taken up was he with its intoxicating comforts, that the hour of ten had passed before he began to think of consulting the time. That, however, was too honest a period of the night to return, and master Needles, as he was familiarly designated, persevered in his orgies till midnight.

Meanwhile, the lovers spent the interview in the exercise of those endearments which, belonging to a state of perfect understanding and sympathy, would have been innocent, and even natural, had both been free from the sacred obligations they owed to others. Circumstances favored their fondness to any height they might venture it; and as the hours wore on they felt less inclination to separate. Needles was still absent, and Arlette, blindly conceiving her husband would not make his appearance till morning, looked on the night as absolutely at her disposal.

Limited were the arrangements in the house for strangers or friends. There was no bed but the one. It was awkward to be driven to an extreme so delicate. Rest was courted, the light extinguished, and the faithless pair were in darkness.

It was a wintry night, freezing and blowing, and Walcott was glad to be saved the trouble of going home. Thorny, however, was his luck. It yielded but meagre gratification; for, libertine as he was, he had his moments of disquietude. Reflection, which he could not suppress, did not add to his happiness. Harassed by the idea that the tailor would suddenly return, he thought less of Arlette than the means of preventing discovery. To escape was barely possible; but, if he succeeded, there was a grave chance of some clue being left by which to trace him. In nothing was this more likely than failing to take with him every particle of his dress. To insure this, he collected the several items of his uniform, and, under the pressure of wild anticipations, tore both his jacket and trousers in the parts most exposed to violence and wear.

Calculating as he did on taking away his apparel, why did he resort to this destructive expedient? In the excitement of hurry, there was, he conceived, a probability of something slipping unobserved from his grasp. If either of the disfigured articles dropped, all would go well. Arlette would

know how to account for it. The gaping rent in the vestment would likely satisfy the jealous scruples of the husband. If not, then the averment of a pretty wife, possessing the ability, at pleasure, of assuming a countenance radiated with chasteness, would certainly disperse the last lingering figment of suspicion and restore connubial confidence.

A few minutes before twelve, the jovial tailor was at the door; but, finding it locked, he rattled the knocker as if he would wrest it from its hinge.

Startled by the noise, Arlette aroused, and between partial unconsciousness and alarm, leaped from the bed. Walcott was all ear and eye, and though skilled in contrivances, was hot in brain and embarrassed.

"Wha's there?" cried Arlette, staggering to the door, forgetting in her fright that Walcott was in the room and her husband at the porch.

"It's me, Arlette!"

"What, Tammas?" she gasped, trembling with fright, and forcing back her hair, which fell disordered over her face and shoulders.

"Ay; let me in, for the nicht's raw an' cauld."

"Jist gi' me ane minnit," she replied, falteringly, pressing both hands to her head to aid her scattered recollection. "Let me throw a shawl ower me shuthers."

"Ay, do Arlette; do, wife, an' be quick."

"For God's sake, Walcott, up wi' ye, mon," whispered she, with desperate rapidity. "Here's Tammas! Hide yersel', an' save me!"

In an instant, Walcott leaped softly to his feet, and rolled himself under the bed, taking with him those particulars of his costume which, if captured, would lead to disagreeable inquiries. A vivid conception of the utter ruin that would result from detection made him draw largely upon his little stock of energy; and crushing himself in a corner behind two band-boxes, he waited impatiently to seize the chance of escaping.

"Cum, Arlette, be alive an' unsteek th' door," shouted the tailor.

Arlette opened it at length, and left it swinging on its hinges, so that the professor of the chain and staff under the bed might avail himself of the first stroke of good fortune to decamp.

At the bidding of the tailor, Arlette set about lighting the candle. Her attempts to do so were a series of pertinacious blunders, during which she upset a couple of chairs, and nearly capsized the table. Amid the noise, purposely produced, Walcott was not indolent. With his bundle, he worked his way noiselessly to the valance; when, to his mortification, the candle, showing an indiscreet readiness to ignite, burst into flame too soon to favor his flight. To proceed was certain annihilation. Thereupon, he quietly retreated from the drapery to his former hiding-place, and lay motionless, breathing cautiously, and humoring an oppressive sensation in his throat, though the torture of restraint was almost more than he could bear. Strange that so weak a man, frail as a twig, could muster the requisite strength to overcome so exquisite a strait! But gaining courage as his danger increased, he combated boldly with the circumstance, even repressing his agitation and a perilous disposition to cough, so that he might avert a development that would have exposed the depravity of the hour, and smitten the guilty with vengeance.

After the tailor, who was cruelly talkative, had narrated the incidents of the convivial meeting, and had partaken of a light repast to keep up his stamina till the morning, Arlette and he sought repose, first extinguishing the light.

Nothing could have been more critical than the position of Walcott at this moment. Both doors were locked, and the window, protected by shutters with bolts and bars, was fastened with a strong catch, that snicked, as it passed over the spring, like the report of a musket. With such safeguards, how was it possible to escape? It was clearly beyond the reach of skill or expedient. Precipitation, by forcing a passage, would be madness. He resolved, therefore, to take matters calmly till the drowsy tailor should be asleep, when the first heavy breath—the first snore—would be his signal to fly.

Arlette, all the while, was in terror, crowding her whirling brain with the worst apprehensions. Suspense she had never known before. Now she felt it in all its awfulness. Associated as it was with a dark transaction made it fiercer and less capable of control. Every moment aggravated the feeling, and since it was rapidly driving her to frenzy, she hurried on the *dénouement*.

Noticing her uneasiness, the tailor affectionately asked her what was the matter. Feigning to be struck by sudden illness, she shivered in every limb, and, as if convulsed, caught her hanging and fitful breath, which seemed to be ebbing away, in throes, with her life. At intervals she lisped her wishes, but so faintly, the tailor could scarcely comprehend them. The better to learn them, he applied his ear to her lips; and at last recognised the modest intimation that a gill of whisky from Nancy Brooks' would at least allay, if it did not wholly remove, the paroxysm which had seized her.

Who would not help a wife struggling in sickness—thrown prostrate in a moment without warning? Too gallant a man, tailor as he was, not to feel sympathy for her sufferings, he bounded from the bed, jumped into a pair of trousers far too long and a great deal too wide to match his attenuated extremities, tumbled over a stool in his bewildered eagerness to find the dram-bottle, and, without noticing the inconvenience of his prolongations, though hampered by their superfluity, rushed from the sick chamber, and thundered at the door of Mrs. Brooks.

Now was the moment for Walcott. Keen for his safety, he crept from his concealment, and flew from the scene of his infamy!

"Gude Nancy," said the tailor, who had gained admittance into the inn, "gi' me a gill o' whuskey! Arlette is ta'en awfu' ill; an' it may gae waur wi' her afore I can ca' the dochter."

Nancy drew the spirit with her usual alacrity, and funnelling it into the bottle, her eyes caught sight of the singular trousers. They were Walcott's! That shrewd man, by some unaccountable oversight, had made up his bundle without them.

"Eh! Tammas! whar hae ye got'n the braw breeks frae? Are they a new fashion?"

Thomas, for the first time, was sensible that the wrong man had thrust himself into the wrong breeches! and wondered how he had possessed himself of such a strange addition to his wardrobe. He stared at the hostess, and then at himself, puzzled what excuse to make. But he was less confused than wounded. That soldiers were in the town he knew, and he suspected that one of them had invaded the

virtue of his home. It was a frantic thought. Still, though stung to the heart, he evinced no perceptible concern at Nancy's question, wishing, as he did, to keep his dishonor a secret till necessity should unveil it.

"What dae ye think o' 'em, Nancy?" said Needles, with a forced smile.

"Eh; but they're fine, mon," said the landlady, perching a pair of spectacles on her nose. "Ower braw indeed for Fifeshire. Those queer red strips doon the ootside leuk like the garish taste o' a play-actor, or ither ootlandish folk."

"Thae belang ta th' milit'ry; an' I've jist ta'en it into me heed to tak' a turn oot o' 'em."

"Ye cudna dae better, Tammas, if ye put'n in twa or 'ree stitches extra to ootset the leeberty."

"Yer maist richt there, Nancy. I'll see til't."

And the tailor pushed his hands into the libertine's deep pockets, not so much to find anything as to make himself appear completely at home in the borrowed continuations. This little manœuvre only increased the mystery; for, to his astonishment, he pulled from a corner a five-pound note! Leisurely unfolding it, he handed the voucher to Nancy, preserving a staid demeanour, and desired her to take from it the worth of the gill.

The hostess did so, returning the change; and the tailor, gliding from the house, rushed into his wife's chamber, scarcely able to curb his fury. No longer in dread, Arlette was composed, but still sustained the semblance of illness to complete her stratagem.

"Here; tak' this," said he, brusquely, scowling at his wife as he handed her the glass.

She drank a portion of the liquor, lying quietly for a minute or two, and trying, by stolen glances at her husband, to read the occasion of his harshness. Irritation puckered his countenance, ferocity glared from his eye, and he grinned and bit his lips as if the fever of suspicion were scorching him. Imagining that the secret of her unfaithfulness had been discovered, and that a fearful reckoning was at hand, Arlette was pale and alarmed. The worst, however, had passed, for Walcott was away. In the rapid review of her guilt, she considered it best to meet her husband's indignation with calmness. There was hope in this course—none

in anger. A fair excuse would probably carry conviction with it. In whatever way she might be assailed, she was prepared for it. Wonderfully did she disguise her emotions, even sobering her heaving breast to the imperceptible swellings of unconcern. Thus composed, she gazed on her husband, and with a smile, thanked him for his attention to her.

"Ye've bin gude ta me, Tammas," added she, softly. "I'm better noo; an' the pains that tore me ta pieces hae left me."

"That's weel," said the unhappy tailor; "bit I hae a pain ta that nae tentin' 'll tak' awa. Ah! Arlette," continued he, in mingled sadness and fierceness, "whar hae ye got'n thae breeks frae?"

"Gude gracious! What ails ye, Tammas? Has Nancy bin plagin' ye?"

"Na, na, hissey. Leuk here," cried he, pushing out one of his legs and pointing to the scarlet stripe. "Hoo cam ye ta hae thae strange trews i' th' hous'? They're na mine, Arlette; na mine!"

"An' did ye gae oot in that redick'less fashun?" replied she, wearing a smile of impregnable innocence, and discerning clearly a loophole through which to escape. "Nancy maun a thocht ye clean daft."

"Maybe she did. I didna care to ken her thochts, bit I maun ken yours. Tell me," added he, sternly, throwing his fist in the direction of his wife, "hoo cam thae hatefu' twaculor'd things in oor hous'?"

"Dinna greeve yersel', Tammas," said she, soothingly. "Be licht, mon, an' I'll telt ye. A soger frae the toon brocht them ta be mendit; an' I threw them ower the chair, sae that they micht be ta'en in haun' as sune as ye wad steer i' th' mornin'."

"Oh! ay, ay!" cried he, seeming to penetrate the mystery, and to feel the unkindness of a suspicion so easily dissipated. "Is that it, Arlette? Is that it, lassie?"

"That's a' aboot it."

"Then ye've dun brawly, brawly, Arlette," replied he, in tones expressive of regret for the warmth of temper he had displayed. "Ye cud na hae dun better, an' me awa frae hame."

"Noo, dearie; tell me what was it that steer'd yer dander

wi' sic wrath? Aye, bit ye whar sairly oot o' temper wi' me; sairly, Tammas."

"At the ferst glummer, I cudna bit think ye'd dun wrang. I wus afeard, Arlette, sum shame had fal'n on ye; bit I'm mair than satisfi'd wi' yer gude expleenashun."

"An' cud ye doot me, Tammas?"

"Weel, I own I did—mair's the pity; bit ye sal ne'er agin fin' me rash in surmeesin'."

"I forgi' ye, Tammas. Angry I canna be wi' yer suspeeshun, sin' it 'll bring mair luve to the hous'."

"Bit d'ye ken, dearie, there wus a fi'-pun not' i' th' pooch?"

"Aye? a fi'-pun not'? D'ye say sae in airnest? Keep it, Tammas, ta pay yersel' for the job."

"An' did the soger telt ye his name?"

"Na; bit he said, if he didna ca' in sax days, ye whar to cut up the breeks for paddin' an' patches."

"Wise like that, Arlette. We'll tak' him ta his wurd; an' conseeder the fi'-pun not' as the wurth o' his veesit."

"Ay, dae; it's na sae foul, bit it's fair for a' that."

A few words more, to conclude about Walcott. While yet a prisoner behind the bandboxes, calculating the chances of escape or death, he took a hurried inventory of his personal effects, and, to his amazement, discovered that his trousers were not comprised in the bundle. Careful to collect all his things, he could not account for the omission, but soon discarded his fears by recollecting that he had done violence to the missing garment. Still, when the tailor, in his loving haste, had rushed out of the room to obtain the cordial, Walcott made a rapid search for his small clothes, considering it far more conclusive to take them with him than rely on the excuses of deception, however plausibly urged. Groping in the darkness, he clutched a pair of tartan trews, into which he was about to force his long limbs, when new thoughts, rushing with the sweep of a whirlwind into his brain, caused him quickly to abandon them, and resign himself to the alternative of presenting his slim person, half-naked, to the withering elements.

Well was it that he did so.

Appropriating the tailor's tartan breeks would have been a fatal error. It would have reopened the mystery, have added

venom to suspicion, and given an easy trace to jealousy by which to discover a grave and cruel injury.

As time was pressing, and Walcott was unable to recover his own, he followed Arlette to the back entrance. Nervously she drew the bolts and opened the door. One foot of clear way was enough for him. With bundle under his arm, he sprang wildly beyond the threshold, and vaulting over a fence, pushed into a hollow, some distance from the tailor's habitation, to attend to his wretched toilet. With as much of his costume as he had collected he dressed himself. Nipped by the frost, and whipped by the stern flutter of his linen kilt, he repaired, in this state of "airy nothingness," to his home. In some inexplicable manner, guilt seldom wants aids to further its success. The morning, being dark, was favorable to his flight. On his way, he met many late-hour people—not a few drunken—seeking their homes; but as it was nothing new to see a man with bare legs and short socks in Fifeshire, he strode on, unjeered and even unchallenged.

At length, reaching his abode, the pass-key, which he had taken the precaution to secure before starting on his base enterprise, gave him instant entrance; and stealing into the curtained room of his wife, he threw his cold body by her side, and committed himself to rest.

In a few weeks—following the course of duty—Walcott was ordered from the town; but he never again had the audacity to trouble Arlette with his sensual importunities. So the "fi'-pun not'" and the "braw breeks" became the spoil of the tailor; and for aught that is known to the contrary, master Needles never knew the secret of the dark deed.

A DAY AND HALF A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

In October, 1836, Magahern was detached from Maryboro', starting in the evening, to the Slieve Bloom mountains, to restore the cairns on their summits. Arriving in the night, he rested at the southern base of the hills, and made preparations for commencing the ascent the following morning.

The range runs nearly east and west, separating the two royal counties, and rises to a height of about eighteen hundred feet above the sea, with round, bluff summits, having deep glens between. The tops were mottled with countless pools, full to the brim of stagnant water. Down the slopes were patches of wood; here and there a copse—a few stunted bushes; elsewhere, rugged crags, miniature waterfalls, and all the picturesque features of mountain scenery.

The morning proving fine, with a sky unspotted by clouds, Magahern was soon astir. He had engaged laborers, settled his plans, took a hearty breakfast, and started refreshed for the western height; intending to visit all the summits, five in number, and finish the business of reconstruction in a day.

Reaching the first cairn, he gathered up the pile, rebuilt it strongly, and crossed the ravine for the adjoining height, taking notice of some remarkable indications on his route. Rude objects they were, planted by friendly hands, to mark the spots where merciless disaster had overtaken man and beast. The first was a rough stick, blown by the wind from the perpendicular, to intimate the locality where Phil Kavanagh perished in the snow. The next was a pond, characterized by the stump of a bough, to inform the wayfarer—if he could arrive at the knowledge by any process of imagination, for nothing else could possibly assist him—that Paddy Coolahan drowned his faithful dog to save it from starving! Other memorials there were of feeling regard to commemorate personal peril and violent death; but Magahern, not wishing to be diverted from the task he had laid

out for himself, declined visiting some other mortuary relics in his vicinity.

Bravely the party trudged on, over moor, bog, and crag, pushing down steeps, and jumping over isolated clumps of underwood. The air was dry and clear; to the very skirts of the horizon there was nothing around but an unbroken sky of mild blue, and a stillness was abroad that gave a sort of fossilized rest to everything. Under such calm auspices, the travellers pushed on merrily, shortening the journey by snatches of cheering song and some original talk.

"War ye at Tim Kiernan's weddin'?" said Pat to Mike.

"No, in troth," replied Mike, "but I was at Mooney's wake, so I was."

"At Mooney's! An' how did it go aff?"

"Be the proverbs ov Solomon the sorcerer, there was a mighty dale ov fun an' divarsion to kape us awake, an' the corpse into the bargain. Tim's weddin' was a fool to it."

"Good luck to me, an' is poor Phil dafunct at last?"

"Be me sookens, he is. Cowld enough he finds it this fine day, I'll warrant; an' a quare night we had ov it. Sich a tow-rowin' there niver was the likes, sot up betune Tim Connell an' Andy Keiffe, as niver was seen in all Ireland, an' the Queen's county besides."

"The spalpeens," returned Pat, "an' what war they afther doin' wid one another?"

"In troth, they fell a puckin about Rosah Kelly—the purty little divil that she is."

"Ay, ay, the pullet! It's fine times wid her now; but sarra the sinse had anny ov the gossoons to be batin' one another about sich a morsel o' pride an' good looks as Rosah Kelly."

"In fegs," said Mike, "an' no wondher. She's as swate a little elf as the fairies could turn out ov hand; wid darlin' fancies, slim fingers, black piercin' eyes that 'ud split a rock with its bames, an' kissin' lips as 'll be luckin' afther a match one ov those airly days afore the winther sets in; an' Tim an' Andy, God knows, war makin' up to Rosah, jist to see how the coorse lay, whin the fight began in rale airnest."

"An' which," said Pat, alluding to the combatants, "came aff best?"

"Is it who got the most ov it, ye mane?"

"No, the laste ov it."

"Who gained the day? Is that it?"

"Jist that."

"Thin be Phil Kavanagh's bones in the glen there, Andy's no match for Tim. Wurra, wurra, had ye seen thim, an' ould Molly, an' Andy's projanitor, not a hen's race aff, luckin at thim, ye'd have stared wid all the eyes in yer head. Och! it was a sorrowful sight to see Andy dhroppin' about wid ev'ry blow, resavin' knock afther knock, an' swimmin' in blood, bad humour, an' broken bones!"

"An' did Tim Connell pitch into him in that way?"

"Sure he did. Tim didn't give him the ghost ov a chance ov gettin' aff; an' besides batin him sack thick, gave him three or four black eyes by way of intherest. But Andy 'll get his reward. Rosah has a regard for him, an' iver since the fight, she has tinded him with affiction, new milk, fresh eggs, an' a lapful ov kisses swatened wid shugar an' ground almonds."

Meanwhile the other pair of laborers, bent on the consideration of matters less cruel, were deep in the discussion of trifling details touching their social comfort, among which, of course, was the never-to-be-omitted reference to the perennial pipe.

"Give me a dhraw ov yer dhudeen, Thady?" said Tiernay.

"Wid all me heart," replied Thady. "Here it's for ye, clane an' dacent."

"Bad cess to ye," cried Tiernay; "it's clane enough, so it is, an' widout a shake ov backy in the bowl. Lind me the dust ov yer box i' ye plase, till I scrape up a pull or two to aise the pain ov a back tooth that worries me? an' I'll niver pay ye whin I get home."

"I might jist as well thry to rob the pyx ov its host! There; take the box, and thry for yerself. If ye come acrass as much backy-ash as 'll kiver the king's eye on a brass farden, I'll take the first dhraw, by coorse, an' ye the second."

"Ye'r a kind man, Thady, an' who made yer first breeches? Here, take yer ould pipe an' clane box agin, an' I'll sarve ye that same way next time."

"Be done wid yer smokin', now," interposed Pat, "an' let's be afther makin' the road shorter."

Three summits had in time been traversed, and the party

wended on gaily to the fourth. This was the hill of Bokah, on the south-west side of which was a deep pond, where Con Ronan was drowned in crossing the mountain. Whether he had thrown himself into eternity, or was gloriously exhilarated when the melancholy occurrence took place, is not known. That he perished there, is certain; and the regret felt at his loss subsided in the erection of a monument to his memory. Ronan was not a grand man. In the scale of society he was not high enough to deserve a vault or anything of the kind; nor could his friends muster energy and wealth enough to cut a stone from the rock and chisel it into a slab bearing a civilized epitaph. The best, however, they could do was done for the poor soul. Indeed, all things considered, it was a dashing affair; for the stick that rose over old Con's remains was polished by everlasting wear, and sported a head as big as a fir-cone, that had put a blot on many an eye in a faction fight. To make the club secure, the end of it had been plunged between Ronan's grim teeth, and was set round and packed with clay and rough stones. The cudgel had been Mat Rooney's, who, like a bear with a ball in his jaw, grudgingly yielded it, and left the memoriam with as much sorrow, and as many oaths, as if he had lost his arm in a Ribbon riot.

In a few hours the fourth cairn was rebuilt. The rude heaps were trigonometrical points established in connexion with the Irish survey; but the imaginative peasantry associated their existence with terrific events and individual horrors. By the time the last stone capped the pile the wind had chopped round from west to south-east; the sky, which had lost its calm blue, and was afterwards patched with small scarlet clouds like flocks of ibises, became suddenly overcast, dropping a sprinkle of rain, as if an invisible purse-maker above had upset a basket of glass beads. These were omens not to be disregarded, and Magahern strode along at a rapid rate, hoping to reach the bottom of the Bokah before the pent-up shower should begin to lave the mountain. But he was compelled to return, to coax his hesitating workmen to make a dash for the fifth cairn.

Although their conversation was beyond his comprehension (he could have translated Sanscrit quite as easy as interpreted the choking vernacular of the hill tribes), he could, nevertheless, tell by the saucy cock of their kaubeens,

the stare of their deep-set eyes, the doubtful leer, the dark horizon, coupled with the hard day's work and the harder journey, that they thought enough had been done for one day. Besides, the sun was not an hour's height from the sea-line, and the clouds, still gathering for night and a soaking tempest, made them excusably cautious. Their wages, too, were very small; and, without any notion of enterprise, they had no ambition to make themselves heroes by any additional display of ardour and exploit on Slieve Bloom.

"Well, but men," said Magahern, "it's far better to be doing something than standing idle. The work's not afraid of you, and I'm sure you're not afraid of it. Come, boys; who'll volunteer for the fifth cairn?"

"Blood an' tundher! what time will yez be after rachin the bottom ov the hill above?" said Thady.

"An' be the same sign, whin 'll yez be home to the praties? It's starvin' I am intirely for a taste o' thim," said Mick.

"Let me get widin a mile o' them, jist! Egad; jackets, bones, an' all 'ud go down the red lane as aisy as a greased spade into a kish ov turf," cried Pat.

"Be sharp, boys," shouted Tiernay, "an' be afther gettin' the work done an' escapin' the sthorm."

At this point Magahern tendered them an addition to their day's hire. A short consultation was held to consider the proposal. The evening was closing in with deeper gloom; there was a rawness over the mountain; a mist rising in the glens, and the wind was gusty. Appearances were anything but pleasant; the laborers shook their heads, made grimaces, talked in doubt, and looked reluctant.

"Don't lave the officer," cried Pat; "I'll go for one."

"So will I," said Tiernay, "an' take me chance ov the sthorm."

But Thady and Mike, full of scruples, saying it was tempting Providence and the priests to enter on such a desperate service, refused.

"Man alive!" exclaimed Magahern, "are ye not as good men as your neighbours? Before any magistrate in the four kingdoms an' the colonies I'll swear it, an' that's saying a great deal, isn't it, now?"

Like a well-aimed rifle, the shot went clean through the bull's-eye, and levelled the scruples of the opposing laborers to the common expectation.

"I'm as good a man as Tiernay," said Thady.

"The one's as good as t'other," said Mick.

"No, but t'other's as good as Thady," said Pat.

"To be sure he is, an' a'grate dale betther," said Tiernay.

"An' that's what Thady is, every inch ov him, an' an inch over," said Pat.

"Well, thin, I'll go, an' marcy on me," said Mick.

"No, ye shan't sthir a fut forninst me," cried Thady.

"Och! thin, we'll all go together," said Tiernay.

"That's it; that's it," shouted all.

"Now, boys," said Magahern, "let's be at the last cairn quicker than ye can scalp a pittaty; and it's meself that 'll give ye a couple of noggins apiece for your brave spirit and good work."

This promise worked on the excitabilities of the laborers as if magic had something to do with their appreciation. Very different would have been the effect had the *price* of the beverage been named for their acceptance. A drop of the native was everything to them. No sooner was the whisky mentioned, than the hearty fellows set up a shrill phillaloo, and scampering off, had the last cairn ready for rebuilding by the time Magahern gained the summit.

Meanwhile the evening gathered thicker. Distant objects were losing their outline, the spire of Maryboro' church could only just be discovered through the haze, and the blood-faced sun was lying on the waters, about to plunge for the night into the depths. The rain, which occurred in sprinkles, still undecided, gave friendly warning of the coming tempest.

With every credit to their discernment, the laborers took the hint, and worked spiritedly, fitting the stones into their places with strange exactness. For form the workmen had an acute eye, and supplied the most irregular vacancies with lumps of broken rock, which dove-tailed into the pile like so many keystones. Indeed, their big, rough hands had a fairy's precision and energy. For an instant, Pat looked round to watch the elemental signs, causing his kaubeen to perform an entire revolution and a half, leaving it most correctly back in front, with a loose bit of the brim flapping over his left eye.

"Tare an' ages, boys," said he, "make haste, if ye wish to save yerselves from another flood, or be the livin' Sanctus ye'll be drownded, an' no help for it this side eternity.

Hurry, now. Whar's the capstone? Up wid it. That's brave so it is. Now give it the everlastin' fixin, an' be ready for the whiskey, an' aff."

At last the cairn was finished. There was not a moment to lose. The clouds grew larger and blacker; the rain fell sluggishly—freckling the stones with little spots which quickly evaporated. Clamoring to be gone, Magahern paid them the price of their hire and the noggin money. It was now, more than at any time in their lives, they wanted a drop. They grumbled because it was not forthcoming. Whisky was everything to make them face the storm with courage. But it was useless to complain, for Magahern could neither distil nor command it by any process of divination.

Soon appeased, however, they shook hands with the chief, and bidding him good-night, started in the direction of home, making the bog-water fly over their heads in their haste. Down the mountain they shot, as if blown through the air. Two or three hats were lost in the flight; the "clane pipe" was smashed, and bits of tatters, too weak to maintain connexion in such tearing velocity, were whisked off by bramble and bush, till the rollicking devils, spent in wind and strength, fell to a walk, without a tail to their coats, singing, "Paddy, me honey, take care o' yer money."

Having parted with his assistants, Magahern turned his eyes towards Maryboro'. It was then ten miles distant. The church was concealed in a sea of mist. Between him and home there was nothing but heath-covered mountain, dark clouds and darker water, which, in small sheets, intersected his track. Nevertheless, he took his bearings, and fastening on his straps and traps, bounded down the eastern descent, intent on forestalling the storm or meeting it manfully. Less philosophical than cheerful, he sang away as he wended, "hanging by his eyelashes" on a topmost note; when, sooner than he had calculated, the first explosion broke overhead. The range glared with light, and thunder roared and rolled over the hills, booming in the wayfarer's ears as if heavy pieces of ordnance were being fired at him. Of course Magahern instantly pitched headlong from the high holding-note into mute wonder and darkness.

In a few minutes he was among an archipelago of bog-holes. To steer through them without lantern or compass required the skill of a guide familiar with every foot of the

mountain. A glimpse of light would have sufficed to lessen the intricacy, but the lightning ceasing, threw the night into absolute darkness and the wanderer on his beam-ends. To stir was dangerous. A yard or two in advance, or sideways, would have tumbled him into a pool up to his oxters, or buried him in a well, with fathoms of mud pressing on his head. Fortunately, the lightning played again. The terror of most people was Magahern's lamp and comforter. Gleam after gleam assisted him pace by pace; and so, cautiously navigating his passage, he found himself partly through the dingy group of hollows, confronted by a luckless peasant.

"Hillo! what on this fair earth has brought you here?" cried Magahern.

"The same misfortune that brought yer hanner."

"Where am I? can you tell?"

"As lonely as ye can be on Slave Bloom."

"That I know."

"Then what did ye ax fer?"

"For information. Do you belong to these parts?"

"Ay, do I. Ev'ry part I know, an' ev'ry hole an' corner, from the top ov Bokah to the bottom ov the Bloom. There's a hole be yer side, yer hanner, an' take care ye don't slip into it!"

Magahern moved his foot to avoid it, but happening to step in the wrong direction, he fell over his hips into the swamp.

"Didn't I tell ye so? Will ye mind me next time? Come bear up, now, an' give me yer hand till I dhrag ye out."

Magahern held out his hand, and the stranger, grasping it, pulled him from the pool. Magahern was not a man to murmur at misfortune nor to attribute its occurrence to chance. Whatever befel him was allotted. It was his destiny—the secret way of Providence to take him home. Still, though fate was an item of his creed, he tried at all points to evade it, and was as careful of giving the go-by to accident as a rationalist. If overtaken by danger, it was an invincible necessity directly.

"Well, this is a pretty go," said Magahern. "It's a hard return for one's self-sacrifice."

"Don't blame me, yer hanner. I warned ye, so I did."

"True. It was my fault. Do you know I've been on the mountain for more than ten hours toiling like a slave?"

"An' a big fool ye are for it."

"That's candid; but never mind. Will you guide me down the mountain?"

"Ov coorse, if ye pay me as ye ought, accordin' to the danger."

"You shall have a handsome recompense. But say, do you agree to take me beyond these intricacies?"

"Ay, will I—safe an' sound, in wind an' limb."

"And set me square on the high road?"

"All that, widout batin' one word o' yer wish, an' shelther at the first byre into the bargain."

"You are sure of that?"

"As I hope for grace an' good luck from the saints an' the mother o' the mighty Saviour!"

"Very well. Where does this lead to?"

"To the divil!"

"Indeed! Does he pay rent in these parts?"

"He lives in a quare ould cabin at the foot o' the mountain."

"You seem to know where and how to reach the infernal residence."

"No man in the country betther."

"Then go to hell by yourself!"

At that moment the thunder broke loudly, the lightning struck the mountain, hissing, as it carcered down the slopes, and filled the stranger with alarm. With devotional earnestness he prayed and crossed himself, and then vanished as if he were a thing of wings, making the hills ring with his cries.

Magahern, not caring to speculate on the fright of the guide, pushed down the mountain, little concerned what part of its base he should arrive at, so long as it offered him a refuge from the storm, or gave promise of a sure line of retreat. The descent was not easy. For light and direction he had to stop frequently. Water-holes were still around him, and there were some wild pieces of slope, and points of rugged projection, over which it was likely, if he depended simply on enterprise, of tumbling into he knew not what. But the lightning, as at first, served his purpose. It blazed away with terrific grandeur. By stretches he saw his way, gained each by fits and starts, hazarding a few pieces without the lightning's guidance; but, after an hour's struggling and

danger, he found himself as far from the bottom of the range, as disappointment and mystery could reveal to him.

To go on in this unsatisfactory way would never answer. Over the same ground he was apparently trailing, spell-bound. Perhaps the stranger was right in saying he was going to the devil. Having no particular longing to form the acquaintance of that proverbially-friendly gentleman, he saw the propriety of changing his direction, taking, as he thought, a north-east course, which carried him into an extensive glen. But it seemed to him, though he tried hard to avoid it, he had sauntered into the identical region, where his satanic majesty, if he owned a cabin in the locality, doubtlessly took his hot punch in ineffable delectation. The very idea made Magahern shudder.

It was not a trifling matter to tramp through bush, checked in his progress by grim hollows and strange obstructions, and to endure a fall or a feint, over a stump or a clump, at every half-dozen paces. On account of these accumulated difficulties, he was about to commit himself to the cold shade of a tree for the night, and to rock his daring to sleep on a carpet of nature's own manufacture; at least eight thousand miles thick; but unsettled and impatient, he began to consider it would be very hard, after all his mountain experience, to decline the chance of escape, when, probably, it lay within an inch of his grasp. Moreover, he did not care to loiter in the glen—to share the warm punch and the amiable hospitalities of the King of Blazes. So, giving a fresh lease to his spirit, he shook off his weariness, dashed up the ravine, and drove into a wood.

Heavy work it was to grope through the thicket. Oft-times, caught by the entangled creepers on the ground, he stumbled, and was jerked in rib, joint, and socket. In this dreary spot, where most he wanted light to guide him through the maze, it was denied him, for the flashes only occurred at long intervals. As if these trials were not sufficient to show the true aspect of his situation, other phenomena must need combine to swell the magnitude of his misery. The wind, shrieking and sweeping like a hurricane, threatened to make him the plaything of its fury, and the rain pelted down, as if the clouds were seas, emptying their mighty surplus, to cover the mountain, and drown the wanderer.

It must be borne, however, and Magahern, forcing on-

wards, got into very rough ground, where, seemingly, turf had been cut. Reflection told him that houses must be in the neighbourhood, for the poor would not travel miles from their homes for fuel. Consoled by the inference, away he went, sinking to the knee in mud, dropping suddenly into gaps, and sprawling his broad surface among heaps of clods. It was heavy travelling this. No wonder that his patience had given place to impetuosity, and that his soliloquies were mixed up with undignified epithets. But nothing that he could say, swear, see, or do, had the remotest tendency to relieve him from straits which left him no resource but the stern one of dashing through them.

And he did dash on. The darkness was deeper, and the tempest still raging. By the rain he was washed as if he had been a fragment of rock in a cataract. Now he vaulted into what appeared a wide lane, edged with broken turf walls. Whatever use, by nature or art, it may have been, it formed on this occasion a channel for the torrent, as it bounded from the mountain. Down this flooded boreen, Magahern went at a slashing pace. The stream rushed past him with a tide that bore him on involuntarily. It rose higher at every step, and by way of variety, there were numerous ruts to receive his feet, and treat him to some amusing plunges. Quantities of stone, tossing and rattling along the lane, thumped against his legs audaciously. If he shifted his position, it was only to dive into deeper water, to sink into deeper ruts, and to be struck, bruised, and torn, by heavier stones with sharper angles. Between the narrow extremities of bad and worse, lay his choice of difficulties; and if he attempted to steer clear of the worse alternative, he was sure to have the ill luck of contending with even greater difficulties and sterner reverses.

Well-nigh knocked-up, breathing hard, and half drowned, he trudged on through stream, rut, and eddy, praying for another flash of lightning to help him. Just then, the thunder, rolling over the mountains and moaning in the glens, brought him to a stand. So close was it, he fancied the angry cloud whisked across the crown of his cap. It was quite a quarter of an hour before he recovered from the shock. To consciousness he was restored by a large stone, and a host of little satellites in its suite, driven on by the current, crashing against his legs. These taking his feet from under him,

tumbled him into the freshets, and soaked him to the top hair of his head. Up again in an instant, he had just shaken himself, and removed the mud from his eyes, when a vivid gleam, blazing in the lane and on the hills, threw around him sufficient illumination to enable him to discover that a thick wood was in his front. Thither the flood was hastening, rushing into it, like a fuming cascade, over a rock. Magahern thanked his stars—although not a star was in sight—for that friendly gleam. But for the warning he derived from it, he would have been borne on in the torrent, with its jangling accompaniment of stones, broken trees, and scavengery, and hurled over the rock, struggling with death in the boiling vortex at its base.

Not only did the flash give him a hint of imminent danger, but exposed a track, like a streak, winding up the hill by which to escape. Magahern accurately calculated the way to it. Turning half round, he bravely breasted the flood, clambered over the hedge, and pushing up the mountain, found himself, in a few minutes, treading the path as surely as if sunlight had assisted him.

"There must be houses near," he mentally exclaimed. "This sheep-track will give a clue to them."

The thought elated him. He threw his bent shoulders back, tossed his head into the air, and forgot his wretchedness in a glow of fancy that promised a speedy end to his trials. Still, as it was near midnight, he could not hope to see a glimmer in any house; and whatever the house might be to which he should steer, it could scarcely be anything better than a byre—the isolated dwelling of some miserable herd, too poor to live even in the suburbs of some wo-begone village.

Well founded were his fancies. He was near houses; but contrary to his expectation, he saw a light in the distance. The joy of that moment was all but ecstasy; and Magahern bounded on, like a rocket, for the haven. The light was to the left, away from the path; and so, leaving the beaten track, he flew off, as a crow would, over hillock, through ditch, pool, and bog; and, reaching the hovel, thumped uproariously at its broken door.

"Who's there?" cried a startled voice from within.

"A traveller."

"What are ye?"

"A soldier, seeking shelter from the storm."

"War are ye from?"

"Maryboro'."

"Be me sowl, that's a long way off. What ha' ye bin doin' to be out this dhrookin' night?"

"Building cairns on Bokah and the Bloom."

"Thin what are ye doin' here? Ye've bad intintions, so ye have."

"I've lost myself in the dark. Let me in, for I'm exhausted."

"We haven't a corner to shake ye in."

"Not for a perishing traveller?"

"We haven't an inch ov room, I tell ye."

"I hope you may always find it so: Some day the storm will overtake you in its fierceness, as it has done me, and vain will be your entreaty for shelter."

Delivering himself of this gentle anathema, Magahern stumped away, lame, and tired, not so much dispirited as disappointed, for an experience of many years among the wildest tribes of the country, had given him a proud idea of Irish sympathy and hospitality. Never did he dream of ever finding a spot in the broad realm of Ireland to present itself as a savage exception to the universal practice of the broadest humanity.

It was still pitch dark, the rain ceaseless, and the land flooded. From the cabin there was a narrow path which led into a primitive lane, cut up by centuries of neglect and cart-ruts. Into this lane he glided, and bearing towards his right, suddenly pounced on another hovel, which, until he had gained it, was hid in a field behind a low hill crested by a hedge. Just as he was about to break his knuckles at the door, the inmates tumbled into bed, and extinguished the light. Magahern hesitated. To disturb, and, perhaps, frighten them, would, he felt, be cruel; and his considerate nature well-nigh persuaded him to sacrifice the opportunity, and push on. But aching in shoulder and shin, tired, hungry, and wet, he concluded that his case was an extreme one, not provided for in the rules of conventional propriety, and knocked loudly at the door.

"Arrah, bad luck to me, an' who's there?"

"A surveyor!" Magahern thought this announcement was likely to make a kinder impression on the inmates than the bold acknowledgment of his military character.

"An' what, in God's name, has brought you here this time o' night, an' me in bed, fast aslape, an' dhramin'?"

"Misfortune."

"Faix! that won't do be this light. She don't live here, an' she's bin desavin' ye, the jade that she is."

"It's wet to the skin I am, and famishing for a morsel of bread and a little rest."

"Sure, that's not my faut."

"In the storm, I missed my way, and was well-nigh drowned in the mountains."

"Ye shud ha' tak'n betther care ov yerself."

"Can ye lodge me for the night?"

"We haven't a spare bed."

"Let me coil myself under the table, or give me a corner to sit in?"

"There isn't a table nor a corner in the place."

"Can you not give me the barest shelter—anywhere? Consider I'm a stranger, and benighted."

"Signs and sakers, won't ye take plain No from an honest man, that works hard, an' goes to bed regular? Be aff wid ye now, for we haven't room for a walking-stick."

"And never will, I hope. Little will be the mercy you'll get at another time, you cruel beast, for denying a foot of earth to a shivering wanderer."

"We'll chance that afore a sthranger. Go an' take a lodgin' an' a crust wid Ould Nick, an' good-night."

Magahern started into the road again. It was evident he had got into the last place in Ireland for kindness. Twice had Ould Nick been thrown in his teeth. The people seemed to be familiar with his highness. Wild and dreary enough the country was to be peculiarly his own; and nothing but his influence could have made the "boys" so brutish and inhospitable. Long it could not be before something would occur to break the uniformity of his misfortune. Reckoning that he had passed the climax of his trials, he strode on, singularly free from care, over another mile of execrable road. He was so weak, a child, with a push, might have floundered him. Still heavily fell the rain, rippling down his face, streaming from the corners and edges of his costume, and coursing over his traps and instruments. So soaked were his clothes, they could absorb no more; and whenever the water met with a check, even a button or a

fold in his jacket, it gushed over the obstruction as from a jet. In this way, he was encompassed by numerous little cascades, pleasant to reflect on as novelties, but exceedingly unpleasant to feel.

The end of his journey was at hand, and a few more strides took him into the sweet little village of Roseanalles.

INTERMENT FEES.—At Irish funerals in Connaught, it was not unusual among Roman Catholics to distribute whisky, after the service, to the friends of the deceased; but, to liquidate the expense and put a trifle in the pocket of the priest, in the shape of fees, he, or some one deputed by "his rivirence," commonly went round and collected what were called "offerings."

A Scotch sapper, who was surveying Five-mile burn, in the county of Leitrim, was present in the graveyard when a funeral procession entered, and, being ignorant of the ceremony used by members of the ancient faith on so solemn an occasion, remained to witness it. Presently some whisky was handed round. Thinking it remarkably civil, that he, an entire stranger, should be included among the guests, thankfully partook of the beverage, swearing it was capital stuff. The bottle-holder was as pleased at this expression of approbation as if he had himself been the distiller of the fire-water. Not long after, a plate was put in circulation to gather the "offerings." Unaware of the real object of the collection, the corporal fancied that more of the "craythers" was wanted, and, wishing to give something becoming the dignity which he supposed belonged to himself and his corps, he took a side pace towards the plate, and, ringing on it a half-crown—which strangely contrasted with the crowd of coppers it bore—said to the bearer, "By Jove, that's fine stuff, Mr. Priest. Let's have another half-pint."

The sapper apprehended he was to have the worth of his donation in whisky, for the good of the people; but the holy father smiled with the grace of a Jesuit, explained to the donor how innocent was his mistake, and—pouched the half-crown.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

THIS is a sort of sixth sense—a quick, transitory, mental impulse, that, like a meteor, shoots into the mind, to help a mortal, when driven into a corner, out of a scrape. Few know how to employ the faculty aright, terror usually vaulting ahead to bear down the feeling of its courageous presence. If applied as it flashes, you are saved; if it escape, or is not permitted to go the length of its daring, you are done for. In a mild form, the following anecdote will exemplify one feature of its friendly assistance.

A young sapper, round, potty, and puffy, straight up and down like a bolster, named B——, (excuse the dash, for it would be hazardous to add the five other letters which make up the full complement of his thorough Irish name,) joined his company in Ireland, a few months more than twenty-two years ago. After toiling in the field for a while, making good use of his eyes and his scent, he found out where the best poteen was to be had, and where also he could enjoy the honest society of men, who, though very partial to native distillation, were neither Orangemen nor Ribbonmen. For both classes he entertained a loyal aversion, but with true Hibernian contrariety, he hated the former with far more implacability than the latter. The place in which he made those agreeable discoveries, (we dare not name it, lest the individual, now a worthy non-commissioned officer, whose staring initial is given above, be identified,) was where chalk appeared to be less plentiful than in Kent. This slight reference to the locality will, probably, be more than sufficient for any well-read man in Irish topography and geology; if not, we are not aware that the recognition is of material consequence.

Our juvenile, then about eighteen years of age, was devotedly attached to the house with the best poteen; for, not only did he love its elevating beverage, but admired its society and its card-playing. To guard against over-running his means, or cheating the landlady of any portion of her dues, he noted, with virtuous accuracy, all the half-pints that should have been scored up to him, not in a private

pocket-book, to be conned by his own eye alone, but in his public journal!

A few days later, the field-superintendent, by the purest accident, of course, cast his searching eye over the singular page, telling, hot and strong, of potations generously indulged in by the writer; and abstracting the leaf, as clandestinely as some rogues steal memorial registries from church vestries, forwarded the curiosity for the perusal of the district officer. Revealing a pernicious habit, which, if persisted in, would, in a short time, burn out the juvenile's liver—and lights, the officer was as angry as astonished.

It was no sin to be scrupulous in his poteen accounts, though not strictly proper to appropriate a government book to receive the nightly record of the evening's consumption. For the unsanctioned use of official property for such a purpose, he deserved at least severe admonition. So thought the officer, and summoning the indiscreet scribe to explain his conduct in the matter, asked him, without preface or remark, a very plain question, needing a straightforward answer.

"Are these memoranda of a shameful practice, private B——," inquired the captain, with judicial gravity, "in your hand-writing?"

"Let me see thim, sir, i' ye plase," replied the culprit, extending his hand to the officer, who at once yielded him the paper.

Looking over it carefully, as if he were committing the several items to memory to check the landlady's account when it should be delivered, he stepped aside, and, without uttering a word of acknowledgment or exculpation, thrust the document into the fire, where, in a twinkling, the flames obliterated all traces of the young toper's guilt!

It so happened, fortunately, that the officer was a moral-command man, dispensing his authority with mercy, else the lover of the best poteen, good society, and card-playing, would have suffered severely for his audacity. More displeased than chagrined at his behaviour, he gave young potty, a keen setting down, and ordered him out of the office—an injunction he far more willingly obeyed, than the one which, under circumstances so reprehensible, introduced him to his officer.

ASCENT OF GREAT ARARAT.

Not often have soldiers the privilege of entering upon adventures, which seem, prescriptively, to belong to high civil or military careers. War, truly, gives them opportunities for a display of brilliant qualities which no jealousy or authority can prevent; but, in more peaceful pursuits—of travel and exploration, for example—there are fewer avenues for exhibiting those qualities, and less of acquiring distinction. Feats of enterprise, of noble action and daring, are the perquisites of chiefs. Attributes of endurance, of dignified self-sacrifice, and lofty venture, are also theirs. Born and trained with the idea, they look, naturally, for fields to develop it. Having the will and the spirit to work, they struggle themselves in exploit, if it eventually crush them; leaving little room for subordinates, to become entitled to more than the common prominence due to dependents. Hence, soldiers, who may be attached to any service, of an out-of-the-way character, are chiefly confined to its drudgeries, and trail on, from day to day, through its obscurer details.

But in the royal engineers, on trying or important undertakings, there is frequently a generous yielding to the lower ranks, which place both on a par, in all but authority, responsibility, and *éclat*. If fame is to be had, and the sapper evince a spirit to seek it, he is aided in his ambition, and encouraged in his purpose. Taking no advantage from rank, the officer vies with his men—even admitting them to rivalship in the accomplishment of great deeds; and if stubborn energy, vigorous strength, or inflexible will, enable them to eclipse the feats of their chief, none is more ready than he to commend their success, or to record their achievements.

With these remarks, we come to the details of an episode, which sprang out of the survey of the Turco-Russian boundary in Asia Minor, during the summer of 1857.

On the 16th July, a party of sappers, employed as assistant surveyors to colonel Simmons of the royal engineers,

arrived at the north side of Great Ararat. At daybreak next morning, the mission proceeded slowly round the base of the mountain; and after passing a ruined village on the eastern side, and an ancient Armenian church, halted in the evening on the edge of a small stream. The measure of the march was thirty-three versts.[1] Here corporal Fisher, accompanied by an Armenian guide, and a rough Cossack, left the caravan in quest of provisions, reaching, after nightfall, the village of Ararat, where was a military post, with an hospital attached, for the Cossacks of the frontier. Meanwhile, the mission pushed on for the mount of Little Ararat.

Procuring everything that was necessary for the sustenance of the expedition, Fisher and his men vaulted to their saddles to rejoin the party; and though the night had closed over them, at once resumed the march. Barely had they traversed five versts, when the corporal's little steed became completely knocked up. Since the mission had quitted Kars, Jack had done good service daily; and on the 17th, had been on foot from the early morning. Gradually its pace grew less certain, till weariness threw it blowing to the ground. In the open air, the party lay down, sleeping till two o'clock the next morning; when, the moon having just risen, the corporal roused the guide, and gave orders for the road; but Fisher's worn Pegasus, not sufficiently refreshed, declined to move. Sulkily lying in its impotence, it seemingly was past caring for attention. To meet this untoward mishap, Fisher sent the Cossack forward with the provisions, remaining himself with the guide at the bivouac, in the hope that his overworked horse, after a longer interval of rest, would recover strength.

At sunrise on the 18th, the return march recommenced. The horse was somewhat sprightly, and champed the bit, to show, perhaps, that it still possessed a remnant of its old pride; but no humoring gave it the necessary stamina to bear its rider. Although plump in flank, and, in appearance, well favoured, it was beyond the energy of a trot. In this state, it was tied to the neck of the guide's horse, and so dragged along. Slowly, for about five hours, the corporal wore on, under a burning sun, over a hot arid waste—whose surface was spread with masses of scoriæ, lava, and the ashes of extinct volcanoes. Water there was none; no springs nor

[1] One verst = ⅔ of a mile English.

streams were in the track; and no chances existed of finding any, except at the mountain torrent where Fisher, the previous day, had parted from the caravan—then distant five and a half versts. At last the corporal's horse dropped on his knees, incapable of an atom of further exertion; and the guide, running over with an exuberance of feeling, sat down and wept over it, with a sorrow capriciously bitter.

Delay was inexpedient—the march must be prosecuted; and Fisher, to show he was in earnest, unstrapped his saddle, and wrenching it from the back of poor Jack, lashed it on the guide's horse. "Onward!" was the word; and the little steed was abandoned to its fate. The guide's horse, which was also done up, could not bear the burden of a rider; but by driving it in front, Fisher and the guide, with the jaded animal, shambled into camp at the foot of Little Ararat, just as the sun was setting. They looked as if they had completed a tough journey, for sores had broken on their feet; and their lips, fron the fierce play of the sun and the want of water, were swollen and blistered. A little to eat, and a little to drink, amply recruited them; and stretching themselves under the shelter of a tent, they slumbered soundly through the night.

From the labours of the next day Fisher was relieved.

On the 20th, five of the mission determined to essay the ascent of the highest elevation of the Kurdistan chain of mountains—no less than the Great Ararat, which, some miles away, peered majestically 17,022 feet into the upper air. Many a traveller had tried to scale its peak, but few succeeded. A Georgian Cossack, belonging to the Russian commissioners, told them incidents of danger which might have made them ponder. Three Englishmen, he said, who wore spiked gloves, ventured it; but suffering from frost-bite in hands and feet, were compelled to abandon it, and seek an asylum in the hospital at Erivan. At another time, a fourth Englishman, who had reached the top, never returned.

Strong resolution and a firm heart, no doubt, were needed to carry an adventurer to its summit. Those of the party who had named themselves for the enterprise possessed these requisites. Spirited, full of purpose, and robust in vigour, they started, in the morning, from the camp at the root of Little Ararat, journeying over low hills, a wide-spread area

of boulders, broken rocks, cromlechs, and vitrifactions, and crossing mountain-streams, for about half the day. At four in the evening they halted, pitched two tents in a small valley high up the face of the hill, and were the neighbours, for the night, of a group of wandering Kurds.[1]

Next morning, at daylight, the sappers were afoot. Their breakfast was not very hospitable, but they stood forward, firm in health and intention. Each had the soles of his boots studded with spikes, and was provided with a long pole shod with iron. Fisher's staff had also a stout crook, bent like a sheep-hook. Each, moreover, had a small supply of bread and cooked beef, with a bottle of cold tea. The damp of the night was still rising into the raw atmosphere; the morning was dull and heavy; fog was gathering; and thick clouds, capping the peak, were sinking and enveloping its slopes. A slight wind was astir, and though the weather was cold, the party turned out in ordinary costume.

Uncheered by a glimpse of brightness, save what their own buoyancy had created, they moved off, without guides, to prosecute an enterprise which four or five Englishmen only had ever succeeded in accomplishing.

The names of the travellers on this occasion were—

Lieutenant C. G. Gordon,
Corporal James Fisher,
Lance-corporal Edward Collins,
Sapper R. Semple,
} Royal Engineers.
Interpreter, W. Abbot, Esq.

From certain characteristics in Fisher, it was believed he would gain the summit. To him, therefore, was given a record of the names of the party; and it was agreed, that those of the number who should not mount the cone were to be erased from the roll.

Each took his own route up the mountain.

Lieutenant Gordon selected the side next Little Ararat. It was, perhaps, the most difficult part of the height. Up its slopes he crept a considerable distance, nearly scaling the peak, in fact; but after a perseverance that deserved a

[1] The chief of this tribe possesses the klippenstock with which the Rev. Mr. Theobald, or one of his companions, ascended the mountain. It was shown to the sappers by its owner, less as a curiosity than a much-prized relic of a daring adventure.

better result, relinquished the attempt; returning to camp like a moving lump of ice broken from an Arctic berg.

Mr. Abbot early declined the enterprise, from snow-blindness, or some such cause.

Birds of a feather flock together. This is true with men as with the winged tribes. Caste clings to caste; and so the sappers maintained companionship, pushing along the skirt of the mountain to the spur swelling out towards Bayazid. For a time they were driving over *débris* of broken rocks and lava, wading through creaking snow, and dragging themselves across fields of hummocky ice, which, in gigantic masses, having outgrown their equipoise, dashed headlong from the slopes above. Here and there the ice was honey-combed and treacherous; and now and then, where the sun had done effectual work, there occurred deep chasms, at the bottom of which torrents were rolling and murmuring, fed in their tortuous courses by a myriad infiltrations, gushing from fissures of the mountain, and struggling through the interstices of piles of dislocated rock. Thus the route was fatiguing. To jump from fragment to fragment, to venture across frail snow-bridges, and to bound over rifts, was anything but agreeable; and if they succeeded in leaping hollows, and of moving step by step without sinking into unknown depths, it was due, not to the absence of toil and danger, but to the caution and spirit that were exerted to master difficulties.

Collins now left his comrades at a part of the mountain which he fancied afforded favorable facilities for climbing, and bent himself to the task in good earnest. Soon he found his mistake. He suffered much, his breath grew short, halting every few paces to recover wind and strength, and he felt light-headed. At last, reaching a bare spot of rock, he sat down for about an hour, and while doing justice to a hearty luncheon, and gulping his cold tea, a heavy snow-storm came on, which chased him down the mountain, and hurried him to camp.

The other two trending onwards, gained the spur before spoken of. Clouds were lying on the steeps, concealing at least one-half the peak, while fog still further lessened its altitude. An unfettered view of its height would have given advantages to the travellers. By the suggestions which a closer examination of the mountain would

nave presented they could have shaped their course; but, as this was denied them, they had no alternative but to take the cone as they should find it, and trust to their discrimination to accept the points in its contour most likely to favor their exertions. Fisher's foot was the first on the spur, and, followed by Semple, he struck up the first height over loose stones, which rolled below as his earnest tread pressed among them. The top of this rock was barely large enough to hold a grotto for a hermit.

In the true spirit of inquiry he looked over the flat, to find some geological particulars of interest; but the rock was destitute of any features to strike an amateur's curiosity. Small things, indeed, on such a point of solitude were calculated to attract attention; so a pair of bleached antlers of a large goat were picked up, and turned over with a traveller's inquisitiveness. In the cavity of one of the horns Fisher left his name, written on a piece of paper, which was afterwards found by Semple.

Leaving the flat, he urged up another stretch of rock. Fewer stones were there to throw his feet from under him; and as he mounted higher and higher the causeway became more solid. Snow was lying thickly on it, filling seams and furrows to the general surface. Thaw, too, strangely at work, eating away the drift in different places underneath, put numerous gurgling ripples into action to swell the torrent at the base of the mountain. Through all this wildness he toiled upwards, till he arrived at the point where all vegetable life is extinct, and the rock apparently ceases. From a basaltic pinnacle he chipped a fragment, and picking up a piece of obsidian and a volcanic nodule, consigned the specimens to his wallet. Now he renewed his spirit by a swig of cold tea, and casting his eyes down the mountain, shouted a few encouraging words to his panting comrade, whose shadow he could just discern laboring through the fog.

At intervals, the clouds on the peak, and the fog wrapping the slopes, partially dispersed, revealing the extent of exertion still required to scale the summit. Suddenly, all would be in obscurity again. The portion of the height yet to be scaled seemed to be a vast hill of snow, lying in ridges, or steps, at an oblique angle to the mountain, dipping towards the south-east. It was not of that granulated kind

described in works on glacier formations as peculiar to elevations above 7,000 feet. The height already attained by the corporal, as near as he could guess, was about 12,000 feet, and yet the snow was so frozen as almost to be as compact as ice. As if the traveller had not hardships enough to contend with, a severe snow-storm now fell, and cutting blasts blew round the mountain. It was as much as he could do to maintain his footing; but he presented a bold front to the elements, regarding added obstructions, or newly-encountered intricacies, as the natural trials of adventure—the legitimate difficulties for ambition to surmount.

A Crimean hood on his head, muffled in his pea-coat, with chin pushed well into its padded collar, so that the red boss of his nose only was exposed, he commenced his third effort. The slope was not steep, and might have been easily walked over, had its surface been either rock or snow. Half ice as it was, disposed, by alternate thawing and freezing, in overlapping layers, like strata of clay slate, made his way fatiguing and tedious. Employing the hooked pole, he pulled himself forward from ridge to ridge, and after two hours' tugging and toiling, found himself past this slippery region, standing on a shelving passage, about forty feet wide, which skirted a deep, perpendicular rift, so stuffed with snow and clouds he could not penetrate its depths. It was a perilous place this, and it took all Fisher's caution, as he felt his way step by step, to escape a plunge into that unfathomed abyss. Snow sweeping over him, partially blinding his eyes, rendered his progress uncertain. Inclining towards the brink of the precipice, the ledge was slippery and yielding; but a strong nerve, a cool head, a skilful use of his pole, and a steady, but elastic tread, took him safely beyond the ravine.

Suddenly the weather changed to intense cold. Snow fell sharply; not driving as before, but in showers like duck-shot. Wherever it dropped it hardened like hail. In striking his face, it produced a feeling of acute heat, akin to burning by sparks of fire. His clothes solidified on his back, and his beard, whiskers, and moustache, hoary with frost, became rigid as fossilized moss. Before him was the fourth incline. Up he went, with aching limbs, scarcely able to hold his staff, halting every few feet to get breath, till he landed on a plateau, about half a mile in circum-

ference. On this flat there had been no drift. It was as smooth as a bowling-green, although, elsewhere on the mountain, fissures had been filled up and mounds formed by the driving snow. Fisher rested here, looking below for his unsighted comrade, and above, to trace the crest of the monarch of the Kurdistan range; but clouds still hung about it, obscuring the cone for many a rood.

Semple had worked up well, using Fisher's footprints to assist his progress. He was a weaker man than his comrade, less indomitable—less persevering. Still he did nobly, forcing his way about forty yards above the highest point of known rock. At length, Fisher being lost in the clouds, took away the charm from Semple's labours. Had he continued to see his guide, he would have pushed to the very summit: but wanting this spur to nourish his spirit, his heart failed, and he descended the mountain.

Walking across the plateau, Fisher began to climb the final height. It was a huge pile of frosted snow, very steep, harder at the bottom than the top. At times it gave to his pressure as if he were plunging through a mass of grain; and at others he was obliged to drag himself up by his crook. The pole was of immense advantage to him. Occasionally he had to crawl on all fours; and in less accessible places, to bite the acclivity with his knees. In this tiring way, he urged himself up, foot by foot, swayed by the wind as it swept in gusts round the mountain, till he stood on that venerated height where Noah's ark, it is believed, had rested after the universal deluge!

In vain he waited in expectation of seeing his comrade. He called, but no answer reached him from below. In vain he looked round to discover a prospect. Shut in by miles of cloud, resting thickly on the mountain, there was nothing but solitude to gaze upon. Lingering for some time on the sacred apex, he reflected on its connexion with a memorable epoch, and then busied himself in examining its aspect and characteristics.

Narrowly he looked over the crest, described by some to take the form of a triangle, but this was not its figure. Perhaps it may have been so, and this only on the assumption that a heavy wind, at some period, had blown off one of its corners. Now, its conformation is a trapezium; the four sides, like walls, rising a little above the general level, and

sloping towards the centre. By some travellers this concavity has been called a crater; but no stretch of imagination could induce Fisher to receive the delusion. From angle to angle, and across, in various directions, he walked, finding a way for his foot, though at every step he sank above the knee in frozen snow.

Unsuccessfully, he sought for mementoes left by former visitors. The sword stuck in the snow by major Frazer could not be seen, nor the iron cross said to have been planted by the Russian commissioners. With a vague doubt, he also looked about for traces of the fourth Englishman, whose fate formed one of the traditions of the locality; but no spectre stalked across the crest, nor could a human bone be discovered to give even the color of probability to the tragic story of the Georgian Cossack. Remains, sword, and cross, might, nevertheless, have sunk deep into the snow, or been buried under the fall of after-storms.

All this done, Fisher sat down to a cold collation. Since he had commenced the ascent he had not taken a bite. Hunger and exertion had made his appetite ravenous, and he devoured his bread and beef with a zest that nothing could have improved. A loyal subject, he would like to have drank the Queen's health; but his cold tea had been disposed of before he planted his foot on the peak.

Rising from the snow, he broke his staff in two, and drove it into the snow, at the south-west angle of the trapezium, leaving about a foot exposed. To the top of it he tied a tin case, in which was deposited a record of the travellers who had attempted the ascent. As already shown, it was arranged that the names of those who should not gain the peak were to be erased; but owing to the extreme cold, Fisher, finding it impossible to take off his gloves, could not cancel the names. The record thus is in error. The honor of the achievement belongs alone to corporal Fisher.

Committing himself to the descent, he followed the route by which he had scaled the cone until he reached the rocky region. From a slight aching, his head, by degrees, was shooting with torturing pains, and singular sensations in his eyes made the snow appear of a greenish-blue color. This was the precursor of the temporary blindness he afterwards suffered. It would not do to dally with throbs and illusions, nor would it suit the time of day to push down the rock

over the same ground he and Semple had already beaten. The day was far gone, and he must be quick. Between the ridges or curves of the mountain there were wide furrows filled with hardened snow to the very base. Satisfied that it would bear him without sinking, he drove his foot into the declivity, and, with the remaining portion of his staff to steady his descent, slid with fearful velocity to the bottom—undoing, in less than an hour, what had taken him nearly eight hours to accomplish.

Such was Fisher's adventure on Great Ararat—a mountain which, from the known difficulties of its ascent, has received the local designation of Aghri Tagh, or the "Painful Mount."

BEARDING THE PROVINCIAL LION.—During the time that the survey office was at Wakefield, several of the sappers, who carried out their avocations within its four walls, with pen; brush, and compass, met some of their field-comrades—men of the chain and staff—at the races. One of the latter, a diminutive, turbulent fellow, as acrid as his name, not exactly an adept in what is called "the manly science of attack and defence," contrived, with his customary tact, to engage in a contest with a fellow twice his size, and eventually, (his tact never losing him for an instant,) to be hurried away from the theatre of his exploits in the safe keeping of a couple of courteous men in blue.

One of his comrades, who had known the young Tartar at school, sympathising with his misfortune, resolved, by a little stratagem, to effect his liberation, or submit with grateful meekness to the consequences, should the attempt miscarry.

Accordingly, he went to the police-office, introduced himself to the chief of the establishment, and stated, with cool effrontery, but oily plausibility, that, as private Lumal, (shuffle the letters a little, and the trump's real name will turn up,) was amenable, for the irregularity he had committed, to military law, he came to demand his person, and march him a prisoner before his commanding officer.

Lumal's friend being a second-corporal, and a man of imposing respectability and authority, the young pugilist,

forthwith brought from his solitude, was delivered into the charge of the corporal, and the lock-up left with a spare cell for another tenant.

Things went on smoothly for a few days, when the superintendent of police, casually meeting the captain of the district, inquired, as was natural, feeling much interest in the disposal of a case in which his men had been concerned, what had been done with the sapper who kicked up the row at the races? The captain, being ignorant both of the man and the matter, made such a reply, as convinced the knight of the truncheon that he had been cleverly taken in.

The discovery led to an immediate investigation; the superintendent and some of his men being present to point out the hero of the trick; but as the second-corporal had effected a few baffling alterations in his beard and whiskers, and was somewhat paler (from fright) than when he bowed to the superintendent at the police-office, that acute functionary, and his sharp-sighted myrmidons, confessed themselves unable to identify the offender, though they strongly suspected the pale-faced corporal with the hirsute improvements. Had they been able to recognize young Lumal's schoolfellow and friend, his temerity, assuredly, would have cost him his stripes, and a sad loss of pay. As it was, he got the benefit of the doubt.

THE PRACTITIONER AT FAULT IN HIS DIAGNOSIS.

In trigonometrical annals Scotland was rendered famous in the year 184—, on account of the great force of sappers scattered over its principal hills to restore old beacons and build new ones. Concerning those beacons a delusion was abroad, not altogether confined to the educated classes. The notion was, that they had been erected by travellers, each laboring up the mountain with his "big stone" to augment the cairn. How far such a practice may have prevailed with regard to heights easy of access, to indicate spots where wayworn wanderers fell from exhaustion and "shuffled off the mortal coil," it would be idle to inquire. This, however, is certain, that the sappers, though hale fellows, with muscles and strength like athletes, found it precious hard work to carry themselves to the summits of the Scotch hills without such ballast.

Before proceeding farther, we must risk a digression to record an episode arising out of the same kind of service which occurred in another part of the country.

That tumuli of stones and earth exist—mounds marking the sites of ancient sepulture—is past question, seeing the facts which the archæological society are constantly disclosing. That many of them served also the purpose of beacons and other uses is equally clear; but one of our people, M'Kinhar by name, when out on one of those restoring expeditions, made it his business, combined with his duty, to seek for evidence of the origin and uses of the barrows by personal research.

Success attended his diligence. Cinerary urns he found on the Four Laws, near Woodburn, in Northumberland; and, when digging for "centre stones," he recovered a small urn from the Herefordshire beacon built on the crown of one of the waving Malvern Hills. Calcined bones were in all the vessels.

An antiquary to whom he gave the Malvern urn with its human ashes, in 1849, filled a column and a half of the "Worcester Herald" on the subject. With an industry far

more fertile than convincing he endeavored to show that the remains in the urn were those of no less a personage than the great Caractacus! Concerning his fate, subsequent to his capture and liberation by Claudius, history is silent; but it remained for an inquiring Worcestershire-man, eighteen hundred years after the event, to throw a dim light on the warrior's resting-place.

The main point relied on by the enthusiast in proof of the reasonableness of his views is, that the Herefordshire beacon, rising to an altitude of 1,444 feet above the sea, the highest peak in the dominions of the chief, naturally suggested itself to his people (the Silures) as the fittest spot for the remains of his illustrious ashes.

M'Kinhar, generally sceptic of accounts given of remote events and customs, was, nevertheless, very much disposed to accept the speculation of the Worcester archæologist as firmly as an article of faith. If he really allowed it to impose upon him, his credulity, under the circumstances, is very pardonable.

The idea of ages collapsing to bring the old Briton in close, but dumb, association with a sapper of the nineteenth century is intensely novel. Not more novel than ungracious is the thought, that the bones of that gallant soldier—the most eminent prince of his era—should have been turned over with cold-hearted curiosity by an Irish corporal, and passed into the possession of his friend with the same rude unconcern he would have given an anatomist the skull of a dead convict!

Time plays strange freaks with its notabilities, mocking human elevation by linking it to humble identities. Caractacus and M'Kinhar in juxtaposition! Can anything be more hard—more ruthless, and yet more ludicrous? Why, the mere mention of the names in one expression, while it saddens, almost rends one with laughter. Still, if the reasoning of the correspondent of the "Worcester Herald" be accepted, the conclusion is irresistible that M'Kinhar has not only recovered the relics of a noble prince of the ancient world, but is open to the dignity of being named in the historic page by some future Hume.[1]

[1] While writing this, it may not be irrelevant to mention, that four sappers, under an officer of engineers, directed by the genius of Mr. Newton, are collecting for the British Museum, the existing portions of the tomb

We shall now dispose of the practitioner. The close of 184— saw many little pyramids pointing heavenwards from lofty peaks whereon man had seldom planted his foot. This is assumed from the fact that a few of the mountains, such as the Coolin hills in the isle of Skye, had to be scaled by clambering up on all-fours—a species of unfascinating recreation not likely to allure many travellers to encounter its difficulties.

As might be expected, the parties of sappers (four in number, each in charge of a non-commissioned officer) employed on the beacon service were in no pleasant state of mind, when, after toiling through the summer, they were called into camp at Ben Lawers, in Perthshire, for the winter. This home—if such it might be called—was much too elevated and unsheltered to be comfortable. It was an arctic residence without its extreme bitterness. The Ben was, and may be still, 4,015 feet above the level of the sea. It was deeply clad in snow; all its paths and tracks were effaced; its small hollows and asperities obliterated by drift; and the wind, driving in fierceness round the mountain, and skirling over its crests, made the air sharp, biting the faces of the men exposed to its keenness. The nearest village to the mountain was about seven miles distant. This was Killin, from whence provisions and fuel had to be carried, shoulder high, to subsist and warm two officers, their servants, and about thirty non-commissioned officers and privates of the corps. To climb the Lawers, even in summer, was no easy task; but to ascend it in winter, knee-deep in snow, with flakes falling on you as large as sheets of note-paper, encumbered with greatcoats and a whole round of utilities from a box of lucifer-matches to a side of bacon and a jar of spirits, was an enterprise of labor and hardship that a tourist, sinking his enthusiasm, would have abandoned as readily as a contest with a tiger.

The result was, that the penalties which attend exposure and

of Mausolus at Halicarnassus—a memorial, as tradition states and modern belief accredits, of incomparable splendour, built in honour of the king of Caria, by his loving queen Artemisia. To be associated in the work of removing to this country, one of the "seven wonders of the world," is a high compliment to the corps. But the relics of Mausolus do not seem to be forthcoming. So far then, M'Kinhar is uneclipsed; though his little morsel of fame is derived from no better source than the dreams of an archæological speculator.

endurance in such weather at such an elevation fell upon some of the party. Others "went sick" to avoid the pressure of toil and the unpleasantness of a tip-top residence. This was an uncomrade-like proceeding, more so, as by their defection the duties of the few that held out were heavily augmented. Yet it was tolerated. Even those who scorned, by such manœuvres, to relieve themselves from a moment's camp fatigue, recoiled from the thought of becoming informers.

Among the schemers was private Spirl—well known in the corps for his daring atheistic opinions. He was the first to show symptoms of discontent, less, however, from real unmanliness than to give a little extra life to the sombre camp and its wearying monotony. To take the accustomed trip to Killin he refused, alleging, as his reason, that he was sick, and could not go up and down the mountain so often. At the time he was in the proudest health, without ache, stitch, or pain, and every one knew it. His comrades looked on the experiment as a dangerous one, submitting to bear his secret rather than embarrass him by disclosing it.

According to rule, Spirl was taken before the senior officer, and the camp-sergeant requested orders for his disposal.

"Well, Mr. Spirl," said the officer (the departure from the usual designation, by the substitution of a non-combatant prefix, boded little good to the ailing man), "so you are sick, aye?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Spirl.

"What's the matter with you *now?*" The last word was so impinged it conveyed the notion that the trickster must have been before his officer on a similar errand at least fifty times.

"The duke, sir," replied Spirl, faintly, to make the sham appear real.

"The what?" asked the puzzled subaltern.

"The yuck, sir," rejoined Spirl, dropping his head, seemingly abashed at using the word.

"What is the man saying? I know of no such ailment. What is the yuck?"

"The fiddle, sir," answered Spirl, in a despairing tone, as if nothing but compulsion could have induced him to utter the name.

But the officer was still more mystified.

"What *does* he mean, sergeant?" cried he, addressing

the non-commissioned officer who accompanied the sick man.

"Irritation of the skin." The sergeant was one of those men who thought it an immorality to mention the name of a detestable disease. He was proverbially delicate both in sentiment and expression.

"Of what kind is it?"

"Psora cutis—so called in doctors' Latin."

"What is it in English?"

Thus pressed, and by authority, too, he could not escape from the corner into which he was driven.

"The itch," whispered the sergeant.

"Oh! the itch!" exclaimed the subaltern, whose sensibilities, contrary to the sergeant's fears, were unaffected by the revelation; "very good. Why did you not say so, instead of beating about the bush in that mock-modest way?"

Both Spirl and the sergeant were silent.

Taking pen in hand, the lieutenant scribbled a letter to the medical practitioner at——, and despatched the infected subject to deliver it himself.

Judging from a sinister flash in the officer's generally quiet eye that its contents not only gave an unfavorable account of the bearer's habits, but hinted a very broad suspicion that he was feigning disease to shirk the labors of the camp, Spirl set out on his journey rather disconcerted. Picking his way down the hill, sometimes sinking to the waist in pits of snow, his cogitations were to the effect that it would "go hard" with him if the doctor should agree in opinion with the lieutenant. It was, however, Spirl's good luck to have been born within the sound of Bow-bells, and to have learned in that lively district a large share of the low cunning for which its purlieus are celebrated. As he wended on he became less oppressed with misgivings, for, deriving the assurance, from a rather varied experience, that genius seeks no particular atmosphere in which to blaze, nor selects position for its brilliant exercise, he felt satisfied that his Bow-bells' education would enable him to outmatch the professional acuteness of the Scot, though he were a little bit extra-north of the Tweed.

Arrived at the inn, Spirl ordered a gill of brandy and a blazing fire in a private room. His wishes being attended to, he locked the door, and denuding himself of his attire,

half-toasted himself without, while the contents of the gill fired his blood within. He then commenced the attrition operation, roughing up the flesh and raising efflorescences all over his body, particularly in the joints and other parts of his organization, where the practitioner was likely to look for evidences of the complaint. So effectually did he torture himself, that watery pustules stood up in angry groups between his fingers, ready, if touched by the doctor, to spurt their fullness into his inquiring face.

Rapidly re-dressing himself, he ran to the practitioner in a state of aggravated inflammation and pimple.

On reading the note the practitioner turned an arch eye and a disturbed set of features on Spirl, as much as to say, "So, you intend to impose on the service? That may be possible, but you shall not impose on me."

"What's the matter with you?" asked the surgeon, roughly.

"I believe it to be the itch I've got, sir," replied Spirl, presenting his hands for inspection, thinking that a mere survey of them would be enough to convince him of the correctness of his statement.

"No, no," he shouted, with querulous incivility. "You must strip, sir. I want to see beneath the surface."

It was obvious, from this demand, that the note had put him on his guard. Spirl, however, shuffled off his clothes with perfect composure, and stepped meekly from among the heap at his feet to do the surgeon's bidding.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Esculapius Colquhalzie, examining the patient by sight, for he dare not touch him. "Indeed, you have got it smartly. Where did you catch it? In camp—on the mountains? Never, in my rather extensive practice, have I seen such a skin!"

"It's red enough," interposed Spirl, inclined to be jocose.

"The disease is very decided."

"I've been scratching myself for the last half-hour," ventured Spirl, to see how far it was possible to impose a provoked eruption for a genuine ailment on the surgeon's professional experience.

"It's a wonder you didn't tear the flesh off your bones. Dress yourself," growled the practitioner, with grim austerity, "and walk out of this as quickly as you can."

Spirl, too well pleased at his success to feel annoyed at the

brusqueness of his medical adviser, threw himself into his costume with a celerity almost magical. Meanwhile Mr. Esculapius Colquhalzie nervously loaded his pipe, and puffed away most ardently, not only to fumigate the room, but to neutralize the taint which the presence of a virulent case of psora was likely to engender in his establishment. When dressed, Spirl bowed politely, more through impudence than courtesy, and smiled himself out of the surgery, followed by the practitioner, who, with a strong-handed push, slammed the door after him.

Whether Spirl was subjected to the very agreeable process of lying in oily blankets, of plastering himself with disgusting unguents, of swallowing pills as large as cricket-balls (the usual size in Scotland, so Spirl declared), and pampering a healthy appetite with brimstone-gruel and coarse diet, is not stated. That he was relieved from the hard and unvarying occupation of the camp on Ben Lawers by a sojourn at —— or somewhere else is tolerably certain. This was all he labored for. It was a triumph, unquestionably, inasmuch as, had it failed, the stern consequences of detection would have taken the boast out of him and turned the laugh of his comrades against him. The laugh, however, was on his side. Of his success he crowed with no measured humour, especially at the faulty discrimination of the practitioner, which surprised him not a little.

As "the fiddle" of which he had complained was a disease identified with the country; even fixed by an adjective to render its origin indisputable (like the kale and thistle—indigenes of Scotland which no one in his senses ever thinks of doubting); and as, therefore, it must have been constantly treated by Mr. Esculapius Colquhalzie in his "rather extensive practice," it was remarkable that his sagacity should have been overreached by a trumped-up substitute for the *bonâ fide* eruption.

But Spirl always accounted for it by saying that the law of nature, unless it went out of its way for the sake of expediency, could never allow a Colquhalzie to get over a cockney.

LETITIA GLADELL.

In 1841, Cheetham Gladell was ordered to a foreign station. Directions for sailing being hourly expected, he could not obtain permission to visit his kindred at Stockport, where he would like to have parted with them in solemn affection. Reasonably anxious, he expected that his father and brother, at least, would strain a point to tender him their adieus; but the old man, addicted to intemperance, and linked indissolubly to the intercourse of fashionable men, devoted, like himself, to the folly of excess, declined to go to Woolwich. In this conclusion he was encouraged by the heartless advice of a second wife, not remarkably attached to the offspring of her predecessor. Nor could the brother go, for absorbed as he was in the industry of a thriving business, he could not abstract himself from its interests.

There was one in the family, too young to take a leading part in the domestic disquisitions, who had heard the decision with sorrow. A pretty woman she was, with gleaming black eyes, and dark flowing hair. In figure she was slim and graceful. Freshened by tints as delicate as those which give the peach its beauty, her countenance was mildly animated, bearing traces of sympathy, reserve, and cultivation, that enhanced her loveliness to the exaltation of something heavenly. Imaginative, and full of warm sentiment and feeling, her mind was the arena of fancies and romantic predilections—prompted less by the reading of fiction than natural impulses. Still, the recent perusal of that excellent narrative, "The Exiles of Siberia," had some influence in giving a definite form to her preternatural longings for adventure.

Here was ample occasion for submitting to her bias. Hitherto she had lived in a realm of dreams, but she would dream no longer. Of phantasms she had had enough. Now she willed to deal only with realities, whatever might be their issue. On the eve of sailing for a distant station

— perhaps to fight in Syria, perhaps to accompany an exploring expedition to the Niger—her brother was virtually abandoned by the family; but she was determined, if within the compass of feminine ability, to soften its bitterness.

How was it to be accomplished?

She would go, and embrace him herself.

Brave girl! Little did she anticipate the fatigues she would have to undergo to effect her purpose. As her father's consent to the journey was beyond the region of hope, she resolved to enter upon it without assistance or sanction; not doubting, if spirit and ardour had anything to do in sustaining her, she would prove to her brother the strength of a sister's love, before he quitted—perhaps for ever—the shores of his home.

A bold resolve it was, fraught with risks to virtue and life. But was not Elizabeth's venture more so? Such was her cardinal question, answered satisfactorily by herself. She had studied the heroine's character well. Her constancy and privations, her hopes and apprehensions, her deportment, patience, and perseverance, through crushing trials, were so many sweet pictures of a sublime career, that Letitia felt as if brought into the world to reproduce them. No wonder that this pleasing hallucination should invest her with the notion that she was another Elizabeth, only less in intrepidity, daring, and endurance, but equal in constancy and affection. With a proper motive, too, for her conduct, she believed her honor would be shielded from insult and peril, as by an ægis; and, in overcoming her trials, would, like her prototype, be rewarded with success, and years of after consolation.

Allured by these girlish fancies, Letitia tremblingly passed, in the darkness of the morning, from beneath the roof of her childhood. Not to excite curiosity, she dressed herself in a plain dark gown and shawl, and a black beaver bonnet, trimmed with crimson drops and tassels. In her reticule she carried a few indispensable articles; and to meet the requirements of the journey, stowed away in one of its corners the small sum of two shillings and sixpence! Listless to all that concerned her personal comfort, she never suffered herself to be drawn into moody calculations of the probable expenses of her mission; and so, giving way to the conceptions with which her mind was so prone to glitter, she

ennobled the single half-crown into the financial importance of a little fortune.

February was the month in which she began the journey. A cold month it was, with freezing winds blowing, and deep snow on the ground. Trees and hedges were laden with it; heaps were formed in bends and shoulders of the road, and the pathways were clogged in situations where breaks and hollows encouraged the accumulation of drift. Disheartening as was the prospect, the young girl flinched not: but as soon as she had subdued the emotions which had almost overpowered her at starting, she bore meekly on, acquiring confidence as the distance between her and her father's house was widening the separation, and rendering pursuit less probable.

Through Bakewell she passed to Belper, and on to Derby. Elastic and unvacillating, she trudged from road to road, through suburb and village, and from town to town, without particular interruption or annoyance. Unconscious of any reason for fear, she was calm. Frequently she met fierce-looking fellows, grim with dirt and travel, and strong for violence and atrocity; but, however much she may have quailed before such suspicious aspects, she never was troubled by worse than an uncouth salutation, or a rough entreaty for what it was not in her power to bestow.

Leicester was her next resting-place, where, fortunately, Sunday intervened to offer her an unbroken day of repose. Much she needed it. Yet it was her joy, wearied as she was, to attend the parish church; and never did she feel its sacred services so solemn and refreshing. Grateful for the relief it afforded her, she left the house of prayer more than ever depending for succour on that unseen hand which, so far, had upheld her strength, and saved her from mischance and peril.

Late in the following evening she was at Market Harborough. For the last two or three marches, her track lay through wild stretches of country, picturesque enough to a mind undisturbed by the pressure of fatigue. To Letitia, though free from any taint of depression, it was a dismal landscape, frowning on innocence as sourly and unsocially as winter could make it. Where the snow had newly fallen, hers was the first foot in the early morning to leave its slender print. At times there was heavy rain, drenching

her as she waded, ankle-deep, through thaw and mud. Frosts occurring, dried the pools into ice, and glazed the footways. There were biting winds, too, to augment the variety of elemental mischiefs, that drew the blood hot to her face, taking it from the heart, where most she wanted it, and chilled her to the soul. These, however, were small trials, compared with others that she suffered. Her thin shoes had collapsed at the heel, shunting her cold feet, pace after pace, as she toiled over the slippery paths. Though sympathy was aroused, in gracious ways, to do her service, nevertheless she journeyed, day after day, from dawn to darkness, living on the morsel with which she had sparingly broken her fast. Not long was it before she learned the true value of her half-crown. Procuring shelter, night after night, sensibly diminished her limited means. Too modest to ask, she never hinted to any one that she hungered; and if she failed of entertainment at her halting-places, she either went without, or doled out her pennies on the barest necessities. Hardships like these she anticipated. Privation she had never known before, but she would humbly bear it now. Winter she had mastered at home, and would master it proudly abroad. It was only severe, because she had no friends to help her on the journey by social intercourse and attention. Thus lightly viewing her trials, she braved all, with a cheerfulness the more remarkable because of her unripe years, and the tenuity of her fabric.

How well she had travelled, may be inferred from the fact that next night she was at Northampton. A widow, gentle and kind, blessed with three prepossessing daughters, gave her bed and board. Thinking she was on the verge of ruin, the family oppressed her with advice; but her artless story soon dispersed suspicion. Coming from Stockport, where one of the maidens had her hopes centred, was regarded as a singular coincidence; the more so, as Letitia knew the prized object of her selection. Relating the salient points of his history, she told of his diligence, his respectability, and isolation from feminine attachments and preferences. To the betrothed, the intelligence was as grateful as if she were personally cognizant of his excellencies. Her heart leaped, as she gathered, from these phases of his conduct, reasons for unwavering reliance on his fidelity and love. The knowledge

thus unexpectedly acquired, dissipating the restraints and formalities which separate strangers, Letitia became everything to the family. This amiability of theirs was as much the result of Letitia's personal graces as the adventitious circumstance which was the apparent cause. Though inobtrusive, her comeliness was moving. The sisters spoke of it with envious, but laudatory appreciation. Sweetly pretty themselves, it was a sacrifice to make the acknowledgment; for beauty, jealous of itself, seldom has the candour to praise a compeer, or make concessions to a rival. In a word, the young adventuress was at home; the sisters endeavoured to make her feel so. With civilities they burdened her; suggested wants she had too much humility to feel, and administered to her comfort, as if she had been a pet sister, newly returned from a long absence.

Early the following morning she was astir, and taking an affectionate farewell of the widow and her daughters, bent her steps to Newport Pagnell. Arriving there, she rested at an inn, kept by an old man and his wife, who treated her with hospitality.

From this she took the road to Dunstable, starting before the publican had risen. A few miles she had travelled, when, to her surprise, he overtook her. As it should be, the meeting was kind on his part, grateful on hers.

"God speed you!" simpered the old man in tones that expressed his sympathy. "Be circumspect, Letitia, and all will go well. When you arrive at Dunstable, you may want something to refresh you. Here, take this." And he slipped a proof of his consideration into her hand.

It was much desired. Her last penny had been expended. Great must have been Letitia's fortitude to throw herself, with less than a mendicant's resource, upon the certainties of hunger. From every passer-by the beggar could ply his vocation with audacious importunity. He could submit to rebuke, bear inquisitive insolence, and smile and bend with hypocritical humility at a frown, if accompanied by even a begrudged and minimum gift. But Letitia could not do this. Penury did not lessen her self-respect. Pride she cherished as a grace; it clung to her like an endowment; and she more than ever placed her trust in the beneficence of Providence, not doubting, if ordinary discrimination failed to recognize her distress, and the natural channels of relief

were dried up, her indigence would at least receive a raven's attention. The landlord's donation was significant, proving to Letitia, the virtue of reliance in the all-wise care of Omnipotence.

Throwing back her locks, which the wind had blown in disorder over her face, a tearful eye and a twittering lip were revealed. She could scarcely speak; but partially gaining the mastery over her emotions, she sobbed her thanks; and yielding her hand to the old man's hearty pressure, each said, "Good-bye!" and parted.

The old man's anxiety and thoughtfulness touched Letitia's susceptibilities deeply. Had he saved her from a ruffian's violence, she could not have been more affected. The recollection of his kindness abided with her, chasing away intruding cares, and consoling her, as, passing milestone after milestone, she trailed, with a hanging step, weary and wet, into Dunstable.

From this stage in her pilgrimage she pushed on to St. Albans. A bitter day it was of alternate rain and snow, with the cruel adjunct of a driving wind, blowing the cold drops and melting flakes into her face. In its fury it caught her clothes, considerably retarding her progress. Still she pushed on, forcing herself, as it were, on, gust after gust, till she reached the town. With her usual good fortune, a widow befriended her, gave her the warmest berth by the fire, a good supper, a place in her bed, and otherwise attended her with the pity and affection of a mother.

As soon as a streak of light was in the clouds, she bade adieu, next morning, to the widow, intending, before nightfall, to complete the journey. Thirty-three miles, for a young creature, scarcely sixteen years of age, and frail as a poppy stem, was a heavy task for even a robust man. Though lame and weak, she stepped out nobly. Faint she often was, but an occasional rest on a milestone gave a little accession to her strength, and she moved on again.

In this way she reached London. It was a struggle to pass through its dense thoroughfares. What with its gaieties, its gorgeousness, and her own exquisite fatigue, she felt disposed to linger. It was a pleasing temptation; but better thoughts coming to her aid, the notion was relinquished, and she journeyed on till she had passed beyond its hamlets into the dreary open road again.

With no external allurement to captivate her faculties, her mind now was wholly usurped by her sufferings. The physical distress of a worn frame told how great had been her exertions. Racking pains shooting through her limbs, seemed to tear fibre from fibre, and to snap bone and tendon. Her broken-down shoes, serving merely for slippers, had formed sores on her feet, and scraped the skin from her heels. Yet did her heart not sink. Above her toils, her exposure, and her hunger, was a serene, but quenchless will, which bore her on wonderfully. Three miles an hour was the measure of her progress; and at last, when the evening was fully advanced, her young heart, full of devotion and hope, felt a strange kindling of joy, when her blistered feet and lagging limbs placed her within the walls of her brother's soldierly home.

She had now accomplished a journey of little less than two hundred miles, spread over twelve days, protected by no visible arm, or gladdened by one solitary ray from the sun. Dark clouds hung over her; the roads were dismal with the worst features of winter; the heaths were bleak; the woods black with denseness and danger; and the shrieking wind buffeted and swayed her slim body like a reed. With the humour of the weather, her miseries varied. Snow to-day would settle on her—rain the next, drench her. Then would occur an interval of hail, a period of misle, another of fog, and anon a season of frost, in different degrees of intensity; but never a beam of brightness, nor a single blue cloud, to make a chasm in the gloom.

II.

KNOCKING at the door of the reading-room, Letitia was admitted. Corporal Burley was the only sapper present at the time. Struck by her beauty and weariness, he instantly arose. While questioning her, corporal Beaumont, a non-commissioned officer of influence and position among his comrades, entered, to whom Burley introduced the stranger.

"Can I be of any service to you?" said Beaumont. "You seem to be much fatigued. Pray, accept a seat at the fire. Come, Burley, bestir yourself, and hand her a chair."

Burley bringing one, placed it conveniently near to the fire, and courteously bending, motioned Letitia to occupy it.

"Thank you, sir," said she, meekly, seating herself with difficulty.

"You seem to have walked a considerable distance to-day?" said Beaumont.

"Thirty-three miles. It has made me very tired. Indeed, sir, I've travelled all the way from Stockport, in Cheshire."

"Incredible! From Stockport, did you say?" asked Beaumont, gazing at the young traveller with as much interest as astonishment.

"Yes, sir; and I found it a very hard journey."

Traces of care on her face, the faintness of her voice, the restlessness with which she moved from side to side to court ease, all unmasked a state of pain and weakness that only wanted two or three infinitesimal atoms to render extreme.

"I'm sure you did, poor girl," said Beaumont, sadly. "It was cruel to send you such a distance in this frightful weather. Toils such as you must have undergone, would have exhausted the energies of a Cornish miner. One may figure to himself the difficulties and hardships you have had to contend with, but never realize, even in fancy, what must have been your anguish at being inhumanly turned adrift on the world, without protection, perhaps."

"No one is to blame for my venture—"

"Venture!" interrupted Beaumont. "How could you go alone, violating the principles which keep us all in our places? The exigency which forced you to so wild a step, must have been very exacting."

"It was. How I brought myself to undertake the journey, I cannot tell. From home I started without the knowledge of my parents. The impression of duty was on my mind, and it drove me out, not against my will, for the suggestion had no sooner presented itself than my resolution was taken."

"Then you really have absconded and left those who are dear to you wondering and sorrowing for your unexplained absence?"

"I fear I must say so."

"That's a grave confession. 'Tis frank of you to make it; but no earthly circumstance ought to have moved you to so rash an enterprise. This, however, is no time for admonition. It's done, and cannot be undone; but if you can

assure me you have gone through the trial as irreproachably as I make no question you have, you shall not be abandoned. To feel approbation in one's honor, is one of the sweets of life."

"My conscience does not upbraid me for the commission of any impropriety. Human weakness, certainly, led me astray; but I had a dear object in view; and that I steadily followed, guided, and protected by a gracious Providence, that never left me unsuccoured."

"May I ask what that object was?"

"My brother."

"Is he in the sappers?"

"When last we heard from him, he was. His name is Cheetham Gladell."

"Cheetham Gladell! I know him well. There's his portrait," said Beaumont, pointing to a profile of a full-length figure in a maple frame on the wall. "It was drawn to preserve a representation of the uniform of the corps; but I regret to say, *that* is all you are likely to see of him, for he embarked for Bermuda three days ago!"

"Three days ago! I hope," she added, with a touching smile, "you do but jest."

"No, in truth. Unwelcome as the intelligence is, I grieve to affirm it."

She bowed her head and was silent. There was a gush of tears and a rending of the heart. Expectation with her was almost certainty. It took a steady, joyous flight, never dreaming of contingency. On and upward it soared, till, with exhausted wing, it ceased to flutter, and dropped suddenly from its height into irremediable disappointment.

"After all my [illegible]rs," said she, amid sobs; "after all my fatigues, I had [illegible]ped to see him before he sailed. He was a lovin[illegible]ed brother, and I loved him. Neglected at [illegible] this interfere with his remembranc[illegible] not but remember him. Had I bee[illegible]earnest, made longer marches and fewe[illegible]ed time better than I appear to have done, I [illegible]n present to return his smile and the waive of his [illegible]ut — it was not to be! God knows best how to deal wi[illegible]s." And she kissed the ideal which had been brought to her by corporal Beaumont, as if it had been in reality her brother.

Tears again crowded in her eyes, falling in the fulness of despair, as, returning the portrait, it was suspended against the wall.

The corporal pitied her. A father himself, he knew how to condole with her. She heard him gratefully; and, resigning herself to an irrevocable necessity, dried her eyes, stayed her grief, and bent her will to the suppression of those secret actions, which, springing from a sensitive heart, were still ready to throw her into paroxysms of anguish.

"Now that nothing can be done to restore your brother," said Beaumont, deferentially, "let us, if you feel disposed, allude to other matters, no less important. What means have you for returning home? This is a delicate question, but I am sure you will excuse it."

"Thank you for deeming me worthy of such attention. For days past I have lived by accidental charity, sometimes sparingly given—at other times, generously. How to get home I know not. In my helplessness, I could not bear up against the trials and hazards of such another venture. To this place I walked, lured by an object; but the same incentive does not now exist to bear me home. This makes a difference. Suffering was bearable in the one case; in the other, I do not think it practicable, for I have neither spirit nor strength to undertake a second journey."

"And you shall not," said Beaumont, firmly. "Something shall be done for you. What do you say, Burley? Will you take her home, and treat her as your own for a few days? I will be responsible for her keep; and if compensation is wanted, you shall have it."

"I must first consult Mrs. Burley. She might not exactly like the introduction of a stranger, without my breaking the ice beforehand. Besides, I am on duty, and cannot go to prepare the way."

"If she consents, will you agree?"

"Gladly."

"Very well, then—I'll see to that."

Inviting her arm, Beaumont helped the limping girl to her feet, and taking her to his own home, sat her down to tea, with his young wife, who, to personal charms, added a stock of liveliness, which was not without advantage in relieving Letitia of some of the sadness that oppressed her. Romantic herself, she was vastly interested in the traveller's adven-

tures; and her sympathies, deepening as the poor girl continued the relation of her trials, were practically exemplified by the provision, for her use, of many comforts. Sufficient time having been spent in refreshment and rest, Beaumont escorted Letitia to the cozy apartment of Mrs. Burley, who, with electrical readiness, undertook the charge of the adventuress, receiving her with the geniality of an old friend.

A glimpse at Mrs. Burley may be permitted. She was a busy, out-spoken woman, with gaudy tastes, but rare good-nature. On a pinch, when her manners required furbishing, she could polish them into politeness, and fashion her discourse, in some respect, to suit the moral gentleness of such of her visitors as possessed the elevation. This change in her conduct, was not effected without sacrifice. It confined her like a strait-jacket; and all would go on well and smoothly, till something occurred to ruffle her repose. When angered, she would fire and fume like a volcano, and vent superannuated epithets, of her own manufacture, with about the same gauge of bitterness, to break one's heart, as a virago would employ the leg of a chair or a poker, to break one's head. Still, disposed as she was to show the talons of a tigress, she was no less a domesticated than a social woman. She loved company, so she said, for the sake of improvement and information. To question these reasons would be uncharitable; but there can be no possible harm in hinting the truth—that her predilections were far more convivial than intellectual. Beer was one of her favorite drinks: to sparkling gin she was passionately attached, relishing either with infinite zest, if purchased by any friend—insane enough to incur the expense. Though, however, she had this liking, she guarded well the channels to her character, managing with tact to escape the reproaches of scandal, touching the higher virtues of her sex.

She was not exa[illegible] of woman to take charge of the morals of a young [illegible]ss girl; but there was no help for it. A half-gla[illegible] Le[illegible]a made it plain to Mrs. Burley, that, as a guardi[illegible] transform herself, or at least mend her manne[illegible] And [illegible]e did mend them, affecting, at the same time, w[illegible] wkwardness, the courtesies and decorum of a cult[illegible]. Whatever may have been her defects, she, nevertheless, did her duty to the stranger. If, indeed, she had been her own child, she could not have treated

her with more affection. Not to embitter her dependence, she was careful to avoid the appearance of curiosity, or to make any reflection that could originate the slightest pain. Lightsome, easy, and free, she invariably gave Letitia her finest smile, her gentlest words, the best seat in the house, the choicest morsels at meals, and unlimited license to speak, read, work, or play. Letitia, appreciating all this kindness, for she could perceive that everything regarding her was carried out as a primary consideration, felt very comfortable, tranquil, and homely. But, sometimes, when the bands of the strait-jacket became unconsciously slackened, Mrs. Burley would exhibit the undercurrent of her coarse nature. A bright thought, or an amusing incident, would, at intervals, bring a stamp on the floor, or a blow, pot-house fashion, with her shut stumpy fist on the table. The noise thus produced would as certainly recall the proper restraints of discipline; and it was singular with what alacrity she resumed the polite position. It was as if she had been pulled into propriety by the haul of a man-o'-war's-man, and held there by a clove hitch. The only effect of this was to make Letitia think that the kind woman who sheltered her was a little eccentric in her ways.

A few days after the stranger's introduction, a sapper named Loclin called to pay his respects to Mrs. Burley. He was about thirty-five years of age, bloated, and dissipated. Anticipating the issue of his visit, Mrs. Burley welcomed him cordially, and civilly introduced him to Letitia. Struck with her beauty, Loclin felt strange jumpings within him. He bowed profoundly, looked tenderly, and, dropping into the cushioned seat that good Mrs. Burley had placed for his accommodation, muttered some compliments to Letitia, which she recognised with embarrassed blushes. Some foaming ale, at his expense, was quickly brought. Indeed, he was only tolerated by Mrs. Burley on account of this propensity, and the hours slipped gaily away, [illegible] pot after pot was finished and replenished. Loclin, on this occasion, was comparatively abstemious, if swallowing a couple of the quart measures may be deemed so. Corporal Burley drank deeply, and Mrs. Burley felt no diffidence in taking her share. Though she preserved her senses, and sustained her balance on the fair side of the line of sobriety, it was evident that the stimulant had had its influence; for, in time, she fell into a

doze. Just before sleepiness had stolen over her activity, Corporal Burley, being on duty again, was compelled to leave the company.

Delivered from the necessity of directing his discourse to Mrs. Burley, Loclin addressed himself to Letitia. A heart he had unquestionably; for, from the moment he saw her, he felt a peculiar thumping and expansion in that sensitive member of his structure, that fired his nature into what he thought was love. He spoke to her with insinuating softness, lauded her spirit and perseverance, talked of her trials and adventures as something wonderful, and begged she would make no scruple to enlist his aid, if she needed protection from disfavor or ill-treatment. From these very kind offers of service, he glided gradually into avowals of admiration, not less for her courage than her beauty! and stated, moreover, his inability to account for the existence of certain sensations in himself, which, never felt before, had now completely overcome him.

"What can it be that ails me?" said he, interjectionally. "This throbbing here," laying his hand on his breast; "that beating lower down that gives a tingle to every pulse. Can you tell, Letitia?"

"How should I know, sir?"

"Will you allow me the pleasure of saying what I think it is?" said he, edging his chair towards the maiden, and glancing tenderly in her face.

"I cannot prevent you, if you be so inclined."

"Then I'll be candid. *You* are the cause of it," exclaimed he, in an impressive whisper.

"Oh! you must be mistaken," returned she, surprised.

"Not at all. Till I saw you, I never understood that subtle power which opens an irresistible interest in a particular object. [illegible] of it often, only to consign it to a place among [illegible] But I have faith in it now, for the feeling with [illegible] ceaseless gush from the depths of an artesian w[illegible]."

"You have [illegible]age over me, for I do not understand you. A[illegible]! What is that?"

"An illustr[illegible]igh emotion of which I am now the subject. [illegible] a stranger to it, I thank God. Fancy had almost made me believe that it belonged not to my nature. Why it should, I cannot divine. My age, as you

can see, is only a few years past thirty, when man's sensibilities are most acute; but the feeling, I declare, never once touched me until this hour. Of course it could not, for the sweet object to awaken it was far away in the country."

"All this seems very wild. I know not whether you jest or dream."

"Neither. It's all passion, Letitia."

"Don't, I pray you, get into a passion with me. I hope to deserve your pity."

"You have it, my dear. My passion is not anger, but love, which I can no more control than jump over the moon."

"How funnily you talk, sir!"

"I'm in earnest—too earnest; for I fear I shall never have an hour's happiness, unless you give me joy by granting me your favour."

"Do not say so, sir. I would not for the world that you were wretched on my account."

"I'm sure of it. You are too kind to occasion any one distress; but this must be my fate if you repudiate me. How is it possible for a man to gaze on such a suite of charms, without finding himself influenced by a resistless polarity? For your hand, Letitia, I am an humble suppliant. On my knees—"

"Oh! sir. Do consider how you will dirty yourself," interrupted Letitia.

"Nay, I insist. Rise I will not till you cheer me by the gift of your hand."

"Pray, resume your chair. I do not like to speak to you in that position. If you get up, I can have no objection to continue our conversation."

"Even that is a consolation; but give me life, dear girl, by granting greater."

"What possible good could my hand do to you, sir?"

"Immeasurable good; if, with it, you give yourself. Letitia, I love you deeply!"

"Me! Oh! no. You forget that we are strangers."

"I wish to forget it. To me, it does not seem we have ever been strangers. This is no nonsense—no dream such as floats in a young man's frivolous brain, but a mystical thrill appreciated by maturity. Think it not unreal, Letitia. Genuine love, like mine, springs up at an impression. The

first look produces it. Unlike that shadowy thing, which takes years to organize, and even in ripeness, is indefinite and unimpulsive, mine has taken possession of all my sensibilities; and left me no thought, wish, or hope, but traces its centre to you."

"Nothing, I am sure, has passed my lips, that could have made you so uneasy. Do acquit me, sir, of anything half so unkind."

"You have not been unkind, my dear; you are too amiable for that."

"Now you flatter me, sir!"

"Not at all; your loveliness would make any man speak his sentiments, even break his heart, if he had a soul to comprehend it, as I do. Rough soldier as I am, it is breaking mine now."

"Pray don't let it. I should grieve if any such misfortune were to befall you."

"If you be mine it cannot happen. Promise me, Letitia."

"Promise what?"

"To be my wife, dearest. In me you'll find a good husband—one who will repay the surrender with tenderness, constancy, and devotion."

"No, no, Loclin," cried Mrs. Burley, arousing. "You thought I was asleep did you? A pretty nefarious project you wish to bring out of your polarity and artesian well. An old rolling ale-cask like you; a rascal who never knows when he has had enough; a fellow who spends all his pay in beer, and chews an everlasting quid; a brute who has never yet gained a testimonial for sobriety or a good-conduct badge shall never have my Letitia. A queen like her to be tied to a vagabon[illegible] like you! Well, people do sometimes take eccentric n[illegible] Why if she were your wife, it would be a repe[illegible] of the cruel alliance of 'Beauty and the Beast.' He[illegible] if you wish to preserve my manners, and [illegible] trouble of soiling my toes by kicking you i[illegible] you will leave directly. Out with you, you [illegible], trying to steal the affections of a young girl, w[illegible] dispose of herself. Away with you, pewter, pipes, and a[illegible] and don't let me see your ugly frontispiece here again."

And Loclin, crouching beneath the abuse of the terma-

gant, instantly departed. He did not, however, lose courage. All kinds of arts he essayed to inveigle Letitia from the roof of her protectress; but Mrs. Burley's assiduities barring all avenues of intrusion, or chances of assignation, outmatched the lovelorn paramour. Thus his hopes, which, at first, flamed away with consuming fervor, became less ardent, then unstable, shooting up and down with a quick and varying flicker, till the last spark was ruthlessly expended, ending in smoke.

Meanwhile, Beaumont was not idle. He had made Letitia's story popular, and friends in numbers volunteered to give her employment, service, or assistance. Relief would have been exuberant had such been needed; but the traveller's brother in Stockport learning from Beaumont of the safe arrival of his sister in Woolwich, sent him five pounds to discharge her debts and pay her passage home.

Steps at once were taken to despatch Letitia to Stockport, and good Mrs. Burley, resigning her charge with motherly affection and tears, declined, in the fulness of generosity, all offers of recompense. Beaumont accompanied the grateful girl some distance on the road, parting with her on the Greenwich highway, at the "Antigallican Arms;" and in twenty-four hours after leaving London Letitia was received by her brother, who, weeping over her as a lost sheep found, was overjoyed at her return, and never once pained her by a reference to the past.

For all this confidence, so touching and unmitigated, far beyond what she had any reason to expect, Letitia rewarded him by a love that, apprehending his wishes, gave them precedence of her other duties, and so promoted his happiness.

In time the brother, finding that trade was not as brisk as his ambition desired, emigrated to the United States. Not long had he been there, when Letitia was thrown into an abyss of sorrow by a calamity which had overtaken him. A skilful builder, he quickly acquired business, driving it with energy and success; but in the dangerous avocations to which he was called, he was one day precipitated from a scaffold, and killed.

Years rolled on, and Cheetham Gladell returned to England, wearing the badges of a sergeant. He was a useful and respected non-commissioned officer, and likely, from his diligent habits and sobriety, to become rich in this

world's goods. But change is the order of the service; movement is one of the features of its economy. A few months he was at one station, a few at another, when the course of routine took him to the fortress of Gibraltar.

Letitia, still unmarried, had a return of her old romantic feelings. Expressing a wish to accompany her brother to the rock, he consented, the more readily as her father was no more, and she had no kindred to share with her the comforts of home except an aged stepmother with petrified airs. Accordingly to Gibraltar she went.

There was Providence in this, for Cheetham's wife had become addicted to the worst phases of excess, and unfitted to bear the charge of a rising family. In this extremity, Letitia was constituted guardian of the children; but it was not consistent with reason that she should always remain so. It was a reflection on the discrimination of man to allow this modest, prepossessing maiden to wear her life away in toilsome attentions to a tedious family, subjected to the disgusting censures of a depraved wretch lost to shame. Ultimately the conduct of that dissipated creature brought ruin on the family; Cheetham was degraded to the ranks, and she (the curse of his existence) died in a fit of intemperance. But the day was at hand that should see Letitia married. A young, rising non-commissioned officer was the happy man to knit her to himself. Whatever he lacked in personal appearance he made up in devotion; and, singular to add, he was the brother of corporal Burley, who, years before, had given her an asylum at Woolwich.

But young Burley's race was short. The Russian war had snapped many a link that united twin souls in uncorroded felicity. Among them it violently snapped the tie which bound the young corporal to Letitia. At Bomarsund, Burley was engaged in the siege and destruction of its forts, and working well and manfully, gained praises for his services. The [illegible] accomplished, he was sent to the Crimea, where he [illegible] many a fierce day and many a stormy night in the trenches before Sebastopol. Relied upon for dangerous enterprises in the gaps, he was frequently sent to superintend their execution, never returning without the satisfaction of having achieved his task. In every duty he was ready and daring. His abnegation was a principle, not a showy thing, that blazed in the presence of an officer, and

subsided when he had departed, but was a constant virtue, as unpretending as his zeal was effective. It was scarcely possible that one so often exposed and so brave could pass from the struggle without a stroke. The moment came, and he was killed in the height of the siege, in the vigor of health and the pride of honor.

It was a grievous blow this to poor Letitia; but when the season of mourning had given her a respite from grief, and she dare trust herself to speak of the catastrophe, it was her boast to say that Edward had done his duty as a good soldier, and, not unworthily, had received applause for his skill and valour.

For many a month Letitia wore her weeds with becoming solemnity. She was a pattern of retired widowhood, and her pretty countenance, softened by the chastening of deep affliction, looked even more interesting and beautiful than when Edward was by her side to charm and gladden her.

At last she was sought out by a corporal, indisposed to take fright at a difficulty. From her seclusion he enticed her by his sympathies and his promises, and in due time married her; but she has taken to her new home a relict of her former endearment—an infant son, who bears his father's name and his father's lineaments.

PORTLY JOE.

We once had a fat, sturdy, well-educated sergeant in the corps, who, through a course of unniggard recklessness, had been lowered from a sphere of high respectability to that of a soldier in the ranks. Less by personal energy than aristocratic intercession, he managed, in time, to get more promotion than he merited. He was gentlemanly in his deportment, if not in his practices, and gay beyond his means. In the evening he met his friends at the inn—was fresh, merry, and witty, and assumed nothing that his humble station did not warrant, except that he sipped port from the well-cut glass, while they gulped beer from the pewter.

To all the hard phases of hard servitude he adapted himself with joyous humour, rejecting sympathy like base coin, and drawing largely from a secret source (of which he never hinted), to prevent the possibility of an attack of fretful reflection, and meet the expenses of his costly excess. On his indulgence he thrived, growing rounder and stouter, and tearing the neck of every button-hole to procure decent cover for his inflated bulk; while his high-blown countenance, spread out to the circumference of a good-sized cymbal, and his long nose, speckled like an unfried pork sausage, presented an amusing contrast to his bursting cheeks, whose color, heightened by intersecting veins of crimson, was of a dull red lead. With short, thick neck, short legs, short hair, and small whisk[illegible] appearance was that of one challenging apoplexy to seiz[illegible] and do its worst.

Seven years [illegible]nt, Joseph married a rather fine young lady at [illegible]. He won her in the usual way. His courtship [illegible] that of a romantic sapper from Florence Court, [illegible]e idol of his eyes through his theodolite *about a hundred miles away*. She was not scrubbing a doorstep, as [illegible]iration was, when that great man was smitten, but walking in sunlight towards him in silks and neatness, supported by a gentleman in dreary black and

a white neckcloth. The sapper from Florence Court considered the features of the lady one hundred miles away to be the loveliest he had ever seen. Could he remain and simply think of her? Could he dream of her and be content? No. His spirit was stirred. Sparks were flying from the forge, and he must weld the metals while the heat was vigorous. So away he drove, as fast as cars could carry him, paying extra for every lash the carman inflicted on his snorting hack, and reached the spot where the lady, as yet unknown, resided, not tired and stained as post-travellers ordinarily are, but prim and polished, like a soldier for guard.

"Have you, my sweet, any clergymen in this district?" asked the sapper of a maiden standing at the entrance of a wayside inn.

"A few, sir."

"May I know, if the question be fair, who they are?"

She readily named them.

"Are they married?"

"All but one, and he is courting."

"Courting! A pretty wench, I'll be bound, he has in his eye. Since you have started that interesting subject, pray tell me who the intended of the pious gentleman may be?"

"Miss Flood, of Manorhamilton."

"The very lady I am looking for."

"How odd."

"Very—very. Now, place me in the direction of her abode, and that," continued he, seeking her hand, and placing a half-sovereign in its palm, "is for your pains."

The maid complied, and the sapper from Florence Court sped away. Without difficulty he found her house, gained instant admittance, for he was of noble stature and very handsome—accomplishments that needed no further introduction, and was courteously accommodated with a seat.

Having identified the lady as the one he had seen through his theodolite, he told her the origin of his visit, his object in making it so promptly, and his resolution to win her. Of course she was amazed—thunderstruck; but so ardent and manly a suitor, so frank and resistless, could not be received with disfavor. Believing that marriages are made in heaven, she considered that heaven had certainly commenced an agreeable match on her account. The offer was too remarkable to spring from any other source than divine suggestion:

a duty so clear she must recognize. It was a command that left her no choice, and, soon after, Rhyen Bletrim espoused the pretty Miss Flood, wresting her from a clergyman (not of the Established Church), to whom she had been betrothed. Such a dashing marriage was never seen before in Manorhamilton. If there was one car in the nuptial cavalcade there were thirty, all wild with joy and profuse with wedding favors and floral embellishments.

This was not Joseph's plan. He gained his wife fair, open, and above-board, and wedded her without show, not as a triumph, but as a meek prize, opposed, like himself, to display. With intense respect he always treated her. Disdaining endearing designations, he made it a rule to speak of her and to her as *Mrs.* Horn. It was a vulgar appreciation of feminine excellence to apply to it any term springing from no higher source than the stupid innocence of a child conversing with its doll. It was no less humiliating to a man's dignity to allow himself to be addressed by some familiar but puerile abbreviation. He never encouraged the silly habit, and led Mrs. Horn, by his own unbending adhesion to the principle of giving "honor to whom honor is due," to style him invariably *Mr.* Horn. Do not fancy that this apparent stiffness diminished mutual confidence and bliss, or interposed a clog to the most expanded cultivation of the genial amenities of wedded life. They were comfortable, contented, and loving, fulfilling the connubial relations with courteous regard to their feelings and susceptibilities, keeping strictly in mind the conventionalities of a position they had not yet attained, but which, nevertheless, they saw waiting them, at the end of a long, dreary vista, and bringing up a family rapidly growing in number and chubbiness, with conceited notions of a wealthy descent, and ruinous expectations of future elevation.

Most of Joseph's military career was spent on the national survey, where his monotonous duties afforded but little variety to develop his character. Beyond the formal way in which he addressed Mrs. Horn, his expensive habits, his gross figure and hot face, there was nothing to elevate him to the distinction of striking individuality. He also served a season on the demarcation survey of North America, during which, for the most part, he was shut up in the woods, steaming as he travelled, and glowing as he toiled,

without becoming the hero of any particular incident, or performing any brilliant service worth signalizing.

On his return to England, being in charge of the party of sappers employed on that important undertaking, he reported himself at Woolwich. What before was vague in his character, assumed features of ludicrous eccentricity. Never was such a spectacle seen in the square before. His bulk was augmented beyond all calculation; his neck was absorbed in his broad shoulders, and his great round head, like a thirteen-inch shell smothered in sea-weed, seemed to rest on a water-butt. The attire of that hill of flesh was in keeping with his personal appearance. It was of that nondescript kind that a Choctaw Indian, using his own feathers and paints, would have been supremely delighted to sport his person in the suit. Sergeant Horn wore a gray double-breasted body coat, thick with buttons and padding, and a stiff, ambitious collar covering his ears, hooked in front, leaving a slit between the edges to allow the extremity of his livid nose—like a knob to a water-cock—to jut out and sniff the air. Around his waist was a crimson sash, deadened in color by wear and rain, from which dangled a few inches of ragged fringe, his girth being too ponderous to admit of the regulation display. His hands were thrust into a pair of moose gauntlets, reaching above his elbows, and on his head, lolling at an extravagant angle over his left shoulder, was a conical moose-hair cap rising eighteen inches from his clouded brows, with the towering tip curling over in front, from which was suspended a rigid brown tassel, like the stump of a stable-broom. His boots, apparently, were of the Hessian kind, with buff soles, over which his dark trowsers, rolled half-way up to the knees, sat tightly, presenting a series of inflexible wrinkles. As he walked towards the office he held himself up with as much dignity as he was capable of sustaining; and his tramp, noisy and weighty, sounding as if he were stumping his way over a drawbridge, might have been heard on the opposite bank of the Thames.

At night the sergeant repaired to the "Ordnance Arms," to commemorate his return. With improbable stories and the relation of incredible incidents, he amused his friends, drinking with a generosity that the most expert toper in the company dared not, in pity for his head and his means, imitate even in miniature. Though he spoke feelingly of

Mrs. Horn and the family, always mixing them up with his lies, his toasts, and his stray tears—for they sometimes dropped on his high-blown cheeks—his affection for them was not of a nature to check his indulgence. The landlord declared he had emptied four bottles of stout port, rich in flavour and of good age, besides occasional glasses of ale and a few goes of gin, at an expense for the orgies of twenty-six shillings. Whatever may have been the quantity consumed, certain it is he was thoroughly overcome: he was alike speechless and motionless, and his face was as blue as if it had been washed with a dilution of indigo. Over his sightless eyes rolled a pair of heavy lids, each as large as the case of a hunting-watch; and he drew his breath, accompanied by dismal moans or groans and choking starts, as if some internal valve had grown lazy at the hinge, and only opened when it was compelled to submit to an action it could no longer oppose. Some eight or ten of his friends dragged him from the bench into the ample passage, to afford him the benefit of purer air, and to enable them to exert their utmost strength in his removal. After many wearying efforts and a countless number of oaths, they hoisted that monolith of flesh on their shoulders, and bending and sweating under the load, bore him to his barrack-room.

"Catch me joining in a tough job like this again," remarked one of the bearers.

"Why not?" asked another, panting with exertion. "Duty, no less than humanity, insist that we do our best in circumstances like the present. Without doubt he is a beast, but that does not exclude him from sympathy and help."

"Duty and humanity have nothing to do with it."

"Surely you would not let him die?"

"Certainly not; but I would employ a travelling-crane, if the genius of the nineteenth century has hit upon such a contrivance, and move him to his destination like a mainmast or a mortar."

At last the sergeant was brought to his room, first passing through the wide gateway, the wicket being too narrow to admit the encumbrance. Shifting him from their aching shoulders, the bearers lowered him to the floor and there left him, no bed being ready for his reception. His friends, it should be remarked, were civilians, and, not being able to

assist in the final offices for his disposal, bade him "good-night," accompanied by a few mild execrations, and decamped, intending to restore their wasted strength to its ordinary efficiency by the internal application of those peculiarly hot tonics for which the "Ordnance Arms" was famous.

"I was now alone with Horn," said my informant, "and never felt in such a fix. It would not do to leave him on the floor, exposed to drafts from the staring chinks in the door, and rushes of nipping wind from the open windows; perhaps, moreover, to die from strangulation. Strangulation! How I hate that word. To me it implies tearing one's vitals out, and working them up for witches' garters. The doctors must have had much the same sort of notion, for, to their credit be it said, in sympathy for the popular dread of that horrid word, they have smothered it in another (asphyxia, I think it is) which nobody, fortunately, understands.

"The conviction that, without great care, his light would go out in violence, settling itself firmly in my mind, I forthwith made his bed, which was behind the door, and drew it towards the drunken mass, stretched in utter helplessness at its side, apparently as lifeless, but quite as warm, as a load of dung. Inch by inch I forced him on the mattress, bolstered his head so as not to interfere with his breathing, and, throwing the blankets over his hugeness, tucked him up for the night. I calculated, moreover, if nausea came on, a pan would not be sufficient for his use, and so provided a tub, placing it under his mouth, as a tank is fixed under a tap, expecting, of course, to find it full in the morning.

"While I was stripping the motionless mound, I could see that his senses were not so dead but that he could recognize my exertions. I spoke to him, but he only answered with a long mumbling moan, and two or three snuffles, when up came his leg for me to remove the boot. Guessing he had entrusted me with a very sharp job, I set to work with a will, first opening the door to stay and haul on the limb; then lugging for very life, my heart-strings cracking at every tug, I found, on completing the task, I had gone more than half-way into the passage. There seemed to be no end to the operation. The more I hauled, the greater was the area of untanned hide before me. It was like using up

the resources of a currier's shop. His boots were immense—four feet six inches long in leather—cut out behind, permitting the fronts to run up his thighs, and the loose tops to spread over the abdominal region, as high as his waist, like a cholera-belt.

"After making all comfortable, I repaired, being a married man, to my own quarter in the vaults below. Next morning I paid the sergeant an early visit. To my surprise he was up and dressed, volatile and hearty as if nothing had happened. The tub, which I expected to find running over, was empty, so that the four bottles of port, the ales, and the gin, consumed the over-night, thanks to an iron constitution, ramified his system as if such preternatural drinks, inordinately quaffed, were absolutely essential to keep the human machine in healthy existence. He had no headache, no qualms, no depression, no regrets. His purse was still heavy with the proceeds of his American tour; and when I told him how largely he had indulged the over-night, how he was brought into barracks on men's shoulders, to all appearance dead, and how, by nearly starting every vein in my body, I ultimately succeeded in putting him to bed, he coolly replied, 'what's the odds? Nature invariably rectifies her own indiscretions.' I thought it very unkind that he did not express his thanks for my voluntary service, rendered, in his behalf, at the risk of bursting a blood-vessel. Nevertheless, an intimacy at once sprang up between us, which, agreeable enough at the outset, became in a short time not only a nuisance but a heavy tax on our means. At last, the provoking way in which he thrust himself into our little home, and demolished our scanty meals—for he had a giant's maw and an Irishman's effrontery—I was forced to the rudeness of politely begging he would, at his earliest convenience, give us a great deal more of his room and considerably less of his company.

"After imbibing freely at the 'Ordnance Arms,' mixing his 'rosy' (port-wine) with the 'milky' and the 'amber,' as he termed strong Hollands and pale ale, he would drop in after out-lights merely to see how we were. It so reminded him, he said, of home and dear Mrs. Horn. To sit by our cheerful fire, for a quarter of an hour only, was a temptation he could not resist; and then to have a little chat with friends of warm impulses and pleasing gossiping endow-

ments, would go far to dissipate the depression which his solitude, in a cold, untenanted barrack-room, without a live coal in its naked grate, or the feeblest light (save the subdued gleams from a fog-bedimmed moon struggling through a month's accumulation of dirt and cobweb on the windows) had, notwithstanding his vigour and his buoyancy, vexatiously induced. Had this been all, had he accepted the fascinations of our humble snuggery, and shared in our limited hospitality with the discreetness that a newly-installed friend, (if he be not lost to the proprieties of social intercourse, usually practices,) his intrusion would not have been a heartrending inconvenience; but, unfortunately, his free habits and unbridled appetite drew him unbidden to our table (regarding the non-invitation an unintentional oversight on our part), and, pitching into the things with the confidence of one who had purchased them for his own gratification, mopped them up with ravenous satisfaction, and gulped our beer as if it were of no consequence to us and far less to him.

"Sergeant Horn, you will say, and truly, too, had but little dignity of conduct, and very little, if any, personal respect, to treat his new friends in this manner. He was not, however, much worse than some others of my acquaintances. It had been my ill-luck always to make associates of fellows who knew nothing of the wholesome rule of squaring accounts, designated 'Yorkshire,' by which the companions in a carouse agree to take all things in common, and form a sufficient exchequer, by an equalized assessment, to discharge the score. My lot it was to pay the piper, to be the object of much flattery in consequence, and, in the end, to be laughed at as a fool. I knew this was my weakness. To say no, and defend the position, I had not the courage; but the want of the possibles to carry out this system of friendly beneficence at length released me from the infirmity, and gave my spirit such a combative hoist, that, to the astonishment of the leeches, I thrust them from me while they were still keen to suck me and all I had in the house as dry as a cartouch-box.

"I will offer you an instance or two as examples. A distinguished engraver, one of our own corps, swore he never could get good gin in Ireland, and was obliged, much against his relish, to drink whisky. My gin, he said, was the best

he had, through a long life of hard experience, ever tasted. Even at the inn where he usually took his glass and pipe, and from which I obtained my liquors, he swore the *stuff* he purchased was infinitely inferior to mine. It was so pure, palatable, and invigorating, I must, he remarked, have a secret but beautiful method of distilling it. It was no less encouraging than consoling to hear his commendation, but I was not then aware of his drift. The reason was, and I wonder I did not detect it earlier, that abroad he paid for his gin; at my house he drank it without drawback or expense. The difference, you see, was largely in his favor. Glass after glass he disposed of with convivial rapidity, invariably declaring that the last one was even more grateful than the former. There was less fancy than design in the opinion, but it served his purpose. It was a way he had of flattering me, and, thus blinded, I allowed him unrestricted access to the decanter, never tasting the liquor myself, but deriving enjoyment from his ruddy exhilaration. So he went on till the bottle was drained to its last dreg; and feeling a sudden anxiety to be off, urging, at the same time manifold excuses for the unhappy necessity he felt to leave, he ambled away with a smiling face, a dreamy eye, pink cheeks, and a nose eager, by spontaneous combustion, to rush into a blaze, and so light him harmlessly along the dark vaults and among the whitewashed buttresses to the landing above.

"Another acquaintance, to one of whose sons I stood godfather, so he said, but which I could not recollect with sufficient exactness to accredit, paid us a visit from across the water, bringing with him, by way of introduction, and as a set-off against a long stay, which he contemplated would be very agreeable to us, a bottle of Kinahan's double L, sporting the whitest label, symbolical of its purity and genuineness. Eugene insisted that the 'remembrancer' should be forthwith broached to drink his health. We were not partial to the spirit, and, wishing him endless good things in a dry speech, declined, at that moment, to partake of the double L. If we would not drink *his* health, he would *ours*. Having a corkscrew of his own, he applied it unsanctioned, and, obtaining a glass, removed the cork with a jerk, and poured out the sparkling beverage with excited celerity. As he shook our hands, there was a charming joyfulness in his manner that, although we were pained to the elbows by his

friendly violence, marvellously pleased us. He was evidently glad to see us, and we certainly were not sorry to see him. A crowd of incidents (long since forgotten by us) rushed into his memory, kindling into grateful animation his antique face, and imparting additional power to his grasp, which he expended to our torture, crunching our fingers with a vice-like hold, so that for five minutes and more we could scarcely separate them. It was clear, however, notwithstanding the cruel cordiality of the ceremony, that his attention was attracted to his old favorite. His impatience peeped through his fervor, and his left eye now and then dropped on the table to recognize the waiting glass. Enough had been done to acquit him of the remotest approach to coldness after so prolonged an absence. He then relaxed the pressure, applied it again for an instant, and withdrew it altogether. 'Your very good health,' cried he, with feeling emphasis, 'and success and prosperity attind you.' With the steadiness of long experience, he lifted the glass, bowing his bald head as he raised it to his mouth, and the double L slid out of sight like a drop of rain vanishing among the grass. To do honor to the occasion, he must have another, and another followed its predecessor, when a satisfied smack of his lips, and a suffocating exhalation from his throat, told us that the interesting operation was concluded. Every morning he wanted the 'laste taste in life, fastin', to kape the cowld out of his stomach.' He couldn't bear it raw, although he had given us ocular proof that he relished it vastly in its native state. 'It would kill him if not kindly mollified with wather.' 'How much will you have?' 'A tay-spoonful jist to take the hate out ov it.' Of course we complied. Every time he went out he must have a drop to 'aise his throublesome cough.' The asthma was tearing him to pieces, and nothing but Kinahan's cordial had the properties essential to his relief. Every time he came in he sought the usual glass with the tea-spoonful of water in it, 'marely to kape him from goin' too near the fire, as the rarrifi'd air affected his brathin'.' In this slipshod way he got the contents of the presentation-bottle all to his own unblushing cheek; and when he departed, which he did in time, to our delight, I squeezed the 'remembrancer' into his carpet-bag, with the following inscription on the white label: 'This bottle, once full of whisky, was given to a very old friend,

but was wholly consumed by the presentée, in paroxysms of pity for his throat and to renovate his asthmatic physique.'

"Let us now return to Horn," proceeded my informant. "His nightly visits to me in the vaults, to spin yarns and tell lies, was, as before observed, rather expensive. On such terms, my wife and I determined no longer to continue the intimacy, and I prepared, accordingly, to dispose of his attendance as neatly as I possibly could without giving him direct offence or stirring his phlegm. Next night, hearing him pick his way among the buttresses leading to my quarter in the corner, I tumbled into bed in jacket and boots and feigned to be asleep. No sooner was the knock given, than, lifting the latch, he opened the door, and shutting it after him, rubbed his hands while he shot a few compliments at my wife, and spread himself out, with his coat-tails drawn aside, before our fire.

"'Hillo!' exclaimed he, 'where's Tom?'

"'In bed,' replied my wife.

"We thought this would have the effect of making him sheer off, but we were mistaken. He did not appreciate the propriety of relieving my wife from a situation so embarrassing.

"'A sound sleep to him,' cried the sergeant.

"At this moment I uttered a growl, somewhat broken in the delivery, which occasioned him to remark that my first snooze was sound and very healthy.

"'Shall I wake him?' asked my wife.

"'Oh! no thank you; it would be a thousand pities to disturb him.'

"So it would. He was not sorry to know that this somnolent fit had overtaken me, for the comestibles on the table were, to a certain extent, at his mercy. He did not want my company nor my wife's, but the supper-beer. When thoroughly warmed, from the bend of his knees to the shoulder-blades, he sat himself down in our coziest corner (my wife's place), and stretching his overgrown feet to the fender, composed himself as serenely as if his society were an indispensable ingredient in our happiness.

"'Has Tom any weed?' asked he.

"'What's that?' inquired my wife.

"'How dull you are,' returned he, with impertinent familiarity. 'Tobacco's the word, then.'

"'He doesn't smoke.'

"'By Jove! He must be an anchorite to miss so delightful a pastime.'

"'I don't think so,' returned my wife. 'It's a nasty and an expensive habit.'

"'You keep him in that mind, *if* you can. All I can say is, that Mrs. Horn, with all the influence she possesses, should not so far master me.'

"And seeing there was no chance of furnishing his pipe at my cost, he consulted his own box, and after filling the bowl, connected to a stem of about three inches long, thrust it between the bars of the grate, then into his mouth, and fumed away, sending out smoke like clouds from a shot factory, which affected my wife's respiration and made her cough convulsively.

"'It doesn't agree with you, I see,' observed he, pulling the stronger.

"'It suffocates me,' replied my wife.

"'That's because you're not used to it.'

"'And never will.'

"'Nonsense.'

"'You must allow me, Mr. Horn, to know my own feelings in the matter.'

"'Most certainly. At *this* rate, however,' added he, pulling away the more cruelly and cloudily, 'you'll soon be used to it, and chafe that sleepy-head there for not giving you the opportunity of enjoying it. Now, would you believe it, I have taken to the pipe less for my own gratification than dear Mrs. Horn's pleasure?'

"'Then I cannot commend her taste.'

"'Nor I laud yours. But to show you that she was in earnest, she positively gave me this pipe.'

"'What! that common thing?'

"'Yes; of no intrinsic worth, certainly, but of great value to me, because *she* gave it.'

"'Well, it's anything but pretty.'

"'But a good one to go.'

"'Of that I have too much proof, and shall be glad when you may find courtesy enough to dispense with it.'

"'Out of pure consideration for your feelings and your cough,' said he, taking his last pull, the pipe being empty, as proved by a rush of air and small ashes up the tube, 'I'll

not take another draw to your discomfort, but shut up the apparatus and turn to other things.'

"Regarding himself completely established in our friendship, and deserving, for the condescension on his part and simplicity on ours, unrestricted participation in whatever comforts our house afforded, he turned his hands over one another as if they wanted warming, and then rubbed his round knees as if they wanted cooling. Preliminaries like these would go for nothing to one unobservant of the small actions of a designing man, but they were portentous. He was taking restraint from the cog-wheel to let the crank play. He was rubbing a lucifer-match across a brick to light the lamp in a dark place. While thus musing, I could plainly see that the crank was in motion, and his purpose a-blaze. Unasked, he caught hold of a full tumbler of beer (unfortunately, my share was in it), and with edifying complacency swigged it off with as much ease as if it had been a thimbleful of cold tea, and his throat a main drain.

"Though I felt exasperated, I did not care to explode, and so bottled up my wrath. Curious to know the extent to which his impudence would push him, I lay still, breathing hard, and venting at intervals a modified snore, which assured our visitor that I was as dead to sense as a mummy. Merrily he chatted about American snows, prairies, his encounters with bears which he never saw, and the perils he escaped in crossing swamps, in paddling over boiling streams on logs of timber, and in venturing his weight on tidal rivers covered only by a film of ice no thicker than a lady's veil. He spoke much in praise of the picturesque costume of a Canadian backwoodsman, and of his own lofty moose-cap and moose-gauntlets, both of which, in a moment of excited pride, he had presented to the corps' museum, to disappear, a few months after, through the insidious labours of a hive of moths. He also added, that he would have placed his gigantic boots in that repository to mark an era in our history, only the custodian curtly told him there wasn't room for them. And then he descanted on American liquors, on West-Indian sangaree, and English beer, declaring, in his opinion, that the last was the finest beverage in the world for giving one stamina and preserving it. My wife cordially agreed with this sentiment, and a very natural feeling came over her to try it herself. Her constitution was

weak, and she had been thrown past the precise minute for drinking her usual quantum by the sudden intrusion of our self-invited guest. There was, however, one consolation in this, for she believed that a delayed gratification would be the sweeter when enjoyed. Feeding on this impression, she poured out the remaining drop—a tumblerful—foaming it over the sides by the peculiar manner in which she transferred the porter from the old jug to the glass. Just then, as we often find it in families where young children start and shriek in dreams and nightmares, my wife's attention was called to a domestic indication of convulsive trouble, and Mr. Horn's eye gleamed with menacing intent on the life-preserving malt. But this was not the moment for his purpose. He must see her deeply engaged in the maternal mission, and secure himself from provoking interruption. So he made a fatherly observation of acute sympathy, advising my wife to hush the young disturber to sleep again, for fear, if his senses acquired an open-eyed consciousness, he would dwell, perhaps disastrously, on the horrors which had occasioned his screams, and so bring on fits, ending in a speedy, but malignant death. When her apprehensions are aroused, a mother will do anything to succour her own, and my wife readily did as she was told, forgetting, in the interest of her anxiety, that the means for supporting her energies were waiting her service.

"Though my wife had given up all thought of her supper-beer, I had not. In attending to the little screamer, she rather hampered my action and obstructed my vision. This was of no consequence, fortunately, for, on looking about me, I discovered a crevice in the folding-screen at the foot of the bed which gave a foggy view of what was going on behind it. Presently I saw the sergeant turn, and place his stout arm on the table, gazing with rather too much earnestness in our way, and calculating his chances. Guessing the next move, I rose gently on my elbow, and curled up my knees to make a spring.

"'Is the younker asleep yet?' asked he, in a whisper, as if really interested in his repose.

"'Not yet,' returned my wife.

"'Don't leave him, for your life,' said he, 'till you succeed.'

"The hand on the table was creeping stealthily over to

the tumbler. Not to alarm her, I made a dumb motion to my wife; comprehending which, she gently shifted herself. Joe's fingers now circled the glass, which began to move gradually towards his lips.

"'The little 'un's not so easily gammoned, I see,' observed our friend.

"'He's obstinate; but I'll not leave him till he's fast.'

"'Right! to desert him in a fright would kill him.'

"By this time the tumbler had reached its destination. Another moment, its contents would have been gulped, and he excusing himself for the necessity of making an abrupt departure. I could not stand this, nor lie it either. So out of bed I bolted, in jacket, boots, and impatience, and at sight of me, Horn, with chuckling coolness, replaced the glass on the table. My first impulse was to storm at him, but his composure instantly groomed me into unruffled mildness.

"'How now, Tom?' exclaimed he, laughing. 'Roosting in clumpers and canonicals? You must have been devilish sleepy to turn in like that.'

"'The fit was on me,' returned I, briefly, rubbing one eye and keeping the other with sacred interest on the tumbler.

"'To what agency am I indebted for your *cheerful* apparition?'

"'Natural instinct.'

"'You cannot call fright instinct.'

"'Nor you, instinct fright.'

"'But some terror, no doubt, originated that wonderful evolution of yours?'

"'Nothing but what can be readily accounted for.'

"'You smelt the malt perhaps?'

"'Exactly so. My terror was that my wife might be deprived of her supper-beer.'

"'You are properly uxorious, Tom; just like me, when at home, sacrificing everything for dear Mrs. Horn's comfort and gratification. But come, what is your friend to do without beer? Can you not scrape up a glass of something to enable me to keep her company?'

"'Plenty of water, or cold coffee, if you prefer it, which will be both meat and drink to you.'

"'I knew that thirty years ago. For such cold comfort I don't thank you.'

"'It must be that or nothing,' returned I.

"He made no reply; and while he sat musing, looking wistfully at the full tumbler, I hinted, as politely as I could under the circumstances, that his exit would not be disagreeable to us.

"'Indeed!' exclaimed he, rising with apparent indifference from his chair. 'It's hard to tolerate a distasteful presence,' continued he, achieving a smile of mixed choler and conciliation. 'As you wish me to leave, of course I will,' said he, submissively, moving towards the door. 'But,' added he, rattling the latch, 'let me tell you in all kindness, if you desire to preserve your friends, you must entertain them with much less stint than I have found in sitting at your niggardly table. Good-night,' said he, drawling out the adieu with satirical obsequiousness, accompanied by a low bend, involving the motion of half his body; but while he was rising, my wife, whose temper had risen to a furious pitch, shot from behind the folding-screen, and pitched a saucer at his head. It caught him full in the temple, from which the blood spurted in a jet, and then rushing to the door, she slammed it in his face.

"This opened a new era for us both. We determined to be honest with ourselves; and so ever after we enjoyed our supper-beer in equal proportion without the dread of a third party dropping in to perform that grateful service for us."

Sergeant Horn was afterwards employed on the recruiting service, and brought up with him from a maritime town a batch of fifteen frouzy candidates to be approved of. Though a disgraceful-looking lot, they were powerful fellows—fit for any corps; and no exception could be taken to them on account of their wretched appearance. The rags of the whole would not have made a full-sized sleeve for a brickmaker, and dirt enough might have been scraped from their filthy persons to fill an ash-pit. One man had hair enough on his head to stuff a mattress. Another, Abbott, had no more idea of the value of money than of the differential calculus. When given a half-sovereign, he stared because it was not a half-crown. He judged of the value of money by its bulk, and called the "bit ov goold" a "brass farden that no shopkeeper 'ud take." A third, M'Nulty, without a handkerchief, but with sufficient refinement not to take the drip from his nose with his fingers, squeezed the end of it in

the crown of his cap. He did it openly, as if the act was less novel than praiseworthy. This man, after suffering the inflictions of nine or ten courts-martial, distinguished himself by his bravery in the trenches before Sebastopol. Except one, who had gained the rank of second-corporal, and was afterwards reduced, not a man turned out well, and the most of them were sent adrift as irreclaimable blackguards.

At the time of enrolling this disgraceful batch, Horn was pay-sergeant, and in difficulties; to cover which, a reward being given for every recruit, he would have enlisted, (and swore he was a capital candidate,) that ancient sinner whose years began to count before the birth of the world. Losing all respect for himself, and entertaining none for his corps, he did not care a dump how it fared so long as he, by getting men—no matter whom—got money. His defalcations amounted to about sixty pounds, for which he was tried by court-martial and reduced to the ranks. A few days more than a year after, being considered demented, he was discharged, and pensioned at one shilling a day, his service at the time exceeding twenty-one years.

And who was Mr. Horn? His father was a banker, of great opulence, in ——. The sergeant himself, before joining the corps, held no mean place among the squirearchy. If not the schoolfellow, he was the companion of a young nobleman, who, in after years, succeeded to ancestral titles and vast domains. When of age, Horn was a rattling youth of wealth, spirit, and sport, sending his horse to cover at ——, and driving up in his own handsome carriage to the mansion of his noble friend. That nobleman, in the interest of his early acquaintance, divulged these particulars, adding, that the corporal (that being his rank when my lord was deep in his propitiation) had two uncles, worth four thousand pounds a year each, who were among the most respected gentlemen of the county. According to Burke ("Landed Gentry," 1858), they were justices of the peace and deputy-lieutenants. One was the proprietor of O—— House, and the other of D—— Hall. The latter residence (so an architectural authority wrote in 1843) was in chief part rebuilt by its owner, and the rest materially improved. Among the parts preserved was the ancient tower or keep, and the surrounding moat. After restoration it exhibited "the cha-

racter of an ancient manorial residence of the time of Elizabeth," venerable in age and solidity, and telling of eras long since past, when the old sombre fort, with its worn loopholes and castellated crown, garnished round about with deep-green ivy clinging to its mottle-cankered walls, made a gallant and irresistible defence.

How oddly all this sounds—stranger still by contrast. An abode of grandeur for an uncle; the eighteenth part of a comfortless barrack-room for a nephew! With near relatives rolling in affluence, having retainers like noblemen, mansions like princes, and living each on an undiminishing capital of more than two hundred thousand pounds, it seems incredible that portly Joe, their nephew, who had suffered by the wreck of his fortune more than twenty years' banishment from the gilded shelter of his father's own brothers, should be a poor pensioner from the army on one shilling a day!

A wild career, truly, has its hard and mournful penalties, or Joe, whose withering extravagance in early life no language can exaggerate, might, like his uncles, have been a merchant prince, and the owner of a splendid domain.

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.—A fanatic in the royal artillery, named Forbes, was, for many years, an accredited Wesleyan. From enthusiasm he glided, by degrees, into the idea that he was the Redeemer!

After his discharge, he frequently preached about himself in the crowded thoroughfares of Woolwich, calling upon the people *to come unto him and be saved!* Few impostors that proclaim religious nostrums for the acceptance of the world fail of some success; but the mad gunner was so blind and wild a leader, that the number of his adherents never increased beyond a weak-minded comrade, named Kendall.

Having only a small pension, Forbes was compelled to meet his exigencies by cobbling shoes and selling millenium matches. Ragged, dirty, attenuated, and wearing his hair like a Southcotonian, he declared, in the language of Scripture, that "the Son of man knew not where to lay his head." Though he announced to his hearers, that he was chosen for the fulfilment of a high mission, no less than the salvation of man through his intercession, he did not

scruple, when his robust-minded wife refused to pay him homage, or upbraided him for his vagaries, to thrash her soundly. In the little correspondence he carried on with his creditors (whom he never paid), and with others who held office in the church (whom he lustily abused), he invariably signed his name after this blasphemous fashion—.

$$\text{Thomas } \frac{\text{I} \mid \text{N}}{\text{R} \mid \text{I}} \text{ Forbes.}$$

As may be expected, the madman, taken from the troubles and cares of life, was lodged at length, out of sheer pity, in a lunatic asylum.

Some time before this step had been taken, Forbes was explaining the law of the Bible, as he delusively interpreted it, to two strong-headed sergeants of the artillery, who, instead of receiving his tenets, belaboured him with reproaches, for allowing himself to be so grossly deceived by the devil. As the enthusiast found it impossible to bring the two staunch old Methodists to acquiesce in his insane views, he cut short the conversation, by pushing the worthies to his fingers' ends, and exclaiming, "*Behold the Son of God between two thieves!*"

STATISTICS OF DELINQUENCY,

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

" Let the back
Bear her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth
By the phlebotomy of a whipping-post."—RANDOLPH.

SHORTLY after the termination of the siege of Gibraltar, the captain of the soldier-artificer company, then called "The Blackcuffs," from the color of its facings, commenced to keep records of the courts-martial held on his men. No connected information of the conduct of the company, prior to that event, is extant. What is known is derived from allusions in letters, less to its morals than its skill and exertions on the works. During the siege there was, in all likelihood, little occasion for such records; the men being too much occupied in the great business of defence, and the means for indulgence too limited, to allow of irregularity to any great extent. Still grave offences were committed, as is proved by the execution of two artificers, in 1781, for marauding; and courts-martial sometimes happened, as testified by the reduction of sergeant-major Bridges, in the same year, to the rank of private.

With the close of the siege passed away the era of relaxed discipline. Now there was ample time for attending to it, and courts-martial were only too frequent. A change was needed, not, however, of that thorough kind which, for fourteen years after, was rigidly enforced. Not a few artificers were deeply-dyed drunkards, many were habitually insubordinate and refractory, and a rather large section gave themselves up to varied forms of recklessness and depravity, even including the meanest species of fraud and robbery. Unquestionably it was difficult to stem the irregularities of that wild race of siege men, so that a strong hand was required to keep them in check; but the power was used with so much sternness, inflicting on petty offenders the harshest sentences, that it challenged, rather than restrained, disorder. Those were days in which martinets flourished,

sheltered by the mutiny act. The army had no advocate then—no champion pleading its hopeless cause, and devising remedies to palliate the severities of punishment. So tyranny went on—the panacea for uprooting military offence—as merciless as ineffectual. Milder penalties, reckoned, perhaps, too humane for soldiers, were never tolerated. Had such been tried, what might not have been the consequence? It is useless now, however, to speculate on the past, and assume effects from untried causes. With stern realities we have to deal; to look into the nature of what constituted old discipline, as it appears in the pages of a musty volume—a record in the *main* of trivial faults and inhuman expiations—and to statisticise facts.

The court-martial book of the artificer company was opened on the 1st June, 1783, and continued its entries, through consecutive years, till the 8th January, 1799. During that period the strength of the company was never over 275 men, including its non-commissioned officers and sergeant-major. Often it was less, reduced probably, at intervals, to a number little above 225.[1] Yet out of that strength (275), in little more than fourteen years, 977 trials had taken place!

If flogging had the potency always claimed for it—if equal to the end sought to be attained by its application—why this number? The truth is, corporal punishment did not deter, it provoked; it did not reform, it hardened. Vice was not curbed, but increased; for it was a system of vengeance that made men disaffected, mutinous, sullen, dogged, or half-mad. Had there been any good in it, surely it would have told on a set of artisans, few comparatively in number, priding themselves on the excellency of their uniform, the fencible character of their services, and possessing intelligence not found among soldiers in other branches of the army. All in the company were practised mechanics, many of singular ability, and but a minimum were *past* improvement. It seems, then, almost incredible that such a force should have deserved the discipline represented by those 977 courts-martial. No reflection is intended to be cast on the officers whose duty it was, between sixty and seventy-five years ago, to give effect to the provisions of the mutiny act. It is the system that we hold up, less to condemn (for

[1] In October, 1792, the strength of the company was 229 of all ranks.

that has been done already) than to show what horrors the army has escaped. All honor belongs to those benevolent senators who, session after session, pleaded as perseveringly for the mitigation, even the abolition, of the lash, as a Wilberforce or a Brougham for the extinction of slavery. To show that this total of 977 is not strained by a hap-hazard calculation, we will set down, year by year, the number of trials recorded in the court-martial book:—

	No. of Trials.	
1783	27	The first court-martial was on the 2nd August.
1784	143	
1785	116	
1786	103	
1787	40	No courts-martial registered between July 18th and December 6th.
1788	49	
1789	69	
1790	109	
1791	91	
1792	65	
1793	49	
1794	23	
1795	25	
1796	25	
1797	23	
1798	19	
1799 to 8th January	1	
Total	977[1]	

But this detail, complete as it goes, requires some other illustration to fix the number of times each offender was involved in these trials. The following statement will meet the want:—

Tried once	120	Tried eleven times	4
„ twice	54	„ twelve „	2
„ thrice	40	„ thirteen „	2
„ four times	23	„ fourteen „	1
„ five „	17	„ fifteen „	2
„ six „	14	„ sixteen „	1
„ seven „	7	„ twenty-two „	1
„ eight „	7		
„ nine „	3	Total	304
„ ten „	6		

[1] This must not be taken as the whole number of trials. It is suspected that several omissions have taken place, less through intention than neglect, but one to which notice will be specially called, was purposely unrecorded, to conceal an aspect of crime, the particulars of which shall not be recalled.

To find a soldier, now-a-days, subjected to the discipline of as many as ten courts-martial would be a phenomenon in military jurisprudence; but twenty-two times, even in the last century, gives an insight into old severity that staggers one to contemplate. It startles one like a romance; seeming to belong more to the region of fiction than fact. And yet discipline was far less strict in the soldier-artificers than in other regiments of the garrison, for general O'Hara, who had a high opinion of the company, less from its moral character than its usefulness, set his face against punishments, as far as he was made acquainted with them, which necessitated the removal of men from employment on the fortifications.

The 977 trials before detailed were shared, it seems, by 304 men only. As the number of the company never, at any time, exceeded 275, there would appear, at first sight, to be some discrepancy in the totals. This can be satisfactorily explained. The company was being constantly recruited to supply the places of men discharged, dead, or removed to England. In this way new names were too frequently extending the registry of trial and conviction. The recruiting and transferring from other regiments were tolerably brisk, so that in the fourteen years comprised within the dates above given, the company counted on its rolls between 900 and 1,000 names. If this be anything like a fair assumption, and there is reason to believe it is, only about one-third of the company had been tried by courts-martial. From this the inference is clear, that the conduct of the company generally was not too low to be undeserving of commendation.

It will naturally be asked, what was the nature of the offences for which the men were so constantly brought to trial? The question is easily answered. The predominant offences were short absences and drunkenness; but we cite several cases taken at random from the "black book," which will better show up this part of the subject than any attempt at generalization.

Timothy Sallenger, "absent from barracks at tattoo roll-call," received 50 lashes.

William Wood, who had been "out of barracks all night," atoned for this little indiscretion by suffering the infliction of 100 lashes.

Jeffery Purcell, for "breeding a riot in the barracks; and, when confined, breaking the black-hole door open," paid for

his irregularity by standing bare to the "cats" till 200 lashes had been counted.

John Mills, having been "drunk during working hours," bore 200 lashes. Did this intimidate him? We shall see.

William Beddo and William Dudley, comrades in indulgence and trouble, having been "absent from barracks all night and from work all next day," underwent the cruelly disproportionate penalty of 400 lashes each!

John Mills, again, for being "absent from work," was visited with 100 lashes; and, as if this was really a very merciful sentence, it was superadded by making him work one month without working-pay, and during that time confining him in the black-hole out of working hours.

James Parents, an obdurate delinquent, was punished for "refractory and insolent behaviour to lieutenant Bain in the execution of his duty," with 400 lashes.

Thomas Canton, who had been "absent from duty, and was found outside the barrier at Landport," received 200 lashes. Had he taken the full measure of his sentence, 400 lashes would have been administered.

William Onions, for being "absent from work," received 150 lashes.

John Mills, again, for "coming drunk to work," took, perhaps without murmur, 200 lashes, thankful his punishment was no worse.

Joseph Bethell, a fine old soldier and a superior mechanic, who once had an audience of George III., but was, nevertheless, a frequent defaulter, suffered the infliction of 200 lashes for being "absent from work."

Joseph Smaller, who had been "drunk on guard," received 100 lashes.

William Beddo, the same whose name occurs above, committed the unpardonable crime of being "absent from morning parade, and making away with part of his necessaries." For this he suffered the torture of 500 lashes!

John Tobin, for "rioting in the streets after second gun-firing," received 200 lashes.

Alexander Scott, who picked "David Simme's pocket of nine reals," outset its value in blood to the extent of 300 lashes.

Edmund English, the chief of defaulters, less in enormity

than frequency, bore the infliction of 200 lashes for "going into colonel Pringle's quarters, and taking a bag with nails and several tools and making away with them."

John West, for the simple vice of "being absent from inspection of arms and necessaries," expiated the offence by sustaining the punishment of 150 lashes.

Edward Lloyd, an obliging fellow, no doubt, who probably thought there was no harm in removing "a lemon-tree from captain Skinner's garden, and taking it to Mr. Musgrove, quartermaster, 18th regiment," was made to feel his error by standing 200 lashes.

James Chandler, a grave offender, who committed the wild and novel trick of "pulling down the chimney of the oven on Windmill Hill, and making away with the bricks," submitted, for this insane escapade, to the infliction of 400 lashes.

Michael Hannon, for "taking eight boards out of the castle-yard without orders," received 200 lashes. His sentence was 400; and as an equivalent for the remission of 200, was subjected to 12 days' hard labour.

John Hewitt, took "money clandestinely from his father-in-law," and received for this unfilial act 300 lashes. This was but a diversion to the light-fingered lad, for he repeated the offence a month after, and standing another sentence of 300 lashes, without a stripe remitted, his back must have been hacked bare to the bones.

George Burns, for "riotous behaviour after hours," got 200 lashes.

John Exon, charged briefly "for insolence," was impressed with the propriety of better behaviour and the wisdom of keeping a "still tongue" by bearing 400 lashes.

James Nisbett, having been "drunk at work and insolent to sergeant Woodhead when taken prisoner," underwent the penalty of 350 lashes.

This sergeant Woodhead ought to have had a fellow-feeling for his victim. Had he not been able to overlook the first instance of the charge he might have suppressed the second. No man in the company was more flippant and glib than he, and a recollection of his own impetuous and abusive habit, if it forgave the insolence of Nisbett, would have materially reduced the poor fellow's sentence.

As an instance of the sergeant's impertinence, we copy a

curious charge made against him on the 24th October, 1783. It ran thus:—"For saying that lieutenant Skinner had confined him wrongfully, and that he would acquaint his master of it, and that he hoped the curse of the 109th psalm might alight upon him and his posterity." As deserved, he was "reduced to serve as a private in the company, and confined 28 days on board provost." His subsequent rapid advancement to the rank of sergeant was due to his great skill as a tradesman and his activity and intelligence as a foreman.

But a generalization of the offences for which the men suffered is still needed. The following statement, as far as it could be drawn up, from the vague nature of some of the charges and the complicated character of others, will afford the information; not, perhaps, with photographic faithfulness, but as exact as pruning and classifying could render it.

Before passing to its consideration, it may be remarked that the charges, generally, were not framed in the inventorial phraseology of the present day. In most cases all that constituted the essence of legality was omitted. Dates and circumstances were ignored, as if law, only requiring an index for its purpose, trusted to evidence to ascertain the true gravamen of the accusation.

"Clandestine behaviour" appears to have been a common offence. But what does it mean? It may mean secrecy in anything, less, however, in theft than any other delinquency; for, it has been observed, that where stores or other property had been purloined, embezzled, or misappropriated, sufficient was admitted in the charge not to mistake its nature. For want of better light, therefore, "clandestine behaviour" takes its place along with a group of other faults, under the head of "Insolence."

Theft. This class includes all kinds of stealing, fraudulent conduct, embezzlement, and purloining or misappropriating public stores. Proved charges of theft were generally of a trivial nature. Embezzlement extended to six cases. Purloining public stores was the most common offence. Men *would* use a few nails, a bit of iron, a piece of brass, a few cuts of plank, or even a few boards, oak or deal, with as little misgiving as if the property were their own. The old artificers treated these appropriations more in the light of perquisites; and all the punishment that followed detection, had but little effect in correcting the error. Crimes of "suspicion" (24) are also included under this head. It is worthy of remark that though so many were tried for

	No. of Trials.
stealing, from the softened charge of suspicion to the grave one of theft, most of the acquittals took place among this class of offenders	102
Insinuating dishonesty in others	6
Making away with necessaries, from a rag to a full kit	60
Making away with arms and accoutrements	1
Purchasing necessaries from soldiers of other regiments, or buying goods not honestly obtained. These unfortunates wanted to turn a penny to good account; but the fair value for property so obtained was no excuse, and conviction resulted	13
Doing duty by hire. Purchasing relief from duty is something new, but not very military	2
Stabbing with the bayonet, but no harm done	1
Insolence, rioting, fighting, molesting officers, and menacing non-commissioned officers, also modified mutiny, clandestine behaviour, and all the small fry of offences, such as disobedience of orders, and irregular or disorderly conduct	80
Striking non-commissioned officers. No sooner was the word given than the blow was delivered	25
Absence from camp, barracks, tattoo roll call, parade, inspection, duty, work, or church, including two who were tried for intending to desert. The longest period of absence (one case only) was twenty-one days; the next longest (about three cases) was two days and two nights	318
Breaking confinement, clumsily but effectually	5
Breaking out of barracks	5
Drunk on guard, at work, in barracks, in the streets, on duty, on parade, at church, &c.	178
Drunkenness, combined with abusive language, fighting, refractory or riotous conduct	35
Drunkenness and absence, still further complicated by petty infractions of orders	61
Bringing in liquor, no doubt for a spree and a fight	1
Damaging tools	2
Aiding to escape, from confinement	1
Neglect of duty	16
Absence and making away with necessaries	44
Repeated drunkenness, and neglect of duty	21
Total	977

Connected with this, by sequence, is the subjoined summary, exhibiting a bird's-eye view of the way in which the 977 trials were disposed of in sentences or otherwise. Not less curious than startling, it tells its own dread tale of harshness, but little relieved by the grace of forgiveness:—

		No.
Reduced from non-commissioned officers	Inflicted	16[a]
	Forgiven	1
Suspended from rank and pay of non-commissioned officers	Inflicted	8
	Forgiven	1
To work without working pay	Inflicted	135[b]
	Forgiven	2
Confinement on board Provost-ship	Inflicted	91[c]
	Forgiven	7
Corporally punished[c] (see note)	Inflicted	430[d]
	Forgiven	175
Total		866
Reprimanded		8
Apologized on public parade before president of court-martial		12
Stoppages, to make good necessaries, arms, and accoutrements, tools, &c.		34
Cook for a month without working pay		1
Mount guard for successive Sundays		1
Fines (nine of 1s. each, five of the offenders subjected to this penalty, to be laid in irons for twelve hours each)		14
		936
Deduct men, shown in the notes below, who, having been subjected to combined punishments, appear above, under two or more heads		69
		867
Acquittals		110
Total convictions and acquittals		977

From this it appears that corporal chastisement was the popular mode of punishment. No class of offence was excused its infliction. Minor and serious delinquents alike shared in the torture. There was no rule to exclude any—

		No.	
[a] Of these there was placed under stoppages		1	All minor punishments in addition to primary inflictions.
[b] Of these there were	To apologize	1	
	Reduced from non-commissioned officers	6	
	Placed under stoppages	2	
[c] Of these there were	To apologize	1	
	Reduced from non-commissioned officers	6	
	Fined	1	
	Placed under stoppages	2	
[d] Of these there were	Reduced from non-commissioned officer	1	
	Confined on board provost-ship	7	
	Fined	8	
	Placed under stoppages	21	
	To work without working pay	11	
	Suspended from non-commissioned officers	1	
	Total	69	

[e] These 430 corporal punishments were only shared by 162 men.

no line to define its extent. Courts of officers gave their sentences irrespective of previous examples, so that a frivolous fault at times came in for an award due to a grave crime. Decisions like these were as arbitrary as unjust, and in their effects were real calamities instead of punishments. If we deduct 110 acquitted, and 260 *wondrously* subjected to moderated forms of discipline, we ascertain that 607 sentences adjudged the transgressors to be flogged! One's flesh creeps with horror as he thinks of the number offered to the agonies of the lash; but if anything has a tendency to relax the feeling, to bear the consideration of an indiscriminate immolation, in which guilt and retribution held no correspondence, it is the knowledge that pardon had saved 175 men from a dreadful infliction.

This part of the subject may be still further illustrated by showing the aggregate suffering of the offenders, and the extent of mercy doled out to them:—

	Sentenced.	Inflicted.	Remitted.	Forgiven.
Worked without working pay total days	2,716	2,607	74	35
Confined on board provost-ship total days	1,259	1,100	68	91
Corporal punishment . . . total lashes	96,950	67,024	4,976	24,950

It was not the fashion in those days to try men by garrison courts-martial. Ten men only seem to have been subjected to that more solemn kind of ordeal. The remainder were regimentally tried.

Suspensions from rank and pay varied for periods between two and six months. When so suspended, the non-commissioned officers served as privates.

Fines of one shilling were occasionally awarded to men for being absent from church, or for slight irregularities either on parade for Divine service or within the sanctuary. Usually the forfeiture was accompanied by laying the prisoner in irons for twelve hours. John Maiden was a frequent defaulter in this class of folly, and even flogging did not lessen the obstinacy with which he disregarded orders for his attendance at church.

The longest period for which an artificer toiled in the shops without working-pay was eighty-four days, the shortest six. The whole number of days (2,607) was equivalent to the labour of nearly nine artificers for one year of 365 days, excluding Sundays. Often in the intervals of work

(the leisure hours of each day), men undergoing this description of sentence were confined in the "black hold" (as it was then termed), the casemate cells in the "picket-yard," the guard-house, or the barracks.

On board the provost-ship, the longest period of confinement was twenty-eight days, assuming this to be the number when "one month" is stated; the shortest, two days.

The greatest number of lashes awarded was 800. Two men—John Exon and James Richmond—"for having an intention to desert," (the charge is copied *in extenso*) were each awarded this sentence on March 5th, 1787, by the first garrison court-martial after the siege; but both were "forgiven by the governor." This act of clemency ought to have worked a lasting reformation in the recipients of such grace: but they continued in their old course of misconduct, running the gantlet of applied punishment, as if daring discipline to do its worst.

We have seen that the number of lashes inflicted was 67,024, so that the number of stripes was 603,216 apportioned to 162 men; and supposing all this number to have been punished alike, each would have received 415 lashes. The greatest number of lashes inflicted on any one individual at one time was 575! The culprit was James M'Lean, "for absenting himself from his corps without leave from 22nd July to the 7th August, 1798." He was sentenced 600 lashes; the remission of twenty-five would imply that the poor fellow was too exhausted to bear the return of the last drummer, and so was unstrapped from the halberds at the interposition of the doctor, who stood by to watch the last atom of agony his quivering flesh could endure. It does not appear that the court-martial which ordered this infliction was a garrison one. If, then, the sentence was by a regimental tribunal, its power must have been something startling. For such a crime nowadays, a regimental court-martial can at most award the offender fifty lashes, and then only when a grave fault requires a grave example. M'Lean's absence was the longest recorded in the court-martial book.

Of the men most frequently tried, the following received the greatest number of lashes:—

	Times tried.	Lashes inflicted.	Lashes forgiven.	Total sentenced.
Edmond English	22	2,100	350	2,450
James Chandler[1]	10	2,100	200	2,300
Robert Ross	15	1,850	550	2,400
John Mills	12	1,700	250	1,950
James Parents	13	1,595	405	2,000
Robert Cass	16	1,425	125	1,550
Abraham Ross	8	1,350	350	1,700
John Hewitt	6	1,300	400	1,700
John West	14	1,250	500	1,750
John Maiden	16	1,050	450	1,500
Patrick Price	12	1,050	350	1,400
John Exon	11	1,004	896	1,900
John Williams	5	1,150	.....	1,150
William Beddo	7	1,100	.....	1,100
James Nisbett	5	1,100	.....	1,100
Joseph Bethell	11	900	350	1,250
Henry Gale	13	850	250	1,100

Many of these corporal chastisements were inflicted within a comparatively few years. Robert Ross bore his punishment of 1,850 lashes in eleven years and a half; Cass in eight years; James Chandler received his terrible number of 2,100 lashes in seven years and a quarter; and Edmond English, that stubborn offender, unquailed by retribution, seeking punishment with a species of idolatry, took his hard quantum of 2,100 lashes in six years and a half. West exhausted his number in six years and a quarter. Abraham Ross and Maiden in five years and a quarter. Bethell in four years and three-quarters, and Gale in four years and a half. Nisbett, tried by only five courts-martial and corporally punished for each, suffered his stripes (1,100) without the mitigation of a lash in three years and a quarter. Greater endurance was displayed by Mills, whose back was mangled with 1,700 lashes in three years. In that compressed period both Parents and Hewitt underwent their torture of 1,595 and 1,300 lashes respectively. Beddo took his sentences in two years; and John Williams, for his quickly-recurring offences, three of which were mean thefts, sustained no less than 1,150 lashes in eight months!

One stands aghast at this painful aspect of human fortitude. Had Williams died, who would have been surprised? Scarcely had his back healed after one scourging, when the wounds were again and again re-opened. Yet a fourth

[1] When Chandler received his last flogging of three hundred lashes, he was an old man fifty-two years of age.

time, his back, discolored from the shoulder-blades to the small ribs, striated with flexures and studded with knots, was bared to the "cats." 400 lashes was his last apportionment of torture, and he bore every stroke without a lash forgiven. This was flaying the man alive! Could the "thumbscrew" or the "boots" be more exquisite than these rapidly-repeated punishments? Would not transportation have been more merciful and more to the purpose than these 1,150 lashes inflicted in eight months? While, perhaps, we can neither admire the man nor his deeds, nor even give him credit for fortitude, which he must have largely exercised to bear so dire a punishment, we can at least feel thankful that nature should have drawn from her resources adequate strength to help the wretch through his poignant misery. What became of him cannot be traced: his name disappears from the court-martial book after February 28th, 1786.

In three instances the flogging was inflicted in part, according to sentence, on the "backside." One sentence, much more explicit, directed a moiety of the lashes to be executed on the "*bare* backside." Should it be inferred from this that in the two other cases the punishment was applied to the breech unexposed? One man, after being flogged, went through an added punishment of "twenty-eight days black-strap at Tower." What this black-strap was is probably past elucidation at the present day.

In looking through those old registries, one thing is very remarkable—that offenders when once in trouble, were seemingly anxious to rush into the presence of a second court-martial. After the first entry the second quickly followed, as if both the vice and the flogging were frivolous amusements.

There is a case hinted at in a previous note which shall now be disposed of. A very grave offence was committed by private Henry Gale, who had been tried thirteen times, and in four years and a half had received 850 lashes. By a general court-martial he was tried in the summer of 1790, on a charge in which three of his comrades were accomplices—or, more properly, objects of his base designs. These were Robert Cass, Edmond English, and James Richmond, all of whom were irreclaimable, taking the number of their offences, not the nature of their faults, as the criterion

to judge of them in a military point of view. No blame seems to have attached to the three men, and so the whole burden of the sentence fell on Henry Gale. An impression exists among military men, derived from no better authority than tradition, that a court-martial could not sentence a soldier to receive more than 999 lashes. A peep into a mutiny act for any year during the later years of the last century would perhaps settle the point. Here, however, is an instance that will dissipate the error if the mutiny act does not. The court found the prisoner guilty, and in virtue of the powers vested in it, sentenced him "to receive 1,200 lashes on his bare back with a cat of nine tails!" Even this terrible award was insufficient to mark the utter detestation in which the wretched man's deep offence was held. The court therefore added, "After receiving the above-mentioned punishment, that he," the prisoner, "be drummed out of the corps in the most ignominious manner, with a halter about his neck, and sent to England, and put to hard labour on board one of the hulks at Woolwich for the full term of seven years!"

By the following order, a corps of drummers was singled out to carry the punishment into execution:—

"*General Orders, 9th May*, 1790.

"2. A drummer from the royal military artificer company, royal artillery, and each regiment of the line, with the drum-major and cats of the royal military artificer company, to attend on the Great Parade at guard mounting to-morrow morning, to inflict the corporal punishment, sentenced by the above court-martial. After which the prisoner is to be kept in irons in the provost till further orders.

"The surgeon of the royal military artificer company to attend."

Some dozen or more drummers may have been employed in that fearful operation, for the regiments or portions of corps in garrison at the time were capable of furnishing that number. Whether Gale received this punishment to the last lash is not known. As his constitution must in degree have broken down under the previous infliction of 850 lashes, it is scarcely possible that he could have borne to the full so dreadful and protracted a torture. Whatever he could sustain without killing him, one may take for granted was rigorously inflicted.

From my own researches, I only know of one sentence

which exceeded that of Gale's. It was about the year 1808 that sergeant Joseph Papps attempted to desert from Messina to the enemy. For this crime he was sentenced to be reduced to the rank and pay of a private, and to suffer 1,500 lashes! If my memory be not at fault, I saw a record on the docket intimating that the sentence was inflicted. Could romance, looking out with insatiate zest for horrid probabilities, conceive of any agony short of violent death more intensified and harrowing than this?

How well the sentiment of the motto was carried out has been seen in this chapter of active cruelty.

> "Let not the sword of justice sleep, and rust
> Within her velvet sheath."

Justice had as little to do in the matter as mercy. The sword, always unsheathed, neither slept nor rusted. It was seized and wielded by a power too stern to admit of moderation. Tyranny, affecting the attributes of justice, doubly bandaged her eyes, casing the ligature with a hoop of iron. When guilt was found, she sought, red-handed, not to punish, but torture. The cases adduced painfully represent how excessive, in general, were the awards contrasted with the offences.

All this now is past—never to be revived. As well may we expect the return of feudalism, or the importation of slaves into this unenthralled country, as the renewing of that malevolent discipline which as much disgraced the statutes of the land as the army amenable to its infliction.

DON'T QUIBBLE ABOUT A WORD.—"What is your name, sir?" asked Colonel —— of his orderly one day, after having made up his mind to take a drive.

"John Edward Belsey, sir." Belsey was always precise, trickily so, and when asked by the colonel for his name, he could no more have omitted the prenomen than gone to parade without his arms.

"Go, then, John Edward Belsey," rejoined the colonel, quite as precise as his orderly, "and tell my groom to put the horse in the gig immediately."

Saluting the colonel in true military form, Belsey ran to

the stable, thinking, as he was going, how impossible it was to execute the order, unless the colonel, in the greatness of his soul, intended to favor the horse with a ride and man the shafts himself. However, as he considered, this could not really be the colonel's intention, he took on himself the discretion of making the necessary correction; and, accordingly, directed the groom to put the horse *to* the gig.

"Very well," said the groom; and Belsey returned to the colonel, who, as was his custom, questioned him to see that his order had been properly conveyed.

"Have you seen the groom, private John Edward Belsey?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you tell him to do?"

"Put the horse *to* the gig, sir," replied the orderly, throwing a little force on the preposition.

"You stupid fellow," roared the colonel, plucking his whisker; "did I not tell you to put the horse *in* the gig?"

"Yes, sir; but as that did not seem to me to be your wish, I thought you would not disapprove of my giving the spirit instead of the letter of your order."

"Why did you think so, sir?"

Belsey hesitated.

"Why did you not tell the groom to put the horse *in* the gig?"

"Because there wouldn't be room for you, sir."

It was a wonder the colonel did not jump down his throat.

THE GARRISON CALCRAFT.

THE Calcraft at Gibraltar was one Samuel Hempstead, who formerly belonged to the old artificer company at that station. The story runs, that a man was to be hanged, and the governor, in general orders, called for a volunteer to undertake the office of executing him. Samuel was on the works at Waterport at the time, and being somewhat sprung and lively, presented himself to the captain of the guard as willing, for good pay and wholesome rations, to accomplish the job. It was more a jest than a purpose; but once having named his willingness, he was marched by an armed escort from the guard-room, and delivered into the charge of captain Ross, then provost-marshal of the fortress. No remonstrance or entreaty against his appointment availed him. Without any pressure he had voluntarily engaged to discharge the duty, and his offer was binding and unchangeable.

Of course the company was annoyed at finding one of its number offering himself for so odious a service, and the officers were no less indignant. To remove the stigma in some sense from the cloth, more tarnished by this one degraded act than all its irregularity heaped together, the commanding engineer immediately dismissed him from the corps, and he was duly installed as public executioner. This occurred about the year 1803, after Sam had served some sixteen months in the company.

Hempstead was a native of Bury St. Edmunds, short in stature, but sturdy and well-looking, with dark hair, small whiskers, and a bright black eye; which, as he became more inured to the vocation, glided from an open, expressive look to a blackguard leer. He had a knack of tossing up his right cheek, partly closing the elevated eye, and bowing the angle of his lip as if in contempt of honor and respectability. It is said he was well connected; that a brother of his was a captain in the navy, who once, being ashore at the Rock, tried his hardest, without success, to shoot him.

As if he had been cruelly entrapped, Hempstead entered on the duty with a grieved countenance and a tearful eye. For sorrow he had deep reason. Everywhere he was shut out from sympathy. Society, even of the most exceptionable kind, black-balled him; his old comrades proscribed him; not a soul would exchange a word with him; and the Spaniards and children ran from him as from a ghoul. After he left the corps, he was never recognised by his own name. Infant and patriarch only knew him under the ragged pseudonym of Scroggie. In every situation of life man finds a help-meet—one of the softer sex to rub off the asperities of life and warm its chilliness; but Scroggie was without the pale of such happiness. No gentle sister found mercy enough in her heart to take the banished man into her keeping, and the utmost domestic solace he could obtain in his isolation was from the gambols of a couple of fancy cats, and precious hard drinking.

Though universally discarded, Scroggie did not keep at home. He roamed where he listed with an impudent, gallows-looking countenance, resting on a stick, to support a weak short step, and a bent knee. To show himself hospitable and sociable, he would have given the world. For any little mark of attention, for a genuine smile of recognition, or an unspoken expression of sympathy, he would have been exquisitely grateful; but even in the wine-house, spurned like a mangy dog, no one would even touch the glass from which he had sipped, or rest on the seat from which he had removed. In every store therefore, he had his own seat and his own glass, taken, for his special use, from a secret corner. At the Town-range store, his drinking-cup was part of a cocoa-nut with the fibre adhering to it, blackened round the rim by the constant application of his foul and reeking lips. At market, if by chance he ever touched anything on the stalls, the Spanish salesmen, with a grin and an execration, dashed the tainted article from the board. Such was the contempt in which poor Hempstead was held, for fulfilling the indispensable but detestable office of garrison hangman.

To keep this wildly intemperate functionary in anything like efficiency for duty, a soldier was daily detailed as the *executioner's orderly*. On the eve of an execution, the temptation to excessive drinking being strong, he sometimes

had two orderlies to restrain his indulgence. Free to go where he pleased, the orderlies followed in his wake as if he were a person of consequence. To this extravagance of state, a commanding officer of the 20th regiment once took exception, observing to an authority, that he, as commanding officer, could scarcely get one orderly! There was a seeming necessity for subjecting the hangman to this double surveillance; but the ultra-reversal of everything like position and precedence now appeared so ludicrous, that Scroggie, not unthankfully had to submit for the future, to the diminished dignity of one military attendant. If Sam ever succeeded in making a friend, it was some greenhorn of an orderly, who, not always mailed against a generous invitation, rolled out of the wine-store as drunk as the executioner.

When a 94th man was being hanged, old Sam did the murdering business in so unprofessional a style, that the criminal fell with his toes on the ground, and whirled round and round like a self-acting meat-jack.

"What's the odds," thought Sam, "how the wretch is despatched? He has lost all interest in existence, and one way of scragging him is as good as another. My weight will not be very comfortable to his neck, but it'll drive the breath out of him sharp!"

Therefore, to make short work of the victim, struggling in his impotence to get a fair stand, Scroggie kicked his legs from under him, cracking his knee joints as he bent them upwards; and dragging him down by the shoulders, began to pull the life out of, what he called, his "soul case." By the menacing aspect of the assembled troops he was compelled to desist from this inhumanity, and to renew the process in a legitimate and less revolting manner. The mules being backed, and the half-dead body drawn up on the platform, Scroggie, pressing his knees on the heaving frame beneath him, shortened the rope, readjusted the drop, and swung the victim to his death. While doing this, the soldiers were furious; and it was a marvel that some of them did not rush, in their anger, from the ranks, and tear the hangman to pieces. Scroggie saw the feeling, but bore it with demoniacal stolidity, wringing the sweat from his brow, and throwing it at the wretch, then yielding to justice, in agonizing jerks, its few remaining pulses.

Not soon was the heartless conduct of the hangman forgotten by the 94th. Though never spoken to by the soldiers, he was seldom openly and pointedly insulted by them. Henceforward it was otherwise. When passed by the men of that regiment, he was invariably taunted with savagely bungling the life out of their unhappy comrade; but Scroggie, reckless alike of contempt and disapprobation, took no more notice of aspersion or abuse, than he would of the buzzing of a musquito. Sometimes, however, not that he felt pained or affected by indignity, he would start a reply of defiance.

"Ah!" he would exclaim, with his customary lift of the cheek and curl in the upper lip, "I made one o' your men look into his side-pocket for change, but I was too 'cute to allow him take anything out. Nor will you be more successful, when it comes your turn to feel these fingers creeping round your neck with my *final corrector!* It will be a kick and a squeak with you; and the hangman whom you scorn, and who scorns you, will live to bundle your carcase like a skuttle of rubbish into a grave more ignominious than a dust-hole!"

A time came when Scroggie was prohibited from having an orderly. This arrangement levelled his crest and filled him with gloom. So long as he was followed by an attendant to control his vices, he had enough of manliness about him to seek identification with his race, and to coax association with it, though he rarely succeeded. If ever he found favor, it was from a not over-scrupulous escort, whose friendship vanished the moment he was relieved from duty. It was none, however, the less pleasing to him, because it was accorded from selfish motives. On no other ground did he expect it; but now, ever, that vagrant chance was cut off. As if immured within a cordon, which he could neither scale nor pass, he was debarred, not by order, but by universal rejection, of even a stray interchange of thought with a fellow mortal. How to make up for this shocking deprivation he knew not. Employment he had none, but that of doing the dread work of death. His sole business was to do with the groans and blood of expiring humanity. Without stimulus, without a heart to win his hand to toil, or to awake his besotted mind from its deep stagnation, he grovelled on, as his degraded intellect prompted him, from one bestial

excess to another; so that frequently he was found in the streets, scarred, stained, and tattered, wallowing perhaps in a rush of storm water, rattling down the slopes of the rock, utterly incapable of reaching his quarters.

Authority interposed, not so much to protect his person from violence, as to stem his brutish propensity for drink. It was not easy to institute a remedy, unless by the hardship of detailing an orderly to be responsible for his sobriety, or confining him to the limited precincts of the provost. Neither of these was accepted—one being an absurd duty for a soldier, the other oppressive to the liberty of the subject. A plan, however, was at length hit upon, which empowered any soldier who found him disorderly drunk to take him home, and to demand for his trouble the recompense of two shillings and sixpence, to be deducted as a fine from the hangman's salary. There was no coercion in this rule; no interference with his volition; but the infliction of a rational penalty for exceeding its moral bounds. The consequence was, that whenever Scroggie took his walks abroad he was waylaid as if worth robbing, collared without ceremony or excuse, and borne off shoulder high to the guard-room. When really sober, he was jostled, buffeted, and pinched till he became madly furious, and so was carried to the provost, where the fee was unhesitatingly paid.

"Bring in the old beast," was the usual command of Oxberry, the brusque and harsh-voiced provost-marshal; "we'll stop his gallop for a few days at least, and see what comfort the fare and dimensions of a hot cell will bring him. Throw him into that snug little closet, and leave him to me."

Oxberry had a heart with a little feeling in it, and when appealed to, even by a hangman, lent his ear. It was obvious that Sam was the victim of a conspiracy. The fee of half a crown had opened up an aspect of villany not reckoned among the possibilities of human action. When the mind has no moral safeguards to check its shameless tendencies, to what depths will it not stoop? Here was an instance in which a lot of scoundrels, without the shadow of pretext, seized the proscribed man, and hurried him off as drunk and incapable, for the sole sake of obtaining a half-crown. Very soon Oxberry became alive to the imposture, for on trial, more frequently than otherwise, Sam was

as sober as a padre, and so the system of fining was abolished.

Growing infirmity made it necessary to find a successor to Hempstead. Proclamations were issued to attract some one to accept a tolerably lucrative though distasteful office. But none offered. So Scroggie, unequal as he was, continued to discharge the functions of garrison executioner. And he was not sorry for it. His ambition was to string up Ned Lynn, who, it appears, was a thorn in his side, though he never interchanged a word with him. He, however, took a more effectual plan of wounding his feelings. When passing him, Ned never omitted, as he walked briskly on, to make a peculiar twist in his neck, and an unearthly guttural click with his tongue.

"It 'll be worse than that," growled the hangman, "when I get you into my clutches. Should I ever perform that dismal office for you, I shall die happy."

Another twist of the neck, and click of the tongue, was Lynn's dumb answer.

Sam never had the chance of paying off his old enemy, for Ned quitted the work with credit, and settled somewhere in Canada as a small farmer.

Scroggie's last official act was hanging a man of the 7th regiment. This occurred about 1842, when he was assisted by an amateur of the 46th, who was to step into Sam's shoes, and enjoy the same contempt; but this candidate for hangman's honors was so brutally steeped in dissipation, that even Hempstead, bad as he was, was a saint compared to him.

Forty years of hateful service brought Scroggie beyond his 70th winter. Still, though feeble, bent, and tottering, he was not relieved from the responsibility of office. As he began to think of his latter end, he joined the Methodist society, showing penitence for a fortnight, and relapsing for another into his besetting sin. It was a struggle against an exaggerated habit; the battle of principle against a vicious predilection and a constitutional craving. At last he conquered, dropping gradually into permanent sobriety and well living. Other traits in his character also proved that he had given up the recklessness of the hangman for the propriety of the Christian, and he was acknowledged as a brother, and received as a friend, by his co-religionists. With temperance

and a reformed life, came illness. It could be seen he was sinking, and at his request he was sent from Gibraltar for the benefit of his health. He purposed to draw breath once more at Bury St. Edmunds, but he died (about 1843) as the ship in which he had sailed from the Rock was wearing into Spithead, and his body was committed to the deep.

NECESSITY.—In the summer of 1813, a colonel, whose fame belongs as much to the world as his corps, made an inspection of the barracks one morning, and attracted by an awkwardly rolled-up pallet, poked it with his drawn sword.

"Whose bed is this, corporal H——?" he inquired.

"Private Whelan's, sir."

"It's very clumsily folded up. It seems as if all the spare boots of the room were hidden in it. Unroll it, and let me see what it contains."

The corporal did so; and to the astonishment of all, there was a young child in the folds, locked in a deep sleep.

"Dear me," said the colonel, with a symptom or two of emotion; "how strange that the poor neglected thing was not smothered or stabbed. Whose child is it?"

"Solomon Whelan's, sir," replied the corporal. "His wife died a few weeks ago, an' I suppose he can't get any one to take care of it for him."

All gazed in silence at the sleeping child.

The colonel at length raised his hand to his face; but whether to twist his little whisker, as was his custom, or to remove the commiserating moisture that stole into the corner of his left eye, is not known. Still, duty had no right to feel sympathy, and fears were entertained that the hapless soldier, weighed down with his troubles and his difficulties, would be tried by a court-martial for the offence; but the colonel, though the regulations of the service were severe, felt no disposition to exercise his power, and moved on to finish his inspection.

"Let the poor thing sleep," said the colonel, with a softened heart, as he neared the door; "and tell private Whelan to endeavor in future to find a better and securer asylum for his child."

A few months after, the father was sent to the peninsula, and the infant, intrusted to the cold mercies of a workhouse, soon found a better asylum—for it died!

WORTH IMITATING.

Dr. D—— and his surgeryman, seeing a patient, one day, flying into a dormitory with an interdicted loaf under his arm, gave him chase to capture the article. No sooner was the door banged behind the runaway, than the officials entered, and after questioning the breathless invalid about the loaf, searched every nook and corner of the room, with barren assiduity, to discover its whereabouts.

As the man stoutly denied its possession, and the incident was growing in interest from the mystery which shrouded it, the doctor promised, if the patient would tell him where the loaf was concealed, he would not only let him keep it, but give him another into the bargain.

"But," asked the patient, wishing to be as well assured of his forgiveness as his liberality, "will you pardon me also, sir?"

This question convinced the doctor that his vision had not played him falsely, and that the contraband half-quartern was somewhere. Before, however, conceding the point, he would renew the search; and so he did, assisted by the surgeryman. But all their vigilance was unavailing; and the doctor having no alternative (his curiosity being unwilling to forego the pleasure of knowing the sequel) submitted to the patient's terms of capitulation.

At once the loaf was produced; the patient rolling it out from the loop of a jack towel hanging at the back of the door. Thus it was in the most conspicuous place in the room, (the door being shut); and while it seemed to be a stinging reproach to the officials to find they had been completely mastered in an affair so obvious, they did not omit, when their astonishment had subsided, to laugh in chorus, loudly and soundly, with the screaming invalids of the ward.

The doctor kept his word, provided another loaf for the offender, and forgave him.

NAMES.

"There is much, may almost all, in names."—CARLYLE.

A KEEN genius like Carlyle, who can concoct an aphorism, and dissect it with as much adroitness as a champion swordsman can strike the top off an egg, without cracking the remainder of the shell, may be able, through a name, even to declare the virtues and vices of its owner. Whether or no he can accomplish this feat is of small moment in a butterfly chapter like this, which, ignoring philosophy and deep thinking, aims at nothing higher than imparting, for a fleeting interval, a little harmless amusement.

It may, however, be admitted that, beyond the purpose of identity, names have not only their uses, but characters. If in nothing else, there is something in the construction and sound of a name, which gratifies or displeases. One has music in it; the other strikes your ear as dull as a block of wood falling on a flag-stone. Like an arched instep, an aquiline nose, a small white hand, with slender fingers and filbert nails, all features of true nobleness and grace, it is accepted as a symbol, no matter what may be one's condition in life, of a great or humble origin.

Distinctly names divide themselves into two great groups —vulgar and aristocratic. Wragg, Smith, and Briggs are common; Cavendish, Pelham, and Rochford, on the contrary, have elevation and *timbre*. The former are unsophisticated and unpretending; the latter dignified and suggestive.

Common names adhere to the sons of toil like sweat to the brow of labour. In this respect the correspondence is striking. As a rule, Wragg, Smith, and Briggs have their portion with the humble: Cavendish, Pelham, and Rochford with the great. Each name may be traced, if not by an unbroken chain, at least by a train of reasoning, to its beginning. One with a coarse appellation may shoot above his fellows by a rare run of fortune, and thrust himself into the very centre of a class in which titles and opulence exist, but

the humble patronymic of a servile forefather clings to him like a brand, marking his origin, and telling of his ancestry delving the ground, making faggots to burn martyrs, or forging rivets and shackle-bars for dungeon doors and battlemented keeps. One, too, may fall from greatness into obscurity, leaving nothing but the inheritance of an honorable name, borne with conscious pride by a laborious artisan. That relic of a decayed house may pass, like his fellows, through the world unnoticed and unesteemed; but his name, suggestive as the heraldic emblazonry of a noble escutcheon, is full of high meaning and associations. An earnest inquirer, who looks beneath the surface, who does not take a name simply for its abstract consequence, that of identity, ofttimes finds much in it to interest him. Through ages backward—through an almost fathomless pedigree, mixed up with complicated events, he ferrets out the heroic name, and links its rise, perchance, to an era in which the artisan's remote sire saved a realm by his valour and command, or dethroned a monarch, himself squaring his manly proportions in the seat of royalty, and dispensing the authority of a king.

Leaving these discursive remarks, we shall now make a muster of a number of surnames taken from the court-martial book, which afforded the painful statistics in a previous chapter. Except in a few instances, no liberties shall be taken with any but those recorded in that black registry. The roll will curiously corroborate the affinity of one's "discriminative appellation" to one's lot in life. In great part, the names bespeak a plebeian origin; in great part, they strictly apply, as of right, to men destined to turmoil and fatigue. Names, however, are not to be despised because they are common; for they may belong to men celebrated for industry, and exalted to a high place in art through skill and invention, not trusting to the dreams of theoretic genius, but fashioning, with an active hand, what the mind conceives in its vocation. Still, one likes to strum a new string, to strike and feel other chords, if only to afford, by variety, a grateful tingle to the ear, already palled and surfeited by a tiring succession of harsh or flat sounds, giving out no more tone, and often less, than is produced by the utterance of that eternal trio, "Jones, Brown, and Robinson."

In that registry of *un*worthies were *English* and *French*, and, par excellence, *Cornish*. *Kent*, too, was there: *Essex*

also, and *Antrim*. The company boasted a *Bristol*. *Lee* made a quiet show; *Pentland* was a little stormy; but *Richmond*, though ducal in name, was as rank as a poison-weed. To twin this name, *Rochford* was found, the very opposite of his wild friend in morals and worth. Continents hold no place in the black roll, but *Isles* do, whose trivial amusements were so many, it seemed that a large family, bearing that singular appellation, was in the company. *Rhodes* was of the number, a meek man, judging from the nature of his offences, and anything but a Colossus in stature. There, too, was *Canton*, too frail to be celestial, though he wore a pig-tail, like a Chinese; and there also was *Hague* (no representative of the "finest village in Europe," ancient Tom, as he was called, a majestic soldier, straight as a beam, counting over a hundred years when he died), a more daring and frequent defaulter than most of his comrades with the territorial patronymica.

A gay company like the old artificers, fellows who kept "junk-ship" night, and styled themselves the "big-stone fencibles," of course, had its colors, consisting, with unpardonable distaste, of those ill-assorted tints the farthest from what a prism sheds, or a rainbow exhibits. Its pigments were few—too few and ungenial to produce a glow of warmth, or a satisfactory picture. There were *Brown*, *Green*, *Gray*, and *White;* but no end of searching could scrape up a bit of simple black. As a substitute, however, *Blackmore* was found, which, admitting of no dilution, made this quintuple combination as sombre and grim as its character was exceptionable and rusty.

In a body formed for the special requirements of the fortress, it was natural to learn that it was full of professional men and mechanics. Still it was no credit to the company to find that the first on the list of professions was a *Chandler*. Candles being supplied by the public, of what use was he? None whatever, as his 2,100 lashes testify; yet he remained in the corps till he was verging on seventy years of age, dying on his passage from Gibraltar to England. In every household a *Cook* is an indispensable adjunct, yet in the artificers a man was never deputed to the duty, unless by the sentence of a court-martial. A *Carter* could do but little on the works, except to drive teams laden with rock and timber; but a *Saddler* was of first consequence in

repairing the harness and trappings of the sulky mules. There was a *Smith* also, and a *Plowright*. What would a ploughman think of dignifying his craft with a title as high-flown as this—placing him, moreover, with his gaberdine, hob-nailed boots and leggins, on a level with all the wrights—only retaining the primitive syllable of his toilsome occupation to identify him among shipwrights, millwrights, wheelwrights, &c.? But this doesn't complete the list of handy men. Among them was a *Slater*, a *Turner*, and a *Taylor*, good lord! There was likewise a *Miller*, and, fortunately, a couple of *Mills*, for one was more than useless, and the other was no great shakes.

We shall not be able to dispose of the rest of the names, unless the individuals who answer to them be sent on a ramble. We shall, therefore, presume them to have gone on a pleasure trip. A *Gale* was blowing when they started, with the *Wind-right* in their teeth, almost knocking them *Down* their throats. They did not stop to inquire who *Blew-it*, nor to note whether it came from the *West* or the *South*, nor to descant on the phenomenon of *Rainey* weather, which luckily had ceased. *Bent* on a *Holliday*, they determined to make *Hay* while the sun was shining. From every quarter the party had been collected. They had been turned out of *Chambers;* a *Ward*, too, was gutted of its occupants, and religion even was not permitted to stand in the way of the general pleasure, for the men, incredible as it may seem, were enticed from a *Bethell*, no less. Most of them were as *Blyth* as rick-makers; one only, and all were sorry for him, was *Moody*. Nevertheless, though taciturn, he had as *Good* a *Bottom* as a bomb-boat woman. A few were excessively *Light* and *Volant*, seeming as if they could *Spring-all* the way. It required a very strong *Hand*, indeed, to *Rule* them. A *Saint* in their midst did but little to check their reckless [illegible]. To account for their rude mirth would be difficult, for there was only a *Shilling* among them; and yet they calculated, by some mysterious reckoning, which would have puzzled a *Cocker*, that they had enough to pay a *Price* for everything. Taking with them, as they did, *Curry*, *Rice*, and *Onions*—strange delicacies for a pic-nic!—they considered they wanted for nothing. To quarrel with their epicurean predilections, none had a right—their tastes, like their tempers, being undoubtedly their own.

Down a *Lane* they went, halting at a *Warren*, where some untamed rabbits held *Court*. Men who would steal a *Lemon*-tree, shoulder a bag of nails, cut up government boards to make regimental boxes, or filch his comrade's reals, had no care to stand nice about shooting a little game; but devil the rabbit showed itself; and this was the more vexing, as a fellow was ready to settle any number of them with a *Poppe*. Although he tried to *Hide* himself, the timid colony must have seen him, and so were wary. Out of revenge, however, for want of better sport, he fired into one of their *Burrows*, but did it so awkwardly, he covered his hands with *Burns*. While here, the party was joined by some others of the company, who had been out for a sail in one of the naval *Briggs*, but not finding this recreation to answer, they speedily quitted it, and made for the *Warren*. They had just reached their comrades when it had been arranged to take a stroll into the *Woods*.

Off they went in a *Bond* of brotherhood, perhaps to San Roque, all merry as crickets, but not so uproarious as when they first started; for there was a *Law* among them, as they approached the Spanish lines, to behave with decorum. The travelling was not as difficult as tiring. *Crookshanks* felt it much; and a *Palmer* (strange that a religious mendicant should have been tolerated among soldiers!) clutching a stick in the middle, lagged behind like a *Stalker*. As they entered the groves, a *Hornblow* rang in the glade, which was held on with a *Long* breath, till it grew *Smaller*, and died away. The ground was covered with *Wood*, with here and there a *Wild*, sturdy *Plant*, and stunted trees, old and scorched, called (but not recognized in any botanical vocabulary), *Gaywood*, *Woodburn*, and *Woodhead*. In the distance was a *Hurd* of nimble quadrupeds, resembling monkeys, and among them a *Griffin*. The *Latter*, hitherto a fabulous creature, was on this occasion a reality. It was surprising that the monster had sufficient command of his appetite not to devour some tempting morsels that came in his way; but he was so full of gambols, so intent on *Makin* merry, and allowing everything to be as free and fearless as the air, that he even permitted a *Finch*, a *Martin*, and a *Partridge* (for a marvel) to share his mirth.

But for a fortunate incident, the day would have lost its chief enjoyment. *Mann* is miserable without the solace of

the gentler sex. Strange to say, a *Maiden* was there, *Young*, but far too giddy and inconstant to confer any solid happiness; to whom, nevertheless, a *Swain*, as he *Lyst*, sighed and professed great things, which were overheard by a *Parents* (never mind the possessive indication) open and astonished ears. To be in such society, and in such a place, how could he let the opportunity slip, without showing his tenderness? A liberty he ventured; and when called to book for the indiscretion, the only *Ransom* he could offer to atone for it, was a *Garland*, large enough to fill a *Bushell*-basket.

Among the party were a few notabilities to give the excursion countenance, and participate in its pleasures. Not often do we hear of a *Major* associating with privates, but such was the fact on this little imaginary tour. A *Hart*, too, condescended to show himself; and an *Esq.* [illegible] of the royal body-guard—followed, with obsequious demeanour, the progress of a *King*.

Growing late, the party returned to the Rock, and finished the day in a *Jolly* spree. From drinking they slid by degrees into a *Rowe*. None could tell how it happened. They fought and tore one another, till only a *Stocking* could be found among them. A *Head* was broken: *Cotter* fell severly against a *Bannister*; *Balls* had a regular set-to with *Bowls*; and all continued, till weakened by drink and violent exertion, they could stand it no *Moore*.

Next day the reckoning came. The commanding officer was informed of the riot, but as all had been severely punished, he only selected a couple of ringleaders to *Handle* as he willed. For once, he was mild. *Lovday* was laid in *Irons*, and *Turpin*—no relation of the celebrated *Dick*—was, to keep up the reputation of the company for its adhesion to the lash, flagellated, by way of novelty, with a *Burtch*. Of course, his comrades sympathized with him, not, however in unmeaning signs, but with a *Heyho!*

After all, the affair ended in *Smoke*; and so the incidents of the day, as they deserved, have not been promoted to a *Page* in history.

THE END.

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